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THE TRAIL, THE TRACE, AND THE WAGON-ROAD;  
BEING SKETCHES OF WILD LIFE WEST OF THE MISSOURI.



KAYA AND THE TRAVELERS.

**T**HE half-breed had ridden through the day with more than the usual recklessness of his class. He had pushed his gal-lant gray horse down the slopes of steep ravines, and urged him against the steep hillsides of the winding trail, until the less vigorous animals of the travelers were beaten to a walk.

VOL. IX.—29

The tall pine-trees threw long shadows across the narrow mountain path, when Kaya suddenly reined up: "Behold the first water of the western slope," he said; "have I kept my faith?" "What does the wild man mean?" cried Wilson. "You are thoroughly versed in the eccentricities of these worthy savages; it is still a long way to the Mission; ask him to explain himself." Thus addressed, the New Englander turned to their guide, and requested him to tell them why he had halted. "It is not night," he said;

"is Kaya afraid to ride further into the country of the Flatheads?" "When Kaya was a boy, he sold fear for scalps," replied the mountaineer; "and he is now a grown-up man; but he has crossed the mountains—has he not kept his faith?" and, receiving no answer to his inquiry, he coolly alighted, lifted the light pack from the back of his tired horse, knelt, and tied a broad deer-skin thong above the pasterns of the animal, and then drove him forth to move, step by step, along the rich pasturage of bunch-grass by which they were surrounded.

He then sat quietly down on his saddle, and, taking out a bag of kini kinik,\* filled his stone pipe, lighted it, and, first offering it to his companions, smoked as composedly as if still in the commodious lodge where they sought him, on the banks of the Missouri. The hot blood of Wilson fired at the supposed insult. "Are we to be bought and sold by this crazy voyageur in this manner," he said; "he has galloped his half-wild horse throughout the day, broken down both our ponies, and now, when the evening air begins to recruit them, and there is a reasonable hope of reaching the Mission, he turns his dare-devil nag loose, and sits down to enjoy a comfortable pipe. Halloo! sirrah!" he continued, "what does all this mean? Get up and saddle your horse, or I'll sound your senses with a revolver bullet."

The half-breed had taken from his buck-skin pouch a number of bullets, and was attentively counting them—telling them off in sections of ten, and breaking a blade of grass for each little heap of lead which he thus enumerated. "Speak to the yellow hound," said Wilson; "I verily believe him crazy; he is muttering to himself, and counting his bullets." "Hush," replied Gardiner; "the man is in trouble. Something has occurred of which we know nothing, and the pride of Kaya does not permit him to explain it. We engaged him, you know, only to cross the mountains, and here we are. We must sit down and smoke with him, and wait until the spirit moves. These men of the mountain are red Quakers—they have the moroseness of the Indian, with all the evil pride of the white race to give it

character. Kaya appears more grieved than angry, and is evidently deeply moved. Come, seat yourself and make the best of it." The friends threw themselves upon the ground, Wilson subduing his vexation, as, for the first time, he marked the troubled look in the stern, dark eye of the celebrated guide, of whom he had heard so much, and became more anxious to learn the cause of his strange behavior.

The pipe passed slowly round the little circle, and a short interval of silence elapsed; then Kaya stood up and faced the friends, with his hand extended. He was a splendid type of humanity, full six feet in height, deep-chested, broad-shouldered, but rather sinewy than muscular. His form was indurated by exposure, and erect as if he had never encountered the fifty years of hardship which had streaked his dark hair with gray. He stood forward like the genius of the old mountain-path, and was gorgeously clad in the costume of his race. It was a gala visit, and, to go into the country of the Flatheads, Kaya had donned his mountain finery. His hunting-shirt of softly-dressed antelope skin, and white as snow, was ornamented with stained elk-hair, and fringed with the small colored beads of the forts. The broad leggings which he wore were fringed with scalps throughout their length, and the bells upon his shoulders shook musically at his slightest movement.

"Kaya is a man," he said; "his word is like a brook, which does not turn back and run again up the mountain. White men are like streams that the beavers dam up; but it would take many sticks and more mud and brush than grow on the bottoms of the Marias to stop the Kaya. My brother is very young," he continued, turning to Wilson; "he has set many things down in the little book that he carries. Let him say to it one thing more, that it may speak very loud to his nation when he gets home to the distant lodges. Let him say to it that a grizzly does not dig roots when the berries of the swamps are ripe, and a half-breed does not stop on an open trail without a reason. There is a Piegan band on the plains of the Missouri. I have counted more moocasin tracks than my fingers can number

\* The leaf of the mountain cranberry, used by the northern half-breeds as a substitute for tobacco. The same term is applied to the inner bark of the red willow.



KAYA ADDRESSING THE TWO FRIENDS.

twice held up. I must ride fast to save my squaw and my papoose, but I have crossed the mountain—Kaya has kept his faith. Here is the first water of the western slope; follow the trail; the path is open and there is no danger, for we have come fast, and are deep in the country of the Flatheads. When his horse is rested, and the night has come, Kaya must ride again." Raising his hand, and throwing back his head, he struck his chest a smart blow, and uttered the deep, guttural sound which, in Indian custom, signifies the earnestness of the narrator in the meaning of the words he has spoken. He then seated himself in an attitude of attention, to listen to what his auditors might have to communicate.

Gardiner waited a few moments, and then, rising and facing the half-breed, said to him: "Kaya, was it not wrong to keep from us your knowledge that the signs we saw this morning were those of the Blackfeet? We might have wished to return to the fort, and it is now too late. But it is madness for you to think of going back; your gray horse and white dress will be at once noticed on the open prairie. I have too much interest in your welfare to permit it. You must explain yourself more fully before I consent to such a risk as you seek to encounter; besides

that, your tired horse will never bear you back again to your lodge."

Kaya again stood up: "Men of the settlements," he said, "are like tall weeds—when the wind blows from the north, they bend down to the earth; and when the south wind blows, then they lean again toward the regions of cold. They are like children—so very small that the little stalks of the prairie grass can throw them down. My brother is a chief of his nation, but he has forgotten that Kaya is a free man. He has no chief. He has never packed for the company at the fort. He has never pounded pemican, nor broken corn between two stones like a squaw. Kaya is a warrior, and his mother was a woman of the Chippewas of the north, the daughter of a chief; yet the heart of a strong man is to-day quite weak. A very little child, who is neither white nor red, has held a bow over him, which is as bright to Kaya as the red sign in the clouds after a summer rain—but Kaya has no power to bend it. Kaya is now very feeble; his heart is soft as an old squaw's when she hears the scalp-whoop for the last of her children; but Kaya has been strong enough to keep his word—he has crossed the mountain, and to-night he will go back and fight for a daughter of the Crows, who left her people to come into his

lodge, and for the little child that she hides in her blanket where she is waiting for him."

The friends renewed their importunities, but without effect. The taciturn half-breed would not continue to answer their questions. He arose and went to the brook, bathed his thick locks, and, after a long ablution, returned to them with stripes of red across his fine features; others extended from the roots of his hair to his chin.

"He signs himself with the cross, at any rate," said Wilson. "Now, what do you suppose Kaya means by such confounded flummery? He is, in reality, a most sensible fellow, and speaks the English language more correctly than many a Yankee." "Only," replied his companion, "that Kaya probably believes that we are the last of his race, or, rather, the last of his friends whom he will ever see. He has

dedicated himself to a forlorn hope—a desperate, wild endeavor, and he knows very well that every detail of our late conference and a description of his own movements will be required from us by his fierce companions. He has put on his war-paint, and is prepared for death. But, like the animal whose name he bears, in my opinion Kaya\* will die hard. He has been known to kill ten buffalo or bison in a single run, or before his horse tired. I have never described to you the manner in which these half-breeds of the north hunt the bison. Although better weapons have been offered to them, they still use the old northwest or Hudson Bay Company's light flint-lock gun. Mounted on their fine horses, they ride up to the leeward of a herd of bison. At a given signal, start at full speed. Each rider holds in his mouth ten spare bullets. They approach the bison on the



HUNTING THE BISON.

right or off side. The gun is not placed at the shoulder, but held breast high, and discharged with great accuracy. The bison is shot either in the heart, or across the spine at the kidneys. Each bull is brought to the ground with a single bullet. The hunter, riding at full speed, now places the butt of the gun upon his foot, pours another charge of powder into his hand, which is clasped to prevent the wind or rapid movement from causing the loss of the 'villainous saltpetre,' places it in the gun, and, taking a bullet from the half score he has held in his mouth, drops it into the barrel of the arm, without

using the rammer. The wet bullet sticks fast on reaching the powder; the gun, by a jar against the stirrup, is primed; and the rider, who is all this time galloping at racing speed in the midst of the dust and confusion of the maddened herd, is ready to select the next fat bison as a victim.

"It is my opinion, that were Kaya's horse fresh, he would make a terrible running fight to his lodge. He has been engaged trapping the beaver, on the upper meadows of the Missouri, where we found him. His canoe is there, and will permit his squaw to escape with her child to the fort; there

\* Kaya—grizzly bear.

fore I do not precisely understand his extreme anxiety, which he does not seem inclined to explain to us."

As the conversation ended, Kaya came gracefully forward. "You are both tired with a long ride," he said; "sit upon the earth; it is thus men grow strong." He then quickly stripped the trappings from the animals, hobbled them, turned them loose, and performed the ordinary service of the camp with an alacrity and skill which astonished the travelers.

He cut long willow rods by the brook, and sharpened a stake, which he then drove into the earth near the fire he had kindled of pitch-wood. Then, pulling it up, he placed upright in the orifice thus made one of his willow rods. In this manner he made an oval of upright wands. He then braided or wove together the top-most branches of the willows. To these he lashed cross-braces with couplings of withes and bark. Within he placed the blankets of the travelers.

While Gardiner prepared the coffee, and took charge of that portion of their meal which partook of a more civilized character, Kaya sought some grasshoppers. These unfortunate insects he lashed with a horse-hair to the fish-hook of a line of the same material.



KAYA AT THE STREAM.

He ran down to the stream, and soon returned with several of the splendid trout of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. These he transfixed, from tail to gills, with a sharp, thin rod. The rod he placed upright before the fire,

and, with this savory addition to their evening meal, it was soon ready and finished.

An hour later, the travelers lay on their couch of blankets, beneath the bower of bent boughs which the care of Kaya had provided, and the wild half-breed, with his feet to the fire, and the starlit sky for a covering, slumbered as calmly as if untried by sorrow.

"There," said Wilson. "he has already thought better of his resolution; mark how soundly he sleeps. He has no intention of taking the midnight ride, after all. He is like the rest of his French race—all talk and splutter. These fellows always remind me of a roasting apple."

"You, not unlike many other Americans," replied Gardiner, "cherish the idea of Saxon parentage, and believe no race equal to your own. You forget that the great explorer, Frémont, is of French origin, and that from the French peasantry were formed the immortal armies of Napoleon. The father of Kaya, however, was a Scotchman. His mother was a sister of the great 'Hole-in-the-day'—or the Shadow—chief of the Chippewas. But I am too tired to talk, and as Kaya does not seem to see the necessity of keeping guard to-night, and as the horses are hobbled, suppose we try to sleep."

It was late in the day when the young men awoke. Kaya was gone.

"Now," said Gardiner, triumphantly, "what do you think of the midnight ride? Kaya is half way to the mouth of Beaver river, and all we have to do is to 'catch up,' as the mountaineers term it, and go on." "Go on," returned his companion; "we should do well to go on, neither of us speaking a word of the Flathead tongue, and interlopers from the land of an enemy. Culbertson warned us, that if we met the companies of the Nez Percés, we should be in great danger, and, on no account, to attempt the incursion without Kaya; and Culbertson's word, as you have always affirmed, is mountain-law. Now, what I propose is, to pack and return towards the fort. We can take the upper trail, and thus avoid any danger from the Blackfeet."

"Better follow Kaya," rejoined Gardiner. "The Blackfoot party is going toward the south; probably they are seeking the Crow tribes, to steal horses; Kaya will ride straight to his wife and

child, and then push for the fort, or, perhaps, up Teton river. I will stake the half-breed against the Blackfeet if he ever reaches his mountain brood and canoe."

"It is at least a half-day's journey before we can leave the mountain-pass," said his companion. "We can, at any rate, pack and start."

Their arrangements were soon made, and they turned back upon the trail.

"Men armed with Sharp's rifles and a pair of dragoon's six-shooters each, should not hesitate to follow where a half-breed has gone with a single flint-lock gun," said the fiery southerner.

They rode rapidly on. Toward the close of the day, a sound, never heard unnoticed in the wild domain of the Indian, startled them to a sudden halt and wakeful attention.

"That was not the report of a rifle," said the experienced Gardiner; "it was an Indian gun."

"Perhaps shot at an antelope or buffalo," rejoined his friend.

At this moment two other shots were heard.

"From Indian guns," said Gardiner, in reply to the inquiring look of his companion; "not a rifle yet. It is no buffalo-hunt. There are no herds of buffalo so high up the country at this season of the year. It is, doubtless, the Kaya, the bold grizzly of the mountains, overtaken by the



THE MARCH ON THE BACK TRAIL.

Blackfeet and fighting for his life."

They saw the indented toe-marks made by the unshod hoofs of the wild mountain-steed of the half-breed, who had apparently ridden with the same head-long speed, through the dark hours of the night, that had characterized their progress of the previous day.

They pushed on, and at noon had reached the eastern extremity of the pass.

They could see the broad rolling country of the upper Missouri, broken by the great waters of the Beaver, Sun, and Teton rivers, spread out before them.

Here they made a short halt, to recruit their tired horses, took refreshment, and in their conference decided to ride towards the camp of Kaya.

"We will go to him," said Wilson. "By heaven, no Carolinian ever forsook a friend in need. I spoke harshly to him last night, and I will now aid him, if they burn me at the stake. Let us on," he continued, spurring his jaded horse.

"Stop," said the stern New Englander. "This is no boy's play. Let us be men. We will fight for Kaya; but God gives to man discretion that he may use it. The grass is high. We can approach these beasts, who have not the scent of the wild animals of the plains, and aid the mountaineer better by aiding him with judgment."

Gardiner had turned in his saddle to address his companion, and he sat upon



THE CONSULTATION.

his horse like some old Covenanter. His head was bent forward as if listening. His set jaw, the deep, earnest meaning of his ordinarily cold hazel eye, his hand clenched quivering on the hilt of his revolver, demonstrated his faith in the high purpose to which he had devoted himself.

Wilson acknowledged the propriety of caution. They dismounted and drove the pack-animals together at the bottom of the slope.

They then rode on.

Again and again, they heard the dull reports of the fire-arms, which had first awakened their attention.

They spurred their tired horses; they were excited by an almost ungovernable curiosity; they drew near to the combatants.

As they approached a broad swale of the prairie, Gardiner halted—he dismounted. "Hold the horses," he said. "I am a better frontiersman than you. Remember that you could never stalk an antelope—I can. You are now excited—I am calm. It is, therefore, better for you to remain here—for me to go on. Dismount, and thus take the weight from the back of your tired horse. Now cling hard to both the bridles: the ponies may get excited and try to break away from you. If

I am observed, make for the fort. My papers are in the holster, and you know their value."

"Go on," replied Wilson, who knew the peculiar character of his companion. "Go on, I will do as you tell me. In a horn," he added, as he cautiously followed the earnest northerner and led the two horses through the long grass. "In a horn, old Yank. I would not see a hair of your head hurt for all the abolitionists that ever stood beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill monument."

It was no time for conversation. Making a motion to his companion, Gardiner bent down, and, hiding himself in the tangled grass, crawled slowly to the summit of the mound they had approached.

The scene before him was fearful as unexpected. A half score of mounted Indians occupied the plain below. They were circling near a small copse of cotton-wood, where lay, hidden from view, some object to which their attention was devoted.

At intervals, the dark forms of the Indians moved rapidly around the low cover, and, at such moments, a chorus of wild yells reached the attentive ears of the friends on the mound.

"They have driven the Grizzly to his lair," said Gardiner. "The horse of

Kaya has tired, and he has taken to the bush. I swear they dare not come within gun-shot of the cover," he cried exultantly.

"Hurrah for the gallant half-breed! It is he to a certainty."

"What shall we do?" said Wilson.

"Shall we ride on?"

"Not at all—by no means," replied Gardiner. "I will load the spare cylinder of my heavy Texan six-shooter for a reserve, and then discharge the pistol. It will cause these fellows to break up their party for a reconnoissance. In the mean time, the quick senses of Kaya will demonstrate to him the class of arm by the peculiar sound of the report. He will know that we are near him. He will make a break to us, or, the Indians being divided, we will make a rush through them to the cover. We shall probably pass the night in that covert, and, perhaps, to-morrow. If we ever reach it, they can only beat us by starving us out; and, by filling your saddle-pockets with dried meat, that

will be guarded against." The New Englander seated himself upon the ground and became busy with Colt's immortal fire-arm.

Soon rising, he ran down the hill, dragging with him by their bridles the two riding horses, and then discharged the loads in quick succession. While he knelt over the weapon to replace the discharged cylinder with a loaded one, his comrade saw the Indians dashing about in wild confusion.

Gardiner had replaced the loads in his revolver, and now joined his companion.

Suddenly a wild shout shook the stillness of the autumn air. The next instant, they saw the gray horse of the Kaya dash out of the wood. In the distance he seemed to approach them riderless.

The half-dozen Indians in waiting, rode madly in pursuit. The gray horse came gallantly on. In a few moments they could discern the form of the half-breed. He was hanging from



KAYA ON THE CAPTURED HORSE.

the saddle. Twice they saw him change his position, twice they saw the smoke and heard the report of the Indian guns. "Good! Admirable!" cried Gardiner, "human nature alike in settlement and on prairie. So long as the fools only use the European fire-arm, so long Kaya is safe. They cannot shoot with accuracy with the gun, yet they will not use their arrows. Hurra for progress, even in the wilderness. Kaya will reach us yet." As he spoke, the gray horse wheeled in his course, and dashed at the nearest Indian. There was a mad rally; men and horses seemed overturned; shots were heard, and then Kaya once more galloped towards them.

"Good!" cried Wilson. "he has changed horses in the *mêlée*. He has struck down the Indian from the fine black horse, and is now riding him."

right. The form of the mountaineer was for an instant exposed. With a wild yell, the Blackfoot discharged an arrow. It struck the Kaya. He struggled to a sitting posture, threw up his short gun like a lance, and, without putting it to his face, returned a bullet for the arrow, which had evidently severely wounded him.

The Indian faltered, caught wildly at the air, his head settled forward, he lost the motion of his horse, jolted heavily in the saddle, clutched at the mane of his animal, and then fell to the ground. His companions halted, and the brave mountaineer galloped up to his former comrades. He was a terrible spectacle. His white hunting-shirt was stained with gore. His blood-shot, haggard eyes stared on the excited men who had come to seek him. An arrow had transfixed his shoulder, and



THE CHASE BY THE BLACKFEET.

"White man versus Indian," said Gardiner. "He has certainly struck some great chief; see, he is only followed by three warriors—two have stopped by the fallen brave; but now be ready. Do not shoot unless the Indian is coming straight towards you, and as there are only three of them, the nearer the better."

Kaya seemed to know, as if by instinct, where the friends lay, and rode to them as directly as the crow flies. Suddenly a tall warrior wheeled his horse almost across that of the mountaineer. The half-tamed animal which Kaya bestrode, swerved short to the

stood up as from a quiver behind his right arm. His strongly marked features, streaked with bright vermillion, were blackened by gunpowder, and his dark lips, drawn away from teeth white as ivory, gave a ghastly character to the awful meaning of his smile. "The Piegans are short of a chief," he said. "There are more dead Blackfeet on the bottom lands than there are moons in the year. They looked in the face of a half-breed of the north and dropped like leaves in the first frost."

He then staggered down from the fierce horse he bestrode, and, throwing the end of the lariat\* rope to Gardiner,

\* Long line of hair rope, by which the Indian horse is ridden and secured.

knelt and reloaded his gun, and then discharged it at the group of Blackfeet. They divided, and at last the Indians fairly broke for the bottom-lands, leaving the body of the slain chief on the ground. Kaya as suddenly mounted his horse, and, with a stifled yell, started in mad pursuit. He drew up and dismounted at the side of the fallen chief, with one quick stroke of his knife tore the scalp from his head, again mounted and dashed on after the braves, from whom he had apparently fled a few moments before.

"He seems maddened by his wounds," said Gardiner. "But now is our time."

The pack-animals were soon collected and driven headlong toward the thicket. The sagacity of the Indians, but for a moment at fault, soon detected the full number of their foes, and, with the fierce war-whoop of the northern tribes, they dashed towards them.

"The thicket," cried Gardiner, "the thicket; drive up, drive up, don't stop to shoot! The cover is our only safety! Hurra for the gallant Kaya, here he comes again! He has driven the first party out of our path."

As he spoke, the half-breed again appeared in sight around the corner of the wood.

Gardiner threw his short rifle across

his arm. "Do not imitate me," he said, and turned in his saddle. The Blackfoot warrior nearest them instantly wheeled from the line, and swung out of sight behind his horse. The crack of the rifle was heard, and the gallant dark steed of the Indian stumbled, and then fell forward, shot through the shoulders. Instantly renewing the charge, Gardiner again raised the efficient weapon. Covering horse and man as they rode straight towards him, he brought the second Indian to the ground.

The thicket was but a few paces in front when the half-breed again passed them like a spectre of death, and the next moment was wheeling among the discomfited Indians. "Turn no more," cried Gardiner; "Kaya will engage them."

They reached the cover, drove the sluggish animals toward an indentation of the swampy ground, and, as the Indian ponies stopped, and with their natural sagacity pawed the moist earth, they once more shook hands together and dismounted.

The silence was broken by a call from Wilson. "The gray mule scents something here to the right," he said. "We are approached from the river."

At once Gardiner assisted the half-breed to his feet.



KAYA AND HIS WIFE.

The arrow had been extricated; but the white hunting-shirt was wet with the blood of the uncomplaining Kaya.

He staggered against a tree, and eagerly reached out his hand for the gun which Wilson brought to him. Then the shrubbery was parted, and the beautiful face of a young Indian woman looked out upon them. It was wan with fatigue and exhaustion. With a single glance around she came forward, paused, and then, with a bound, knelt at the feet of Kaya. She caught his bloody hand to her face, pressed it to her cheek, and murmured low, sweet words of the Indian tongue.

Kaya stood with his face averted from the companions. He did not look at the young squaw, who now cuddled down like a little child beside him, or notice her presence.

"Thank God!" cried Gardiner, "that woman is safe for the present at least. Throughout our day's ride my imagination has presented her to me, tortured by the Blackfeet in their most hellish style. Her child is gone, though. She has lost the son of the most noted scout of all these northern regions, which is sorrow enough to her, you may well believe. Ah, Wilson, my boy, I'd hardly know whether that cry of yours, a few minutes since, was a laugh or a groan. At any rate, it was most too loud for safety, and, if heard by the Piegans, will tell them we have struck joy or grief here in the thicket. Probably they will think that we have run on the lair of a grizzly. It is getting late in the day. When night comes the Indians will be upon us howling; but they may be here at any moment. In an Indian skirmish nothing frets me so much as silence. I do not then know which way to meet, or where to expect, the blow which, in the present case, is, I think, sure to be dealt."

As they went toward the edge of the thicket, Wilson stole a look at the guide. Kaya had sat down upon the ground; his head was leaning on the slight form of his young wife. She had clasped it with both her hands; her lips were pressed to his broad, high forehead.

"He is her idol, her life, her faith," murmured Wilson, and sighed as he passed on.

If there were Indians near them, they were hidden from view.

Along the stream, which stretched away to the south, were the broken,

straggling thickets of the cotton which we have already described.

Among these the hostile party might have harbored, but where they were, Kaya could alone aid in informing them; so far, at least, as ordinary vision could discern, they were gone.

They threaded their way through the thick under-brush, and moved cautiously toward the waters of the stream. Suddenly Gardiner clasped the arm of his friend, and, pointing to the ground, looked warily about him. The waters of the branch had been turned back by the labors of the beaver. Near one of the large clear pools thus created by the flooding of the bottom-land, in the soft black mud of the swamp, was the fresh track of a moccasin. It was deeply indented, and so recently made that the water from the sponge-like texture of decayed leaves and moss of the morass still trickled into it, and had not yet filled it up.

Gardiner pressed his companion to a stooping posture. He cocked his six-shooter, an example which was followed by Wilson, and then, for an instant bending more intently over the evidence of the dangerous proximity of their foes, suddenly started to his feet, and uttered a few words aloud in the Indian tongue.

A low ejaculation was heard on the right, then a light foot-fall came splashing from husssock to root, and then a tall Indian came forward, and gazed at them across the pool with a smile on his painted face.

"Look out, little gun, he shoot," he said, pointing at the revolver of Wilson, still at full cock and aimed towards him; then the expression of his face changed to the stony look of the great warrior when upon the war-path, as another footstep was heard approaching at full speed, and the young wife of Kaya came up to them and gazed with a startled, anxious look in the face of the new-comer.

If possible, the face of the brave became still more utterly devoid of expression, as he met the gaze of her earnest eyes thus fixed upon him; but he held up the fingers of both his hands—with one arm swept a half-circle around his head, placed the fork of the fore and middle fingers of his right hand upon the first finger of his left, and with the latter imitated the galloping of a horse at full speed. He then



"BLACK EAGLE" MEETING THE TWO FRIENDS.

pointed in the direction of the high land toward the north.

For an instant the woman bowed her head in humility over the open palms of the hands she extended towards him. She then turned hastily away, and was followed by the grave warrior and the two friends toward the Kaya.

As they went on, Gardiner explained the scene to his companion. "The warrior informed the woman, in the language of signs, that twenty mounted braves, of the Crow tribe, are now sweeping the high country north in pursuit of the Blackfeet. You know, Kaya's squaw is a woman of the Crows. Her brother is their most celebrated chief. I think some runner must have carried to a party of the tribe intelligence of the approach of the Blackfeet to the camp of Kaya. The Crows have not reached them, though, or we should have heard the reports of the guns. Ah! there goes one now. But look! look at the Crow! mark the expression of his face! he holds up his head like a Canada hare at the first cry of the hounds!"

The Indian had paused at the sound of the gun, and, disregarding the look of solicitation with which the woman endeavored to arrest his attention, stood before them upon a high hussock of the swamp, as if turned into an image of stone.

"By heaven!" cried the impetuous Wilson, "he is eight feet high."

"Yes," replied the more sedate Gar-

diner, "and if we were not within a few paces of Kaya, I don't think the presence of two white men would prevent his giving a war-whoop that would make this old wood ring again."

During their absence it was evident the squaw had unpacked the mule, for their blankets were arranged in a half-circle to the right and left of the mountaineer. A small fire burned in front of him. The woman stepped hastily forward and filled his pipe, which she placed by his side, and then sat down at some distance behind him. The Crow warrior advanced without speaking, and placed himself upon the blankets to the right of Kaya. Making a graceful gesture to the friends, he invited them to the place of honor beside him. When they were seated, the pipe was lighted by Kaya, and silently passed along the circle to Gardiner, who, taking a few whiffs, handed it to Wilson, who sat at his left, and nearest the Indian. It thus passed on to the half-breed, who smoked and laid it down.

The warrior now rose with great quickness, and sprang into the centre of the circle. He extended his right arm toward the south, as if beckoning to some distant object; then, pointing the fore-finger of the same hand to the earth, he stamped energetically. He then said a few words, with great earnestness, in the Indian tongue, and suddenly leaving the circle, returned with the wife of Kaya, whom he led forward

by the arm, and leaving her standing, with her head bent down in front of the little audience, struck his breast forcibly with his open hand, made a deep, triumphal-toned ejaculation, and sat down.

Suddenly, and as if by effort, she raised her head, drew herself up, and, with the dignity of a warrior, looked with calm, unblenching eyes, full in the faces of the friends, and then turned them as steadily upon the Kaya and the attentive Indian.

The half-breed immediately arose and came forward. He placed himself by the side of the squaw, and took hold of her hand, as if to reassure her. Looking proudly around him, and then fixing his gaze upon the warrior, he said, in English: "Where this running water which moistens our feet is no longer broken by the dams of the beaver, a canoe lies hid in the bushes, and there the only child of the Kaya holds up his little hands to the setting sun; but he does not laugh, and ask for it for a plaything; he knows that his mother has followed it away, and he is afraid that her eyes have gazed upon it so long that they are dazzled, and will not find her boy again. All to-day he has not tasted food, but he is the child of a warrior, and has not cried out; but the night is now come, and the mountain wolves will steal down into the meadows. It is time for a squaw of the Crows to remember, what the scent of a wolf might teach her never to forget."

Pausing for a moment, he turned to the attentive brave, and, making signs with his hands, still continued his remarks in English:

"The eyes of an eagle are so sharp, that they see further than to-day or to-morrow. The great chief of the Crows can find the scalp of a Blackfoot in every month of the year, but he will not raise up another Grizzly to fight for his children, if the son of his sister should starve upon the bottom-lands."

Gardiner clasped the hand of his companion, and said: "That is really, then, the Black Eagle! The most celebrated chief of all the northern tribes running about these meadows without a horse, and now gone, at last, to hunt up a papoose! Wilson, this is a great adventure. If you wish to study Indian character, keep your eyes open on such circumstances as these. Why, the mighty warrior has turned scout;

and let some other brave lead his fierce band into the presence of the enemy!"

"But look at Kaya—he has sunk back, exhausted, yet his eyes follow the retiring form of his wife with a look of solicitude and affection which he did not venture to betray in the presence of her brother!"

At this moment, the distant sound of the galloping of horses was heard. It approached the thicket—then the scalp-whoop, given by a dozen voices with thrilling vehemence, was answered by the Kaya with frightful intonations, which rang through the recesses of the copse, and were flung back as by an echo from the woods towards the south. Then the jarring, jumping bounds of the Indian horse, reined suddenly up from full speed, shook the earth; then, through the rustling bushes, the wild Indians of the plains came crowding around the camp-fire.



THE SURPRISE IN THE CAMP.

"You need not stand up," whispered Gardiner, "but shake hands with every one of them. Don't omit or neglect a single man, old or young; by this day's work you have a key to every warrior's heart among them."

"Here must be more smoking and talking, though Kaya is faint with loss of blood, and we need a good warm meal

most confoundedly. I declare I have eaten a pound of this pemmican, but I am still hungry."

"I agree with you there," said Wilson. "I would like some coffee from our stores, if only to wash it down. But, as to Kaya, he is hardly a dying man, if that frightful long yell of his may be taken for a symptom."

"Hush!" replied Gardiner, "there come the Indians; now let us be silent and sober, and these formalities will soon be over." Each warrior now walked round the inside of the circle, shaking hands with Kaya and his friends, and then sitting down in the group as befitted his rank—the older or more celebrated braves taking the front line. The pipe was filled by the half-breed, lighted and passed from hand to hand. When it had made the circuit of the party, Kaya stood up and advanced to the front. "My friends are very welcome," he said in English. "When a wounded buffalo cannot keep up with the herd, the wolves soon gnaw off his hamstrings; but a Grizzly is not a buffalo, though the wolves of the north did not find it out until they followed him into the bush." He then repeated the same words in the Indian tongue, and thus alternately expressing himself, he continued: "They have made work for the women of the Crows. It is better to camp in bushes when so many twigs are wanted for scalp-hoops. My brothers have looked upon a Grizzly so many times, that he need not tell them that he cannot eat berries without making red stains on his hide and his paws." Pointing with a gesture of contempt at the blood upon his clothing, Kaya sat down.

A white-headed chief rose and came forward. He looked steadfastly at the white companions of the half-breed, and said: "When a man is old, it is no wonder if he be famous. His life is like a long winding trail, that leads up a high mountain: many lodge-poles may have been drawn over it, until it is rubbed white, and may be seen a great way off. But when a young man is famous, his life must have been like an open trail in green woods. It is white and is bright, because there has been a shining blaze cut on every tree."

He sat down, and the eyes of the grave circle were turned on Gardiner, who stepped forward without hesitation, and addressed them.

"What are words," he said. "The heart of a white man is not like the crop of a pigeon, that a girl of the Crows may cut open and find seeds that do not grow on the northern prairies. The Great Spirit made men alike in one thing, if he has given a different color to their skins. They all like to look upon a brave man, and to see a woman whose light is the face of the warrior she has chosen. But white men and Indians do not look apart to-day; for here is one who is neither a white man nor an Indian, but who has shown how much good there must be in both of them, when from both of them the Great Spirit could form a man like the Kaya." He then turned away from the circle, and after being absent a few moments returned with a variety of small Indian presents. These he placed before the old chief. While Kaya was interpreting his address to the Indians, Gardiner and his companion, assisted by one of the young warriors, made arrangements for preparing an evening meal. It consisted of pemmican, rendered more inviting to both Indian and European by the addition of flour and a supply of coffee from the stores of the friends. This was served out too, to the new-comers, and the ceremony of the meeting having thus been broken, the Indians soon fell into groups. Their guards were thrown out for the night, dry wood was brought to the fire, the horses provided for, and, thoroughly wearied by the eventful day, Wilson soon slept soundly and peacefully on the blankets, where Gardiner still sat wakeful by the fire beside him.

Later in the night he perfected the arrangements for their departure in the morning, and as he again threw himself on his blankets by the side of his comrade, said, "Well, my wild boy, you can start as early or as late as you choose to-morrow, and as for me I'm like the 'Three Elks,' my heart is easy, so I don't care which way we turn."

"Who is the 'Three Elks?'" replied Wilson.

"A long story that I will tell you at another time," rejoined Gardiner. "I mean that having led the Kaya away from his family, and exposed him and them to such great danger, I have aided in uniting them again. The squaw is happier than a queen; for now she is a famous woman. Kaya, saving his

wound, is better off than before; for that diamond of his soul—his affection for his wife—is now polished by his admiration of her genius and courage. To-morrow night, barring tired horses, and a day of such wild adventure as would turn the head of your European tourist, we shall again be where we were two days since and ready for a fresh start across the mountains."

"But tell me the story of the 'Three Elks,'" said Wilson, "I have been asleep, and am now fresh and just ready for a story."

"Thank you," rejoined his graver companion, "but I must say, as the great Napoleon did to the old nobility of France, 'neither is my blood of dish-water.' I, too, must sleep, and you

shall hear the story of the 'Three Elks' when we return to the fort."

The two young men, so unceremoniously introduced to our readers, had come up the river Missouri on the boat of the American Fur Company, which is annually sent to their fort at the mouth of the Yellow Stone. Gardiner, who had spent many years of his life in the wild interior of the American continent, had first encountered Wilson in a city of the south. A mutual attachment grew up between them, and, with that reckless spirit of adventure so peculiar to the citizens of the United States, they had undertaken to cross the Rocky Mountains together, from the head-waters of the Missouri to the frontier settlements of Oregon.



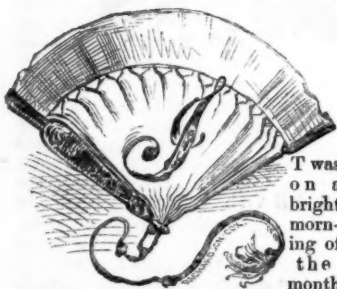
## THE MERRY BELLS SHALL RING.

### I.

THE merry bells shall ring,  
Eveline—  
The little birds shall sing,  
Eveline;  
You smile, but you shall wear  
Orange blossoms in your hair,  
Eveline!

### II.

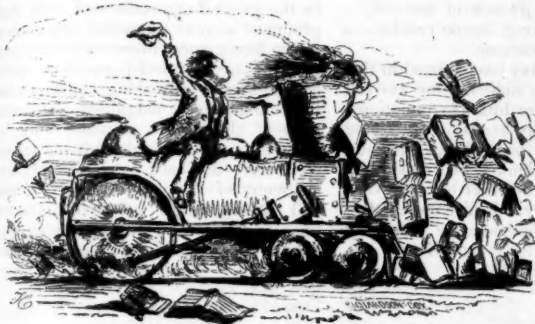
Ah me! the bells have rung  
Eveline—  
The little birds have sung,  
Eveline;  
But cypress leaf and rue  
Make a sorry wreath for you  
Eveline!



of July, 1854, that your humble servant, Tom Fairfax, counselor at law, having a week or two of leisure to throw away on health and relaxation, after a winter of hard professional work, determined to take a trip to Lake George. Most eventful to me was the hour in which I took my seat in the long train rushing through the town of —, on its way northward. A civil spoken friend has lately told me, that at that time Tom Fairfax was considered a clever fellow enough, in easy circumstances, good-looking, of sound health, unimpeachable character, and as fair professional prospects as most young

men of his age. There is little vanity in recording the declaration, for I am no longer what I was. Two years, made up of twenty-four months teeming with the chances and changes of Yankee life, have wholly altered matters. That my faculties are unimpaired. I have humbly to thank Providence. That my character is still as good as ever, I hold to be especially due to the home lessons and example of two persons of honest hearts and clean hands, whom, probably, you never heard of. But in almost every other particular, save character and capacity, things have changed with me. Fortune is essentially impaired. Health is broken. Good looks are gone. Professional prospects are ruined forever. The strong voice, which once filled spacious court-rooms without an effort, can now, at times, scarcely be heard across a narrow study. The limbs, which, only two summers ago, carried me so nimbly up Round-top and Beacon, are shrunken, shriveled, crippled. Yes, I am a cripple—a crawling, crutched cripple for life, they tell me. There are evil spells and malign influences at work to-day just as they were in the time of Sycorax and Archimago. If you

care to know by what magic all this mischief befell poor Tom Fairfax, turn over the leaf, my story is at your service.



I have already observed that it was a bright warm morning of the month of orations and fire-crackers, when I took a seat in the northern train of cars. After reading the morning papers—a duty which every American holds sacred as the Turk his morning salaam to Mecca—I began to look about me, in that agreeable mood which the prospect of a fortnight's holiday must always afford a hard-working fellow like myself. The cars were full, crowded, indeed; but there was neither form nor voice familiar to me, in the long double row of passengers. I took a look at the country through the window at my elbow; a succession of swamp views, with a foreground of ditches and wood-piles, varied by an occasional eating-house or some desperate attempt at a Gothic cottage, all this was not particularly interesting. The track was new, and as flat and prosaic as the most utilitarian stockholder need desire. The prospect, such as it was, moreover, was soon shut out by the clouds of dust which, as the dew dried under the hot July sun, soon threatened to stifle us. There was no remedy but closing the blinds, and turning eyes and attention within. I tried reading. The book in my pocket, one of the last and most fiercely puffed of home-made novels, proved contemptibly weak and ridiculous—impossible to read more than half a page of such stuff; having made, in vain, several vigorous plunges after a grain of common sense, I threw the volume out of the window, and, as it chanced to alight in a roadside ditch,

tremendous must have been the excitement produced, by this specimen of modern romance, among the tadpoles! Determined to keep all business

thoughts at bay, an attempt at conversation with my next neighbor followed; but he was a surly fellow, and would have little to say to me.

In this state of things there seemed but one resource open to me; I began to scan my fellow-passengers more closely. The

prospect, in this respect, was neither better nor worse than what might present itself in any other train of cars. It was commonplace enough, the commonplace, however, of Yankeeland, and the middle of the nineteenth century. There was a fair proportion of worthy-looking folks of different ages and conditions, mingled with a dash of rowdiness, washed and unwashed. Three-fourths of the men, with care-worn faces, were reading newspapers of different shades—political and religious. About half the women were overdressed—some of them glaringly so. A goodly number of children were eating candy, and some grown-up persons were zealously cherishing national dyspepsia in the same way. Immediately before me sat a group of lads and lasses—young America in its rustic guise—evidently bound on a frolic. The girls were very fine, the youths very spruce: it was pleasant to see their merry faces, and funny to hear their comments; but I could not help wishing that they were a degree less confiding in the discretion of their neighbors—jokes, love-affairs, family-secrets, were alike shouted out with ear-piercing frankness. A poor German emigrant mother and her two chubby girls pleased me, from the broad, good-natured honesty of their expression, and, ere long, they excited my compassion not a little, when I discovered that all these had fallen into the clutches of the Yankee Mormon in their rear. This last venerable character chanced to share the same bench with a blue

coated Shaker—the two most opposite extremes to which fanaticism has yet gone among us—being thus thrown cheek-by-jowl into the same car. Further down, too, I discovered another ill-favored growth of the soil, a *lusus nature*, a tragi-comic creature, a Bloomer in full costume.

Half an hour may have passed in this idle review, when suddenly my eye fell on two passengers hitherto unnoticed. Between the giddy heads of the young group of rustics, beyond the Mormon and the Shaker, flanked on one side by the Bloomer, on the other by some very dazzling millinery, I discovered two travelers, who immediately fixed my attention. An elderly man of very re-

spectable appearance, somewhat infirm in his bearing, occupied the outer seat, and near the window sat a lady. The faces of both travelers were turned away from me; but there was something in the general appearance of each that produced a most agreeable impression at the first glance, there was something of fitness, quiet self-possession, ease, and dignity in refreshing contrast with their immediate neighbors. A rear view of the human creature may be very strongly marked with individual character—the back has a sort of physiognomy of its own often very frank and truth-telling; even the minute lines and shades of character may frequently be distinctly traced there.



Backs of all kinds are seen passing along the public thoroughfares; some are bold and bullying, others shy and sensitive; one is sturdy and resolute, another timid and wavering; this is honest, that treacherous. One looks sensible, its comrade is painfully silly; here you have conceit transparent through every thread of web and woof, yonder is hypocrisy peering, double-faced, over its own shoulder-blades; here, with his hands behind his back, you have Goodman Positive, there, in a very loose fit, is Neighbor Waverer, who never knows his own mind. Your purse-proud backs are quite numerous, and so, alas! are poverty-stricken backs.

Now, a rearview of the travelers just

alluded to struck me as highly favorable. Thoroughly respectable, sensible, gentlemanly, was the aspect of the old man. The lady by his side was, at first, something of an enigma. A sketch taken from nature, at the moment, would have given a plain straw-hat, a dark veil thrown over it, and a light summer shawl covering the shoulders in easy, careless folds; but there was a neatness, a modesty, a degree of quiet good sense, a simple elegance in these plain materials, that contrasted charmingly with the bold oddity of the Bloomer neighbor on one side, and the glaringly extravagant millinery fluttering in the back-ground. I could not succeed in catching the faintest glimpse of the

lady's face. Several times the gentleman, while conversing with her, turned his head sufficiently for me to have a good three-quarter view of fine elderly features; but in vain I watched for the same good luck with regard to his companion—the envious veil floated between us. The slight character of the materials, however, became only an additional incentive to closer study. We lawyers delight in investigating doubtful points, and I succeeded in persuading myself that it would be an exercise of professional acumen to make out a portrait, mental and physical, of the lady before me, from the few scanty facts the case presented.

Cuvier immortalized himself, on some occasion, by a scientific description, admirable in its completeness and accuracy, of some unknown antediluvian monster of whose frame he possessed but a single bone. Without even the tip of an ear, or the point of a finger to help me, would it be possible to come to sound conclusions as to the nature of a woman who was an entire stranger to me? Were hat, veil, and shawl to do in this case what the claw did for Cuvier and his monster? Not entirely. Hat, veil, and shawl may sometimes prove more than the owner is aware of, even as regards intellectual and moral qualities; but the reader must not forget that, in the present instance, the figure over which this drapery was thrown was no automaton, no mere milliner's doll; there was life in it, there was a brain of some sort within the straw hat, there was a heart, good, bad, or indifferent, beneath the shawl—and these higher attributes of the human being might reveal themselves, I chose to believe, in what, at the distance that divided us, must prove, however, little more than mute pantomime. In short, the materials were just sufficient to excite all the ingenuity at my command, while they were not too slight for some positive results. That neat straw hat, the simple shawl, so easily worn, the plain veil, were again passed in review, and seen, as before, beyond a maze of very gorgeous millinery, again pleased me: "A woman of good sense and education, clearly!" I mentally exclaimed. Another scrutiny excited my admiration still further; the quiet modesty of her manner, the simple, natural grace of her movements, few and unobtrusive as these were, charmed me. The

respectful attention to the elderly gentleman at her side, whether father, uncle, or guardian, bespoke good-breeding, and good principle, too, according to my interpretation.

The heat was now oppressive, and the lady, making a fruitless attempt to raise one of the unmanageable windows, common in cars, was assisted by the Shaker in her rear; the civil bow of thanks which followed was another proof of good manners. Two dull-looking, unruly, and not overclean children occupied the seat before her, and, turning their snubby faces—which I had not the least desire to see—seemed lost in admiration of their neighbor: "She is probably pretty—must certainly have a good expression—children's instincts are safe in such points," was my mute remark. The same little pests were constantly dropping a gingerbread, or a bit of candy, or a handkerchief on the lady's lap, or at her feet; she kindly restored these different objects several times, but at last I saw a reproving shake of the head, and a warning finger raised, as if to enjoin better behavior: "Amiable, certainly, and yet not without decision when necessary," was my conclusion. Good reader, thou art smiling; so be it. I maintain, at the point of the pen, that, although these minute traits, and others of the same kind, which I spare you, were in themselves each trifling, yet there was a harmony pervading them all, which proved that they flowed from the nature of the individual, and not merely from accident. How much further this mute investigation of character, this interesting car-study, might have carried me that morning, I cannot say; but I fully resolved that, when we reached the next station at G—, a glimpse of the fair stranger's face must be obtained: "And we shall soon be at G—!" I exclaimed to myself.

But the halt came even sooner than was expected. We never reached the station at G—. Suddenly, in the midst of our swift course, there came a fearful shock, a tremendous crash—and the ill-fated journey of that day was at an end. A sound of crashing wood and iron, human shrieks, a stunning blow, acute pain followed by utter insensibility, are my only recollections of the disastrous collision which then took place—the details of which, as I

afterwards learned them, I spare the reader.

Hours passed, during which I lay wholly unconscious. It was late in the morning when I partially recovered my faculties. On opening my eyes, the objects about me seemed all strange, but a vague impression was received that I was in bed, in some barn or out-house. It was, in fact, one of the shanties, or huts of the Irish laborers, on the road. At first I believed myself alone; but an indistinct view of two figures followed—an elderly man reclining on a bench, and a female figure bending over him.



over me, a face, the sweetness of whose expression produced an impression of pleasure, even at that moment. With some difficulty I swallowed a little of the water; never did anything taste so deliciously. Revived by the draught, I attempted to express my thanks, while I once more looked up inquiringly at the gentle countenance. I had a singular feeling that this kindly assistant was no stranger, and yet I could not recall the face as that of an acquaintance. Vague and dreamy, at best, was the condition in which I remained for hours, varied by moments of acute suffering, or entire insensibility. I heard voices about me indistinctly, and I had dim visions of figures moving to and fro. More than once that same sweet

"Water—cold water!" I feebly exclaimed, with the little strength I could command.

The female figure started, and turned towards me with a movement of surprise.

"He is reviving—give him water, Emily, it cannot possibly injure him," said the person reclining on the bench.

In another moment a cup of fresh water was put to my lips, and a low, compassionate voice aroused my half-torpid attention; "Here is water, sir, cool water, fresh from the spring."

I opened the eyes which debility and pain had again closed, and saw, bending

face came near; more than once I heard the deep voice of the gentleman stretched on the bench—Irish faces, some kindly, some coarse and uncouth, seemed to come and go; I heard, but scarcely understood, whispered comments on my own condition, and, at length, I had a dim impression of a parting glance from gentle womanly eyes, and a glimpse of a lame old gentleman moving to the door, supported by two rough fellows, and followed by the lady. A surgical examination of my own poor bruised and battered body followed, then came a feeling of being borne into the open air, and moving somewhere on wheels.

The ensuing weeks are nearly a perfect blank. A severe operation was followed by a long illness, which many of

my friends considered hopeless. It is unnecessary to dwell on the details beyond their results. At the end of three months I was once more able to crawl about, supported by crutches, a mere wreck of what I had so lately been. I actually did not know my own face the first time I saw it in a mirror. In fact, I seemed to have undergone a complete metamorphosis, and it needed some time longer to accustom me to the state of things brought about by that fatal collision on the ——— railroad. At length, by steadily looking matters in the face, I began to comprehend clearly my present position, and the future connected with it. To ill health I must accustom myself; the physicians hold out no hope of complete restoration. My profession must be abandoned; the chest, once so sound and strong, was now miserably weak. To loss of fortune I must also make up my mind: the day before the railroad disaster, I had become uneasy as to the condition of a company in which a very considerable portion of my property was invested, and had determined to withdraw my funds immediately, actually resolving in the car, that the letter, with the necessary orders to my agent, should be written that very evening.

But the reader already knows that evening found me in no condition to write; the company failed, half ruining hundreds besides myself. The evil was irretrievable, and I must now consider myself a poor man, compared with what I had been. There was a little place still left me in the country, a cottage and a few acres of land; here I determined to set up my bachelor penates, and with a tolerable library, and my crutch for company, to make the best of matters. "I will turn farmer; I will take to my pen, too; I will write. Farming and writing are just the work best suited to a good-for-nothing fellow like myself—harmless occupations for body and mind. Scanty honors, and still less profit, do they yield to-day. To raise turnips of the best quality, and write tolerable books, let that, Tom Fairfax, of the Stumpery, be thy future aim. If thy turnips are good, they will be eaten, and, perhaps, paid for. But, beware lest thy books be too good—a good book, remember, is neither read nor paid for. Indifferent books may look for a reasonable degree of prosperity, bad books often meet with tremendous success, but your good book—a book of the

highest stamp—such a book, like virtue, must be its own reward, in this our day and country. Luckily for thee, Tom, the indifferent is most likely to be thy vein; proceed, therefore, and take courage, man!"

With such virtuous resolutions I hobbled over the country to my little place at "The Stumpery," and began preparations for the new state of things. Ere my turnip-field had been half-plowed, however, or my first volume half-written, I was compelled to suspend my labors; the lame leg became wholly unmanageable, and some further surgical work was declared necessary. A worthy uncle, who lives in New York, hearing of my hapless condition, came to see me. It seems he found matters worse than he expected—the leg more crooked; the turnip-field more Sparrow-grass; the first volume even more stupid than was desirable.

"Tom, you must have a good surgeon at once. You want society, too. You want a nurse. It is a thousand pities you are not married, my boy."

"My wife that might have been, sir, my missing better-half, is infinitely obliged to you."

"Well, you are welcome to either of my girls if you can persuade one of them to fancy you."

"Fancy such a specimen of modern civilization as the locomotive has left me, sir! I should be sorry to think there was a woman in the country with such a wretched taste."

"To speak seriously, Tom, that collision has left its mark on you for life, my poor fellow. You know that the trial at ——— is just over."

"I did not know the fact. But I know already how the matter must end—acquitted, of course. No one to blame. Engineers, conductors, the company—the most prudent, and scrupulous of men—fit to be trusted to-morrow with thousands of human lives."

"Yes, all acquitted!" replied my uncle, nodding.

"Of course. That is the way we take care of life and limb in Yankee-land, to say nothing of lesser interests. Was the race clearly proved?"

"Beyond all denial—a race against time, three minutes, and a small bet depending on it."

"Well, it is only the thousandth occasion on which the life and happiness of our people have been sacrificed to the

Juggernaut of the land. If slain by wheel or paddle, of course no one is to blame. Or possibly the locomotive may have been slightly in fault—was the machine censured, sir?"

"Not that I know of," replied my uncle.

"On second thoughts, such a course was not likely. Its prospects in life might have been injured by anything so unpleasant as punishment. Locomotives have rights, whatever passengers may have," I added, as a sharp twinge in the broken hip interrupted the conversation.

The next day, my worthy uncle carried me off with him to town, and established me under the roof of what choice writers in newspapers call his "elegant mansion," in Thirtieth street. My uncle was a merchant prince. However rare other princes may be among us, we all know that such men as the Tuscan Cosmo and Lorenzo abound in Wall street, as plenty as blackberries at the Stumpery. My uncle was one of these—he had long been one of them. I found, however, on arriving in town, that great enlargement and aggrandizement of his principality had recently taken place. He had, within a year or so, built himself a new "palatial edifice"—*vide* newspapers—and still more recently he had invited a fair dame to share the princely dais with him. My new aunt, by marriage, had been, a few months earlier, the widow of another mercantile princely house of high estate and celebrity; and as such I had occasionally met her in society. This alliance rendered my good uncle's establishment still more brilliant than it had formerly been. I found the new house one of the grandest in town; grand in itself, and most luxuriously fitted up—the upholstery was gorgeous, mirrors superb, gilding profuse, plate magnificent. My new aunt was in her element doing the honors—she was the very sultana fitted for such an abode—while her three daughters, each a beauty in her way, might have passed for a trio of Circassian odalisques. The house was, indeed, very richly garnished with pretty faces, my cousins, Olivia, Carrie, and Emma, being generally considered among the prettiest girls in town. The reception accorded to me was as kind as possible; Mrs. Glittery, the new lady of the house, naturally a woman of kindly feeling, was not only hospitable to her hus-

band's nephew, but very amiable and considerate in making arrangements for my comfort. The physicians having especially ordered that I should make no attempt to go up or down stairs for the next three months, a spacious room was provided for me on the third floor—that appropriated to the young ladies of the family, and the sons when at home.

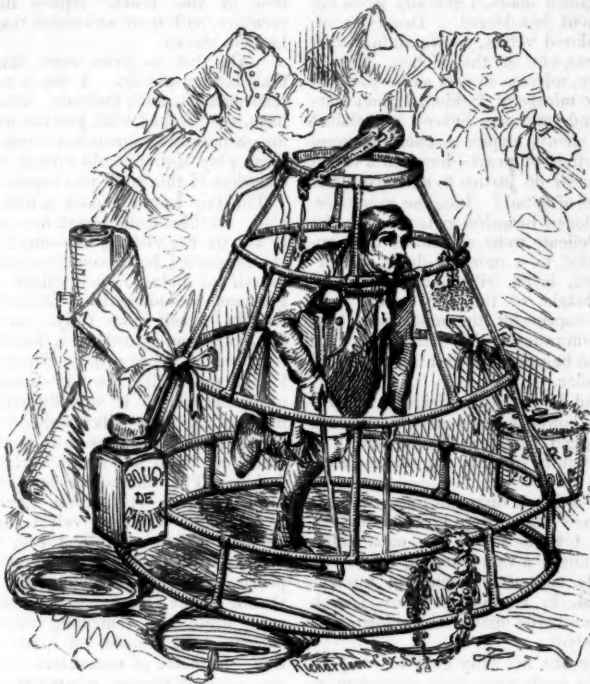
"You see, Tom, we include you in the family; you will find your cousin close at hand. The front room yonder, a sort of snuggery of theirs, will, I dare say, be open to you, though closed to most gentlemen."

"You will be less alone on this floor, Mr. Fairfax; the morning-room is seldom empty, and you will improve it, I trust, by making a better acquaintance with some of your cousins," added my new aunt, alluding to her own fair daughters, of whom, indeed, I knew little as yet.

"I am a lucky dog, indeed!" I replied, after the best bow to be made on crutches. "But a pretty figure I shall be among so many beauties—a satyr and nymphs!"

Truly grateful I was, however, for the kindness shown me, and the prospect of having half-a-dozen lovely girls to amuse me for the next three months was delightful. Some wise philosopher—Plato or Confucius—has already remarked, I believe, what may now be most feelingly repeated by the Sage of the Stumpery—that we little know what awaits us. Could I have foreseen some of the hours passed on that third floor, in such near neighborhood to this brilliant troop of beauties, I should have wheeled about on my crutches, and hobbled down stairs as fast as wood could carry me. Instead of this sudden stampede, however, I sank luxuriously into a very comfortable chair, and, as the door closed on my uncle and his wife, indulged in very agreeable day dreams.

Coming from my bachelor solitude, freshly arrived from the weedy hemp-field and the stupid first volume, things looked charmingly in the third story of No. — Thirtieth street. Most luxurious, assuredly, was the hospital into which the lame kinsman had received admittance; delightful was the prospect of being amused, petted, nursed, by half-a-dozen of the prettiest girls in New York. While thus complacently fancy-



ing myself most fortunate of cripples—an object of compassion to the stately Laura, the graceful Carrie, the dimpled Emma, to Olivia the gazelle-eyed, to the rosy-mouthed Julia, the golden-haired Helen—oddly enough there was still another face, to me more attractive than either of these, which hovered about me, full of simple sweetness, seeming to offer, again and again, the cup of pure fresh water of which I had drank so thankfully in the railroad shanty. More than once the same sweet countenance had appeared to me, in the troubled dreams of the last three months; oftener still in the twilight hours at the Stumpery; and it always came, picture-like, framed in the simple straw hat and the light shawl on which my eye had been intently fixed at the fatal moment of the collision. I remember that, during this first solitary evening in Thirtieth street, as I sat pondering over the changes of the last few months, and listening to the rolling carriages which were, at the moment, bringing hundreds of fashionable per-

sonages to fill Mrs. Glittery's magnificent saloons, that kindly face seemed moving about me more distinct and lifelike than usual. "Pshaw!" said I to myself at length; "what a fool I am! What business have I, of all men, to be thinking of sweet countenances?" and, resolved to be rational, I sternly bade the gentle face begone! Meekly as Griselda of old, it faded away, and I took up that antidote to all romance—the evening paper.

The following morning, in obedience to a kind invitation to that effect, I paid my court to the ladies' "snuggery," as my uncle called their morning-room. Some such "snuggery" Aspasia or Cleopatra may have occupied. Not, however, that the atmosphere was in the least classical or Grecian, never, assuredly were there ladies less "blue" than the Misses Frillery—they were all pure rose-color. Such was the extreme elegance of the apartment, the luxurious splendor of the *tout ensemble*, that when Enriquer, the mulatto page, open-

ed its gilded doors, I actually stood for a moment bewildered. Draperies of rose-colored velvet, moire-antique and lace, carpets of the richest French tapestry, mirrors so vast as to produce a magic mirage of fashion, Italian marbles and mosaics, Sevres porcelains, ivory, ebony, papier-maché, rosewood and mother of pearl—how can a clown like myself do justice to such exquisite richness of detail? Imagine, moreover, half-a-dozen beautiful girls robed in the most delicate webs and woofs ever appropriated to a morning-dress, daintily frilled, laced, ribboned to the top-most height of the very latest half-hour's caprice of the mode, and you may comprehend the dazzling effect likely to be produced on a rustic dog of a bachelor.

"And do you really deign to receive in your bower, lovely ladies, an uncouth four-legged monster, like myself?" I exclaimed, in reply to a gracious greeting.

Half-a-dozen diamond rings, on *pdte d'amande* fingers, were immediately extended towards me in the most amiable manner; a vast lounging-chair, elaborately carved, was wheeled towards me, and, in another moment, I sank half smothered among eider-down and pink velvet.

"We are not only glad to see you, but you have come very opportunely. You can give us some advice," observed the beautiful Laura.

"Legal advice? All my little knowledge and experience shall revive in your behalf."

"Oh, this is a question more interesting than anything in your stupid law-books—"

"The choice of a new novel, perhaps, for the morning reading?"

"Oh no; we always read the last novel, good, bad, or, indifferent. If it is new, you know, that is all one cares for in a story."

"How, then, can I serve you? Is Monmouth ailing?" I inquired, looking down at the little King Charles lying at her feet, on a velvet cushion embroidered with Roman pearls.

"No, thank you; the little darling is quite well to-day. It is on a point of taste that I wish to consult you."

"My taste is highly flattered! In what department of æsthetics, pray, is its nicety to be tried?"

"Nothing of that kind; it is a ques-

tion of the toilet," replied the fair creature, with more animation than she had yet shown.

"Ah, that is even more alarming than law or physic. I am a terrible ignoramus in such matters. But, perhaps, that is just what you are wishing for—a natural common-sense opinion—I can play Molière's old woman on the occasion, if this is all you require."

The fair Laura looked a little puzzled. Molière's old woman was evidently not on her visiting list—and I fancy she suspected both common-sense and myself of being rather vulgar. She graciously condescended, however, to explain herself more fully. A fancy ball, long announced by a fashionable lady, was drawing near. The boudoir looked much like the show-room of a great millinery; it was littered with finery of all kinds—silks, satins, velvets, laces, feathers, flowers, were thrown about on tables and chairs in rich confusion. The characters had already been chosen. The superb Laura was to be Night—in black velvet and diamonds. The bright and rosy Julia, would appear as Morning—in tulle and pearls. The tiny Emma was to be Queen of the Fairies, in lace and silver; while the remaining three had chosen court-beauties of past centuries. A choice of characters, however, was an easy matter, compared with a choice of dresses—so, at least, I discovered on this occasion. The boudoir was soon in a perfect hubbub of girlish flutter and chatter. The novelty of the thing amused me exceedingly; from the dusty law-office in Nassau street, or the turnip-field at the Stumpery, the change was great indeed! The young ladies looked charmingly, and I scarcely knew when to admire them most, whether in their elegant Parisian morning-dresses, or in the brilliant magnificence of the costumes preparing for the fête. Sparkling eyes were gleaming on me, rosy lips were smiling in every direction, as I sat there enthroned in the velvet chair, *arbitrer elegantiarum*.

Never had I seen these young creatures in greater beauty, or more charmingly animated, the eagerness of discussion, as one piece of lace or ribbon after another passed from hand to hand, brought out more variety of expression than I had hitherto believed to exist in some of those pretty faces. It soon became evident that Laura was the ruling

spirit; to her decision, as to a court of appeals, all was finally referred. Olivia might have an exquisite eye for colors, Julia was the most knowing in laces, Carrie was strong on trimmings, still it was Laura who held the casting vote, who pronounced the final decision on every point. There was a depth of knowledge, a fund of experience and observation, in the lightest of her comments on these important subjects, that excited my admiration. There was science in the disposition of every knot of ribbon, of each bit of fringe. The Misses Frippery, as Olivia observed to me, were generally considered the very best dressers in New York; but while the public at large could judge of general effects only, it was for me, lucky dog, introduced behind the scenes, free of the green-room as it were, to watch the gradual progress and development of this branch of high art.

A very agreeable morning I had, at this first introduction to the boudoir, we laughed, and flirted, and chatted—weighed, and measured, and pondered, and reflected—the fair creatures made themselves very merry over my ignorance, which was indeed lamentable, where silks and laces were concerned, but, thanks to a severe lesson from Julia and Emma, I was taught to distinguish between Honiton and Valenciennes, during the course of the morning.

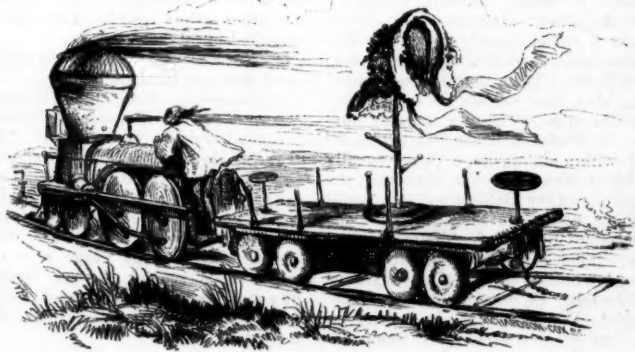
Our next day's *séance* was a protracted one, and very arduous indeed. We were thrown into great dismay and agitation on several points of the last importance. The piece of silver tissue destined to form the under skirt of the

Queen of the Fairies—the upper robe being gauze—fell short by half a yard of the necessary quantity!

"Oh! oh! oh! What shall I do, my dear cousin Tom! Only think, full half a yard wanting! And such a lovely tissue, the only piece in town, too!" exclaimed the rosy-lipped Emma, every dimple gone, and a frown of horror appearing on her beautiful brow. I had heard of "cutting a coat according to the cloth," and suggested that possibly a skirt might be managed in the same way. I wish you could have seen Laura's expression, it was sublime in its contempt for an utterly unworthy sentiment. Rachel might have envied it.

"Never! With my consent, never!" she exclaimed emphatically. "Never shorten a skirt, or narrow it one half inch beyond the best fashion of the hour! Don't think of it, if you love me, Emma. Rather give up the whole dress and character at once. I should die of mortification at seeing a sister of mine in anything skimpy!"

Emma gave a deep sigh of despair, in which we all sympathized. The French dress-maker, however, advancing from the group of assistants, somewhat relieved our anxiety: "*Le chagrin de mademoiselle est vraiment touchant!*" she observed, adding that possibly a few yards of the same material might still be found at Charleston, where a piece had been sent by their house a month earlier. Instantly those useful institutions of modern times, telegraph, express, and post-office, were put in requisition, to supply the missing



breadth for the Fairy Queen's robe, and we breathed more freely.

But a severe trial awaited Laura, too. "Night" was to appear in a black velvet robe, garnished with black lace and diamonds—lace and diamonds were already provided; both, it is needless to say, of the richest fabric and the purest water. A magnificent piece of velvet had been seen at Beck's a day or two earlier, and, with her usual decision, Laura had instantly ordered it home; but the order had most unaccountably been misunderstood; no velvet appeared, and to-day the mortifying intelligence arrived that some lady, on a shopping excursion from Baltimore, had carried off the entire piece. Conceive our just indignation if you can! That an order so positively given, an order of Miss Frillery, should thus be neglected, was past comprehension. In vain were all apologies and explanations—in vain were twenty pieces of very rich velvets, from the principal warehouses in town, unrolled and displayed; the beauty was not to be appeased. True to her noble feelings, she scorned even to touch, with her taper finger, any inferior fabric. The lost piece was generally admitted to have been unrivaled, a richer velvet had never yet crossed the ocean, and nothing, a shade less perfect, would Laura condescend to wear. It was impossible not to admire Laura as she stood in tragic dignity the centre of a sympathizing circle; her beautiful figure swelling with proud displeasure; her fine head turned in wrath towards the luckless apologizing clerk; her magnificent eyes flashing with indignation. Again the French lady came to our relief. Send to Paris, she proposed. Six weeks must still elapse before the fête of Madame —. In six weeks a velvet equally rich with that mademoiselle had lost might arrive in New York. True, the time was short; true, also, that velvets of that highly superior quality were extremely rare even in Paris; still she felt convinced that, within six weeks, a piece, equally faultless with that now enriching the wardrobe of the Baltimore dame, might even be manufactured, and reach Thirtieth street in time for the great occasion. This was tolerably satisfactory, though a certain degree of anxiety must still be felt. O, for the submarine telegraph! Why was it not in activity for this our great emergency! Some ad-

ditional annoyances were also experienced, on this occasion, with regard to a promised fan, surpassingly beautiful, intended to complete the costume of Nell Gwynn, represented by Helen, and a huge old-fashioned watch and pocket-glass required to finish the dress of Olivia, who was to appear as Marguerite de Valois. If the choice of these last characters should surprise the reader, let him not confess the sensation.

"Nonsense, Tom, we mean no harm. What are the characters to us? The dress, as you very well know, is all we care for, and we have set our hearts on these very costumes. You are altogether too prudish at the Stumpery," exclaimed Olivia, in reply to a very subdued and kind hint of mine on this point.

Hobbling into the boudoir the following morning, I found the young ladies engaged in a very animated discussion. "Berthe," "bretelles," "bretelles," "berthe," were the words which greeted me, repeated over and over again, in the usual tones of the sisters, which—let me whisper the fact in the reader's ear—were often rather shrillish.

"A *berthe en cœur*, I assure you. Good-morning, Mr. Fairfax. Bretelles spring from a higher point, and droop lower. Clearly a *berthe à façon*," observed the fair Laura, as I took a seat near her. "A *berthe à façon*, trimmed with *naudlets*—white satin *naudlets*, with a pearl edge, a Tom Thumb tassel drooping from each, and just touching the row of Honiton inserting, within which ran a *galon satiné*, taste width!"

"Berthe," "bretelles," "Honiton," "Tom Thumb tassels," "naudlets," "bretelles," "berthe," "Maltese," was the rather confused chorus in which the other sisters joined. The last word caught Laura's attention.

"Maltese! My dear Olivia, the second row was Honiton!"

"Maltese," "Honiton," "Honiton," "second row," "first row," "Maltese," "second row," "third row," "Maltese," "Maltese," uttered the chorus.

"You are certainly mistaken, Laura—the second row was Maltese, and the third Honiton,"—repeated Olivia again, with some decision.

"My dear Olivia! where were your eyes! The second row was Honiton, of a most delicate rose-bud pattern, the most perfect Honiton inserting I ever beheld."

"First row," "second row," "Honiton," "Maltese," sang the fair choristers.

"You might as well say at once that it was guipure!" exclaimed Laura, contemptuously.

"O guipure!" "first row," "second row," "Honiton," "Maltese," "Honiton," "guipure, O!" repeated the sisterhood.

Like Greek tragedy, the conversations in the boudoir were often kept up chiefly between two interlocutors, generally Laura and Olivia, the attendant sisters forming the necessary chorus.

"Please bear in mind that I danced in the same quadrille with Jane, and I could not keep my eyes off her berthé. It was the loveliest thing in the room!"

"More lovely than the fair wearer?" I ventured to inquire.

Laura opened her beautiful eyes in unfeigned astonishment.

"Jane Stevenson is not in the least pretty—in fact, very plain," she replied.

"I have not the honor of her acquaintance."

"She is Henry Stevenson's sister—cousin of John Stevenson."

Henry Stevenson was an excessively stupid and hideously ugly fellow, but a favorite partner of Carrie Frippery's. He was worth a million or two. John Stevenson, a clever young lawyer, was a hopeless admirer of Emma's. He was so poor he could scarcely pay his office-rent.

"Jane is, perhaps, the plainest girl in town. But such taste! Such an exquisite dresser!"

"Exquisite," "delicious," "dresser," "dresses," "dressing," "admirable," "perfect," "faultless," "dresser," "dresses," "dressing," "dress," "dress," "dress," exclaimed the chorus, with a full burst of generous enthusiasm.

"And she never wore anything more perfect in its way than that berthé à façon. So delicate, so fanciful, so distinguished. I have sometimes thought a few other girls dress as well as Jane Stevenson; but that berthé à façon has changed my opinion—so fresh, such an exquisite *mélange*!"

"Such a *mélange*, however, would not have been thought in good taste last year," observed the languid Julia, with an air of deep reflection on her Grecian brow.

"Of course not!" was Miss Laura's

rather contemptuous reply. "But *mélange* is the idea of the season, and Jane's effort was perfect!"

"I wish, though, we could settle about the different rows—it would be such a satisfaction!" repeated Olivia.

"My dear Olivia! Do you not see that the second row must necessarily have been Honiton? The first, you will admit, was Valenciennes."

"O yes," "Valenciennes," "certainly," "Valenciennes," "Valenciennes!" exclaimed the chorus.

"Very well! Once admit that, and the whole matter is settled. The first being Valenciennes, the second was Honiton, the third Maltese, in the natural order of things. The lightest above, the heaviest below. It is clear as day."

"But," observed Olivia, who, sweet creature, had a blue vein of obstinacy in her disposition, "you know, Laura, that irregularity in trimming is allowable!"

"Allowable, of course—the effect is often very good—irregularity is sometimes a proof of very high fashion. Lawson is often irregular."

"Very well—perhaps it was so in this case."

"If I had never seen this berthé à façon, I might, perhaps, suppose so, too. But you forget that I stood full five minutes near Jane; and five minutes are sufficient, I should hope, for a woman of sense to know something of a berthé immediately under her eye. Why, in fact, I have many a time read the whole dress of a lady near me, in half that time, from her braid to her shoe-strings."

"You are certainly very quick in reading a dress, Laura; I admit the fact," was Olivia's cordial confession.

"Nothing is more easy, I am sure, if a woman is blessed with eyes and some sense," was Laura's modest rejoinder.

"But it is not every one that has your great facility in that way—"

"Well, I do hope Jane will wear the berthé to-night, and then we can settle the question," said Carrie.

"No probability of that. The berthé will never be seen again. Jane never wears a ball-dress more than twice."

"That is true," sighed Olivia, "with her allowance she can afford variety. She has five thousand a year for her dress, you know—"

"With five thousand," remarked the thoughtful Julia, "one can indulge one's taste a little. Two thousand, as we know, are barely enough to dress respectably—the mere necessary changes—"

"And they do say that Jane runs in debt, too."



"Very probable. Laces, shawls, buttons, and such things are so expensive now. It is impossible to keep always out of debt," replied Laura, with a slight flush on her beautiful cheek, which led me to suppose that the fair creature had, herself, some unpleasant experiences of that sort.

"It is wonderful how some girls contrive to dress as they do, when everybody knows their families are poor. Just look at the Snipperrys, for instance," observed Olivia.

"They deserve great credit. I am sure, for trying to make a respectable appearance," replied Laura, in a tone of high commendation.

"To be sure they do. Why they give up their whole time to their dress! They work really hard," continued Olivia.

"As if any one could dress really well without a very great deal of

pains and trouble!" exclaimed Laura again.

"Of course not, I am sure I am often tired to death just choosing, and planning, and giving directions. But the Snipperry girls do all the fitting and sewing besides—only think of it!"

"They have too much spirit to be unfashionable, that is all. If I were poor, I should do as they do. Kate Snipperry says she had rather die at once than drop into a dowdy!"

"Oh, a dowdy!—who would be a dowdy!" exclaimed the chorus.

"Not Kate Snipperry, that is certain; nor I either. I should feel miserable in a dress that was not perfectly in fashion."

"Kate has often made herself ill by working over party-dresses," continued Olivia.

"They make beautiful things!" observed Emma. "Kate's last hat might have passed for a Lawson's."

"A Lawson! My dear Emma—that is saying rather too much, even for Kate. She never could deceive me in that way. I can tell a Lawson, just as far as I can see one of its bows. The Snipperrys make very respectable things; but they cannot give them the real air, after all. I can read 'home-made' in them in every fold of their best dresses."



"So can I—and I—and I—" echoed several of the pretty group.

"Their dresses always have a copied look," continued Laura.

"You like first impressions, I see, Miss Laura—as we lovers of engravings say. The worn-out plate does not suit you," I observed.

"First impressions? The fashion-plates, you mean?"

"You are no plagiarist—you like originality. I admire your sentiments."

Laura smiled rather vaguely.

The door opened at this moment: "The Miss Snipperys" were announced by Enrique.



Three pretty, gaily-dressed, highly-flounced young ladies came gliding in, and were affectionately received by the double triplet of sisters. The honor of an introduction was accorded to me. After the conversation just recorded, I looked with some curiosity at these poverty-stricken devotees at the shrine of fashion. They certainly were not clad in sack-cloth. It is mortifying to confess such dullness; but, really, to my inexperienced eye, they were just as elegantly attired as the Misses Frippery. Instead of reading home-made in every fold, it struck me there was nothing in the least home-like about them. They looked as if got up expressly for public exhibition. And it was well, perhaps, that such was the case; for these visitors—like all others of the gentler sex admitted to the boudoir—were immediately subjected to a very close, though silent scrutiny, by their fair hostesses. I had frequently noticed the same proceeding before. Amid the easy chitchat of feminine greeting going on, there was an undercurrent of close observation flowing ceaselessly over each other's silks, and ribbons; "reading a dress," they called it, I think. Laura's beautiful dark eyes, as she affectionately embraced Kate Snippery, were already wandering over collar and

mantilla; and the latter, tenderly returning her friend's salute, fixed her hazel orbs on the trimming of the morning-dress before her. Emma was gazing intently in the direction of Helen Snippery's face; but it was evidently not her friend's countenance, but the hat-border which was so attractive to the affectionate creature. Had we all been in the palace of truth that morning, the meeting of the lovely friends might probably have been recorded much as follows:

"Good morning, dear"—*Hat strings too short.* "Cold day—Yes!"—*Nose very red.* "Throat sore? very sorry!"—*Collar too pointed.* "Poor Mr. Jones is dead!"—*Prettyish buttons, those.* "Children with scarlet fever, too!"—*Abominate green flowers.* "Read Hiawatha?"—*How can Kate afford such lace!* "Ball to-morrow"—*Awkward gathers those.* "Mamma pretty well, thank you"—*Mean little bows!*

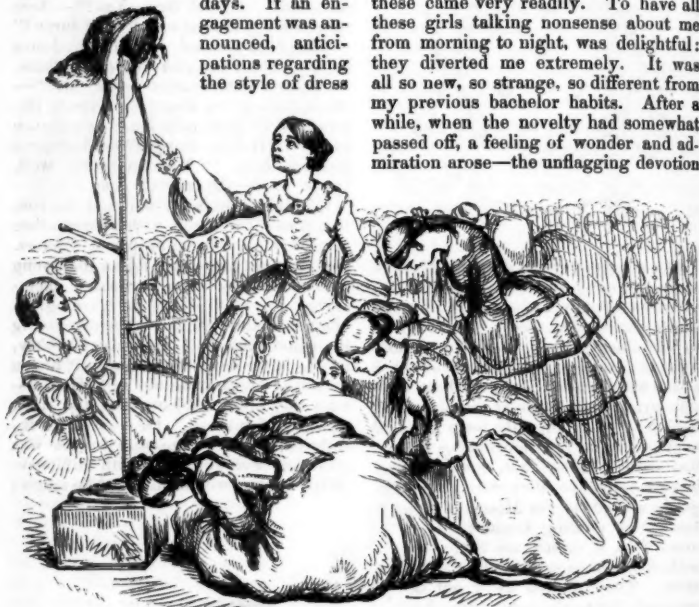
Of course the fancy-ball and its costumes were discussed, with a dozen other parties, and their appropriate dresses. But I cannot attempt to follow the young ladies, as they even surpassed themselves, on that particular morning, in eloquence and vivacity, while discussing the usual subjects. To speak frankly, as day after day passed away, it began to strike me that we did not often discuss any other subjects with the same fullness of interest. Of course we indulged largely in gossip; but it was generally well sprinkled with millinery. With reading we did not meddle much;



our devotion to literature showing itself chiefly in attending fashionable lectures; where, of course, the dressing was not thrown away upon us. We were a well conducted household, we went to church regularly every Sunday morning, and sometimes in the afternoon too, when there was no company; but, true to our vocation, the hats, and collars, and sleeves, in the main aisle, were always carefully reviewed. I acquired a great deal of valuable information about loves of mantillas, or frights of hats, on Sundays. If an engagement was announced, anticipations regarding the style of dress

and furniture were considered more than the happiness of the lovers. If a baby was born, its caps and cloaks were more affectionately handled than the infant itself. If a wedding took place, the laces, cachemires, or diamonds were, of course, the chief items of interest. And more than once, after a funeral, the style of the shroud and coffin ornaments afforded us ample material for boudoir talk.

The physicians had enjoined a course of relaxation and amusement. At first these came very readily. To have all these girls talking nonsense about me from morning to night, was delightful: they diverted me extremely. It was all so new, so strange, so different from my previous bachelor habits. After a while, when the novelty had somewhat passed off, a feeling of wonder and admiration arose—the unflagging devotion



of these fair creatures to the great object, their unwearied perseverance in the good cause, were astonishing. Their zeal literally rose superior to all fatigue; no desire for change of object was ever expressed; not the least symptom of exhaustion could be discovered where the toilet was in question. Nay, even in the midst of the arduous duties of a winter campaign, the sweet creatures were already anticipating the seasons—longing for “spring openings;” looking eagerly forward to new summer wardrobes, to be displayed at New York or Saratoga.

It may have been a consequence of

debility, but I confess that, at times, I now found it difficult to keep up with this extreme devotion to one subject. The powers of concentration seemed relaxed—or, in other words, I was guilty of an occasional yawn. I should, at this period, have made my visits to the boudoir less frequent; but, to take you into my confidence, good reader, I had now an especial motive for being there as often as possible. One morning, when too unwell to leave my room, as I sat languidly looking through the open door, I saw an object which immediately quickened my pulse, and aroused all my attention. The door of the boudoir

opened, and a lady came out. I instantly knew her to be the same who had already appeared to me in the car, and in the railroad cabin. The conviction of her identity flashed upon me at once; but, to make the matter more sure, she wore the same gray dress, and over her arm were thrown the same simple shawl and hat I had once so closely studied. She was alone; and, walking the entire length of the passage without observing me, went quietly down stairs. I was breathless with surprise and pleasure. Hobbling to the bell, I rang it instantly; but judge of my vexation when it proved impossible for me to discover who this visitor was. The servants had not seen her—the ladies themselves were out—no card had been left! One declared it must have been a milliner's messenger, another a female burglar! My indignation at the last accusation excited so much merriment, that my lips were henceforth closed; but, resolved to watch all visitors to the boudoir very closely, I continued even more regular in paying my court to the ladies than heretofore. Alas! the consequences were not what I had hoped. The gray dress and the gentle face did not return, while I myself began to suffer severely in health and spirits.

I became, indeed, very strangely affected. Singular symptoms, wholly different from what I had hitherto felt, began to appear. I lost all appetite. My spirits, generally so good, were very low. Languor and listlessness crept over me. I became frightfully nervous. The rustling of a silk dress made me turn pale. The fluttering of feathers threw me into agitation. An intricate pattern of embroidery produced giddiness. Bugles made me see double. Furs caused a feeling of intolerable suffocation. Jewelry brought on great oppression on the chest. The play of a spray of artificial flowers had an extremely unpleasant effect. Nay, even the most beautiful natural flowers, if placed in a jeweled bouquet-holder, produced very serious discomposure.

In vain I struggled against the attack; the evil went on rapidly increasing. Feeling, in this condition, wholly unfit for society, especially that of the boudoir and its lovely inmates, I withdrew to the seclusion of my own room, and should, perhaps, have gradually regained calmness there; but, alas! a general conspiracy seemed forming

against me. My uncle, the physician, the ladies—all agreed that now, more than ever, cheerful society was absolutely necessary—quiet and seclusion were strictly forbidden. Some days I was dragged back to the boudoir; at other times, the doors of my own apartment were thrown open, and Mrs. Glittery, with the young ladies, kindly came to entertain me with their chit-chat—talk over the last ball, display a new cachemire, or show the last trinket from Tiffany's. Little did I gain in this way; on the contrary, every day strength and spirit seemed to be wasting more and more.

At length, the very night of the great fancy ball, I was seized with an attack so violent, and so extraordinary in its character, as very seriously to alarm my friends. I had thrown myself exhausted on my bed, just as the ladies left the room, after kindly devoting half an hour to showing me their beautiful costumes, in full completeness. As the brilliant array swept through the door, on their way to the saloons, I fell on the bed, and, closing my eyes in utter weariness, endeavored to shut out the noise of wheels, and clamor of coaches, already commencing beneath my windows. How long I lay in this state, I cannot say; but I was suddenly and most effectually aroused. The door of my room opened again, and, to my surprise, I beheld the same gay troop returning to honor me with a second visit. Led by Laura, superb as a night of the tropics, they tripped in, forming a sort of basket-dance as they entered—their beautiful faces and figures, and charming drapery of laces and flowers, making a picture to delight the eye of one in a sounder condition than I then was. As they whirled lightly but rapidly about me, my head began to turn, and the compliments I was about to utter died on my lips. I fell back on the pillows in a half fainting condition. Faster and faster flew the feet of the fair dancers; nearer and nearer the circle narrowed about me. Not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard—all was pantomime: graceful, but rapid, bewildering pantomime. Not the faintest murmur of music reached me. The fair creatures seemed moving like the nymphs on the Grecian vase, to unheard melodies. In the midst of these whirling evolutions, marked and wild in their movement, the fluttering gauzes and laces appeared to pass

through a thousand changes, varying perpetually, every motion revealing some new drapery unobserved before. And, imperceptibly, new faces were added to the circle—Mrs. Glittery appeared; the Snippery girls were there; all the lady visitors I had ever seen in the boudoir came thronging in, doubling and tripling the ring, yet apparently rendering it narrower and narrower at each turn. With a feeling approaching to terror, a sort of fascination of wonder and alarm, I continued to follow every rapid movement, in the midst of a silence almost supernatural in character. Vivid emotions of pleasure, curiosity, envy, vanity, mortification, played over all the countenances in succession; while the accompanying pantomime clearly conveyed the idea that each sentiment was closely interwoven, as it were, with the drapery floating about them. And still, without pause, without respite, the same thronging, bewildering, mazy waltz continued unbroken, unchanged in step and measure, while all these female figures flew about me with magical celerity, and in the midst of a silence truly appalling.

Suddenly they parted, breaking up into groups, or darting away singly. A new frenzy seemed to seize them; the steps became yet more rapid, the countenances more excited, the pantomime yet wilder. White arms were thrown upwards—jeweled fingers were in eager play. In another instant, a thousand fluttering rolls of formless drapery appeared dropping from the ceiling, flowing from the hangings, fluttering out of the pictures, falling from the chandeliers, thrust in at the doors and windows, rushing upward from the heaving carpets. Swiftly turning and whirling, amid these varied fabrics, the figures seized upon them, examined, selected, rejected, with faces now all eager delight, now pondering, and profoundly thoughtful. Shop-boys, hitherto unseen, creatures all whiskers and fingers, flung themselves into the giddy circle, unfolding, exhibiting, cutting, wrapping. Maids, dress-makers, milliners, with nimble needles were there fitting, flouncing, sewing, trimming. The women-folk of a thousand households, babies, children, nurses, housemaids, school-girls, aged dames, came pouring in at my door, joining in the same wild waltz. A cloud, or canopy, formed over the heads of the dancing throng, strangely

made up of ribbons, fashion-plates, gloves, gauzes, newspapers, magazines, fans, purses—generally empty—hoops, scarfs, bank-notes—all fifties and hundreds—and bills, many of fearful length—all these blending into one wreath, fluttering and whirling about the room as if driven by a hurricane of the tropics. Anon, fathers, husbands, lovers, brothers, were there, whirling, wheeling, pirouetting like the rest—among them my uncle and fifty other gray-heads prominent in Wall street. Some were smiling, some remonstrating, one pleading, another admiring, this reasoning, that reprimanding. The pockets were all, I observed, crowded with papers—whether bills or love-letters, it was impossible to say—but the more fashionable the coat, the greater was this unnatural distension. Presently the male portion of the whirling ring increased amazingly; artisans, manufacturers, editors, merchants, legislators, seamen, smugglers, lawyers, doctors, judges, policemen, jurors, appraisers, constables, auctioneers, seemed to spring up from the heavy carpeting like mushrooms, and all alike were more or less under the general influence, compelled, whether willing or not, to submit to its power. Still, ever prominent among the motley throng, in brilliant and gay relief, were the familiar figures of the ladies of the house, and their chosen companions—the Glittery, Frillery, and Snippery sisters. In fact, whether from a delusion or not I cannot say, but, at the moment it appeared to me as if the one great object of all consisted in decking and draping these young girls; and, the longer the extraordinary scene lasted, the clearer became this conviction. Never before, certainly, had I so full a perception of the immense importance of the toilet—the absorbing influence, the vast extent, the intricate ramifications, of this branch of American civilization. Teaching the nation, preaching to it, fighting its battles, making its laws, seem light and casual tasks compared with the arduous duty of dressing its daughters in the latest and most brilliant of fashion's caprices. I can remember these reflections darting through my mind, with the rapidity of lightning, in the midst of the ceaseless whirl.

But, suddenly, while following with increasing wonder the ever-unwearing movement, I became aware of a most

fearful change; still whirling, still eagerly engrossed by the mad gallopade, faces and figures were no longer the same. Horrible to relate, they lost their human form and expression; all natural womanly beauty and grace utterly vanished; limb and feature, nerve and muscle, all underwent a wretched metamorphosis wholly amazing. Dull glassy beads took the place of the most beautiful eyes; lips stiffened into a still, coral-like substance; delicate ears were turned into plates of wrought gold or silver; the softest tresses bristled into hair-pins and wires, or became tangled threads of silk, or coarse ravelings of ribbons and fringes; the teeth were so many jeweled buttons; the beautiful fingers expanded into ribbed fans; the entire flesh seemed converted into rolls of cashmere or satin; cords and wires took the place of muscles; the veins flowed with essences and washes; nay, the very brain became a dull mass of cosmetics and pomatums, while the heart itself, filled with shreds and ravelings, showed little more true sensibility

than a fancy pin-cushion for the dressing-table. Yet, the ill-fated creatures, wholly unconscious of the spell upon them, continued tripping and reeling about the room, active as ever in movement, their costly draperies unchanged, delicate in design and workmanship as the perfection of modern art could make them, as if in bitter mockery of the unsightly figures they clothed. The horror I felt, at a catastrophe so fearful, was increased by observing something of familiar feature and expression in each of these hideous creatures; indistinct, imperfect, vaguely defined, it is true, yet sufficient for me to have known any one of the whirling circle, under her frightful metamorphosis. Strange to say, physical life in full measure seemed still to pervade each form; they all breathed, they all moved as easily, as rapidly, as they had done, under the light of that day's sun; their stiff lips parted and closed over the double row of button-teeth; the cashmere eyelids rose and fell over beads, blue, black, and brown; the fan-like hands opened



and closed as frequently as ever. But, most painful of all was the conviction which forced itself upon me, from observing gleams of thought and expression passing over these unnatural faces, that each was still endowed with a human soul, a rational spirit, though so closely fettered and shrouded within a mask of dry goods!

Unluckily for me, a feeling of compassion got the better of the awe which had hitherto kept me silent. A half smothered cry struggled to my lips. Wretched man that I was! The attention of the strange creatures, hitherto wholly engrossed by the objects immediately before them, was thus suddenly drawn upon myself. A glare of wicked joy flashed from their beady eyes; a ghastly grin sat upon their cold lips; with one whirl they all flew towards me, alighting on the bed like a flock of ill-favored bats. Some seized me by the hair, others clutched at my arms and legs with their dry, ribbed fingers, while fresh assailants came dragging with them an endless train of laces, ribbons, etc., etc., and began a merciless process of homicide by strangulation. In a moment lace flounces and scarfs, apparently millions of yards in length, were wrapped about my throat and limbs; an entire piece of pink *moire-antique* was forced into my mouth; a medley of all things extravagant, in the way of baubles and trinkets, was thrust into my blinded eyes, my lacerated ears.

Summoning, by a prodigious effort, all the little strength yet left within me, I gave a fearful groan—a shriek it may have been. Robert—the footman allotted to me—rushed to my bedside. I endeavored, by pantomime, to implore him to release me, to clear the room of the hideous female train. He could not comprehend my meaning. In another moment my worthy uncle and several physicians were gathered about my bed. But no relief did they bring me, not one of these horrid, hag-like figures could they drive away. They evidently considered my case as most extraordinary; they avowed themselves completely puzzled. To them the powers of speech seemed wholly lost. Dolts that they were, they could not discover the thousand yards of lace so tightly drawn about my windpipe, nor the entire piece of *moire-antique*, thrust into my mouth. At length, by an effort of al-

most superhuman strength, I succeeded in muttering a few words, as Dr. G— bent anxiously over me—

“‘Dying!’ ‘Frippery!’—What can be the poor fellow’s meaning?” he exclaimed, turning to Dr. H—, and repeating the only words he had clearly heard.

Dr. H— advanced—felt my pulse—looked at my tongue—laid his hand upon my heart, and—put his finger to his nose. A ray of light had struck him; he withdrew with his learned brother into one corner of the room, and confided to him his opinion:

“The case is now clear, my dear sir. It is evident that Mr. Fairfax is desperately in love with Miss Frillery, the great belle—perfectly natural!”

A bound which I made in my bed, on hearing this observation, terrified the anxious group about me.

“In love with a Frillery girl! That I should live to hear the words!” But hear them I did, and without the power of contradiction, owing to that vile scarf of Mechlin lace, and the entire piece of *moire-antique*. Dr. G— now returned to my bedside, a potion in his hand. I swallowed the mess, though it tasted detestably like “Bouquet de Caroline.”

I must have slept nearly two days and nights. Awaking at length, I found myself feeble, but refreshed. Robert was at my bedside; he urged my taking breakfast in the boudoir. The very word made me shudder; Robert, however, considerably informed me that the young ladies were all out for the day. Under these circumstances I thought it best to change the room, for the curtains and hangings about me were too closely associated with the events of that terrible night.

Leaning on Robert’s arm to the boudoir—good reader, before entering I stood as if entranced on the threshold—enchancing was the sight which there met my eyes. Standing near a window with her back towards me, in much the same position in which I had first seen her in the car, was the sweet Emily—Emily of the gray dress—Emily of the plain straw—Emily of the simple shawl! And near her sat her father, a respectable old man.

It was no deluding vision which I had seen a week or two earlier; there could be no mistake; a dress so unfashionable as hers had never yet blessed my eyes

under the Glittery roof. It was the very Emily of the car—Emily of the railroad cabin. The first glimpse of her brought refreshment to my dazzled sight—balm and peace to my feverish spirit. Judge, then—if you can—how happily that morning passed for me; how kindly she spoke, how sweetly she looked, and—how very plainly she was dressed! I actually forgot I was in the Frippery boudoir! With delight I observed, that, although six calendar months had passed since our first eventful meeting, she wore the very same dress which had charmed me then; nay, partiality may possibly have blinded me, but it occurred to me that the gown had even been turned! There was, also, a pleasing, faded tint stealing over the folds of her shawl, as soothing to my eye as the charms of soft moonlight after garish noon. But I rave; aware of my weakness, let me abridge matters as much as possible. Suffice it to say, that Emily, on a nearer view, proved the very angel one might have foretold from that hat and shawl; a woman half so lovely I had never met before. Pretty, amiable, and accomplished, she was full of pleasantness and lovely qualities. Strange to say, she was a cousin of the Frippery girls, niece of the present Mrs. Glittery, and her father—excellent man—had just brought her to pass a month with her relatives. Most happy was that month to me; Emily's influence was invigorating, inspiring, cheering, renovating to body and mind. I recovered health and spirits rapidly, and from the day she set foot in it, never felt any further ill-

effects from the Glittery boudoir. I told her one morning that she had saved my life; that when she arrived I was dying of Frippery; and that the wisest doctors in the land—even her own respected father—could not have saved me, without the help of a rational woman like herself—a sort of moral as well as physical nurse. Emily laughed—but she blushed, too; and, in short, at the end of the month she was mine, good reader—actually deigning to accept me, crutches and all! From that hour to this she has been my chief joy. Only one quarrel have we had as yet, and that was before marriage. I entreated her to wear, at our wedding, the old gray dress and plain shawl. *Sotto voce* I am compelled to confess, that on this occasion, Emily proved to me that she was not quite as near perfection as I had fondly supposed. She laughed at me, and declared the old gray dress to be entirely out of the question. Well, one must forgive something to the natural willfulness of the sex; and I am obliged to admit that, on the important day, she looked charmingly in some transparent white fabric or other. I was, moreover, made supremely happy on that occasion, by overhearing Laura Frippery declare to Julia Snipperry, that there was absolutely nothing in all Emily's wardrobe “fit to be seen!” With these delightful words ringing in my ears, I set out joyfully on my wedding tour. And now, good reader, these two years later, if you care to see a happy fellow, blessed with a truly choice wife, I invite you to spend a week with me at the Stumperry.



## JOE'S COURTSHIP.

## A CONNECTICUT CONFIDENCE.

"The little dog laughed to see the sport,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

I WAS sitting on the brown settle before our kitchen fire, thinking of nothing but the hickory-blaze, and how beautifully its tongues of violet, crimson, blue, even sometimes sea-green, flame rose, flickered, hung, stemless, in air, fell, and, gathering again, rushed up the chimney, in a stream of parti-colored light; while one end of the fore-log hissed, and squealed, and sung, all the time dropping sweet and smoky sap just beyond the old iron fire-dog, that had a round ring at top, like the moon, where it was the delight of my childhood to niche a red apple and see it roast, burning my fingers to turn it round, and getting all manner of snaps and sniffs from old Lucy, who "never could keep them 'ere dogs clean, so long as there's a pack of children round!" I believe I must have been dreaming all this over; for I was so lost thinking, that I fairly jumped when Gilly entered the kitchen and threw herself down on the other end of the settle.

But I forget—everybody does not know who Gilly and I are. And, as I am oldest, I put myself first. I am an old maid, from necessity, not from choice or inclination; for I believe it is a woman's natural state and intended position to be married; and I think every unmarried woman is, to a certain extent, pitiable, though some marriages are far worse than any solitude. But I had an unhappy time enough about such things when I was younger—and so I am an old maid. But I always say what I think about marrying, for all that, and I suppose that is the reason why so many people tell me their love-affairs, and come to me for comfort and help; so that I know almost everything of the kind in our town. Then my having sharp eyes on such points makes me see more than some persons see about themselves, so I knew that Gilly—. I must tell you who she is first. Her real name is Mary Stock, she is my cousin; but as I have got four other cousins, as well as an aunt, and two uncles' wives named Mary, there did seem to be some other name needed to distinguish this one, and she was such a spicy, charming little

thing, that my dear mother always called her by the name of her favorite old-fashioned blossom, that grew every year, in thick red and purple spikes, on our posy-bed—"Stock gilliflower." This was too long, so we shortened it to Gilliflower, and then to Gilly, which she keeps to this day; but does not, therefore, write her name Gill-i-e, like those particularly silly boarding-school girls who flourish as Sall-i-e Cucumber, or Agg-i-e Squash, thereby disgusting all well-bred people, and making special fools of themselves "before folk." Excuse me, dear reader! Really I am so sick of this affectation that I must "free my mind," as the Methodists say.

And that is Gilly. She was my cousin, and Joseph Payne was my cousin, but they weren't cousins to each other; and now we were all at Aunt Payne's, for, when father and mother died, Uncle Payne moved into our house, and I went there to live; and, this autumn, Gilly had changed with Sibyl Payne, who wanted to attend the Academy in Centreville, and Gilly wanted to go to singing-school in Taunton, where we had a first-rate teacher, a blind man, Mr. Masters by name. So Sibyl was at Aunt Stock's, in Centreville, Gilliflower with me, and, as Uncle Payne farmed it, Joseph was at home helping him, and we had generally a very good time together.

But, to-night, something troubled Gilly, her long, brown eyes were full of tears, and her face looked sorrowful enough; she was not handsome, but she had a rich, expressive face, with marked features, and the swiftest changes in them I ever saw; so when she was well and happy, with rosy cheeks, and her soft, thick hair gathered into heavy knots and loops about her fine head, she looked absolutely pretty, though nobody called her so. But Joe troubled her very much. Without knowing it, Gilly loved him dearly, and he was more attached to her than he liked to own, even to himself; but Joe was a strange fellow; I know he seemed to me the last person Gilly ought to marry; however, she was in love with him, and

that, everybody knows, is a thing in spite of reason or rhyme.

"What ails you, Gilly?" said I, leaving off the little song I was singing under my breath when she came in.

"Oh! nothing; only I am a fool, Martha!" This last epithet was most indignantly uttered, and a fresh, bright tear rolled off her eye-lashes as she said it, and made her laugh. I don't know why.

"What has Joe been bothering you about now?" said I, assuming, directly, that he was at the bottom of the trouble—a supposition she accepted at once.

"Why, he is all the time talking to me about something I do that isn't proper or lady-like—a something, till I am tired and sick! I know I am not what I ought to be, or want to be; but, how can I mend all at once? and—and—how—?"

Here came a real girlish passion of sobs, which meant—"How can he do so, if he loves me?" but I did not tell her so. Truth to speak, I was not a little provoked with Joe, though I liked him well for some things; but he was thoroughly conceited and a great tease. He had never found his level by a general intercourse with society, or by the collegiate discipline most young men undergo, and, on the strength of a six-months' stay in the nearest great city, where he had finished his schooling a few years ago, as well as his slight experience of traveling on business to Iowa and back again, he set himself up as an infallible judge of manners, conventions and dress; and whenever he found a person good-tempered enough, or sufficiently fond of him to bear it, he ran a tilt against their customs and prejudices, nay, worse, against their feelings, in a way to edify Cervantes.

I had no great respect for Joe's opinion in these matters, a fact he was not long in discovering, since I rather took pains to obtrude it upon him, for it seemed to me a most objectionable and selfish trait in his otherwise fine nature, and I could not bear to see Gilly suffer, as her sensitive disposition did, under these pin-pricks; for, Joe, though he did not know it, was both captious and cross, when he rode this hobby, to an extent nothing but the sweet and buoyant temper of Gilly could endure.

"What's the matter to-day especial-

ly?" said I, as soon as my little cousin's tears stopped.

"Why, you see, Martha, I was telling some story to Aunt Payne, and all the time Joe kept interfering with 'That's not good English;' 'That is a great exaggeration;' 'Where's your grammar, Gilly?' till at last I got provoked, and said: 'Do let me alone for five minutes, Joe! I don't care a straw for your old books.' 'That is very evident,' said Joe, with such a sneer. I declare I couldn't help being hurt, Martha; and when I stopped a minute to choke the tears down, he began:

"If you were my sister, I'd send you to school to-morrow, big as you are, and tell the ma'am to ferule it well into you. I warrant you'd speak properly before I got through with you."

"I was so mad! I turned round to speak, and Aunt Payne set up her specs on her cap-ruffle; but just then George holl'd for Joe from his cart under the window, so he went out at one door of the keeping-room and I at the other. I declare I do wish Joe Payne would marry Tertia Sprague, the school-ma'am. I don't believe he ever will be suited till he gets somebody as stiff as she is."

"Perhaps he will marry her," said I, in a very dry tone, that made Gilly look at me. The idea of Joe's marrying anybody was, evidently, to say the least, new to her, though she had just spoken of it; so I laughed, and, with a pretty little pout, Gilly sank back again into the corner. I sat and watched the blaze in the chimney a while longer, and an idea sprung up in my brain—for I knew Tertia Sprague very well, much better than either of my cousins did.

"Gilly," said I, "wouldn't it be funny if we could play a sort of trick on Joe; make him go sleighing or coasting with Tertia Sprague, and see how he'd like her on a nearer view?"

"I wish we could," said Gilly, mischievously; "but then, what if she should really like him, Martha?"

I laughed again, it was so quiet a betrayal of herself.

"I don't believe she will, Gilly," said I; "he is not at all the sort of person to captivate Tertia Sprague; I think it is safe to try."

I should not have thought it altogether safe, had I not previously known something of Miss Sprague's affairs, thanks to my confessorship; but this fact I did

not make known, for certain reasons of my own. So Gilly and I drew the settle nearer to the fire, and, while I stirred the "stewed Quaker" that I was cooking for Uncle Payne's cold, we arranged a plan for the confusion of Joe, which was speedily put in practice. The first thing was to write a formal note to Miss Sprague, inviting her to go with him on a sleighing party the next night, and requesting an answer immediately. Now, a thousand things might have upset our plot completely, it was so simple, so slightly hung together; but luck was in our favor. Early the next morning, Joe went over to Centreville with the team, and we knew he would not be back till night, or rather late in the afternoon—too late entirely to make any explanations; and, moreover, he expected Gilly to go on this very sleigh-ride in his own cutter with him, and I was not going at all, for I had a little cold—just enough to be an excuse—and, though the young people are all very kind, indeed, I think one ought to regard the eternal fitness of things, and not go on sleighing frolics when they get to be my age—which, if you please, I had rather not specify. This intention of Joe's, I knew, would keep him from asking any other girl to go with him, and he had not asked Gilly in due form—partly because she purposely did not appear that morning till he got off to Centreville, and partly because he took it for granted she would go with him—for though Joe was a great stickler for proprieties and politenesses, he never troubled himself about using them toward the ladies of his family, I regret to say. Now, there was a young man in the village who owed me a good turn, for I had helped him out of a very annoying affair that he was entangled in, once upon a time, and we were ever since the best of friends, though he was ten years younger than I, and I always sent him to do anything I wanted, as freely as if he had been my brother—more so, perhaps, judging of that relation from Joe, who came nearest to it. So I wrote a little note to Reuben Steel, and told him I wished he would come over before dinner, ask Gilly to go to Axfield with him, and then come about supper-time and tell Joe that, hearing he was to go with Miss Sprague in the double sleigh, he would like to borrow his cutter. I added a postscript, to tell him I would explain another time, and then I caught little Nell Steel as she

went by our door to school, and told her to run right back and give the note to Reuben in a minute; so before twelve o'clock there was a great noise at the scraper and door, and in walked Reuben, all shining with cold, and dressed in his go-to-meetin's, and politely requested Miss Gilly Stock to drive over to Axfield with him that evening. She accepted very demurely, and Reuben said he had been called upon to go in the great sleigh, but he believed Miss Stock liked riding in a cutter best, and he did, too, so he should try to borrow one. Then, seeing the table was set for dinner, he got up and went away, giving me a very funny look.

We had a boiled dinner that day, which was brought on smoking hot; and, just as we were all helped, and beginning cautiously to try a morsel here and there, in came John Van Slyk, the biggest boy at the school, holding a little white note in the thumb and finger of his dirty, clumsy mitten, which, he said, Miss Sprague sent. Gilly turned as red as fire, and I began to laugh inwardly. Aunt Payne took the epistle, and held it off to see the handwriting, and then felt round for her specs, which were all the time on her cap-border, but not finding them, handed the note to me, and suddenly spoke out:

"Why, Gilly, what under the canopy ails your face—it's as red as a beet!"

"Those turnips are so hot, Aunt Payne," pitifully mumbled Gilly, whose mouth, luckily, was full of something, though I don't think it was hot turnip.

"Do take a cold drink of water, child, you look burnt up," said aunty; and while Gilly obeyed, I took the opportunity to tell Aunt Payne that the note was for Joe; so she informed John that Joseph had gone to Centreville, but he was coming back that night, and she would give him the letter, at which Master Van Slyk departed, making his manners at the door real Taunton fashion—a long scrape with the left foot, his cap stuck out in the right hand like a begging-boy, and a bob of his curly head all executed at once—much better than no manners at all, however.

When Joe came home, I was sitting again on the settle, knitting away at my stocking. Gilly was up stairs busy with some little finery for the evening, and the youth marched straight into the kitchen-fire to warm himself, being, as I could see, in an unusually good-humor.

He stood a few moments puffing and rubbing his hands, and then, seeing the note which I had set up against a lamp on the shelf, he took it down and read it, while I deliberately knit on.

"Thunder!" was the first explosion—Joe never swore—"here's a pretty kettle of fish! My dear Martha" (he always coaxed when he wanted me to help him, for he knew I could not resist that), "what in the world shall I do?—there has been some plaguy piece of mischief here." (It will be observed that Joseph's language was not always classical; one reason, perhaps, why he understood so well the want in other people.) "I'll warrant it one of Pete Van Slyk's tricks. Here is a note from Miss Tertia Sprague, just as elegant and nice as she is, to be sure, but the oddest thing! She says she accepts my invitation to go to Axfield this evening, but should consider it more proper as well as agreeable, if I would invite you to take the third place in the sleigh."

"Well," said I, quite coolly, "what's the matter, Joe? You know I have a bad cold, which is sufficient excuse for me; so I think the lady may be persuaded to a drive with you alone."

"Pshaw! you know I'd a great deal rather have you go, Matty; but the thing is, that I never asked Miss Sprague at all; somebody has hoaxed her."

"Oh," said I, repressing a little laugh, "if that is the case, I don't see that you can do but one thing, if you have any respect or kindness for Miss Sprague, and that is, to take the affair on her footing, as if you really had asked her; that will save you both from mortification, and be the best thing you can do to pay off the person who played the trick."

"Confound it!" muttered Joe, "you see, the truth is, I meant to go with Gilly in the cutter."

"Have you asked her?" said I.

"Why, no; I supposed, of course, she knew I meant her to go, for I have talked about it all the week."

"I rather think she expected you to ask her, Joe; you who are such a stickler for proprieties."

"But Gilly, whom I know so well."

"I never discovered that one was excused from exercising politeness toward their friends," said I, rather dryly. Joe flashed his steel-blue eyes at me, but I did not see them, of course.

"And I don't want to go with Miss

Sprague, Martha, I want to take Gilly."

"We can't always have what we want, my dear cousin," said I, quoting one of his own favorite aphorisms, and getting another flash from his eyes. "And to settle that matter, you must know Reuben Steel called here this morning, and asked Gilly to go to Axfield with him. She had no engagement; nobody had asked her, so she accepted."

Joe bit a pine splinter he had in his hand in two pieces, and threw them both at the cat. "By Jupiter!" said he. Then I knew he would feel better, that one expletive being always the height and climax of his passion. He walked up and down the kitchen half a dozen times, and then came back to me.

"I believe you are right, Martha; there is only one thing for me to do; I must take Miss Sprague; and, if you possibly can—if you won't get sick—do go with us! I cannot stand twenty miles alone with Tertia Sprague."

"I thought you admired her very much, Joe. I am sure I heard you holding her up for an example to Gilly, two days ago."

"Well, I do admire her; she is very elegant; she uses perfect English; such good grammar, such classical words, and she is so calm; but then, you know, at any rate I don't think her just the person for a sleighing-party; dear Matty, do go with us! it will be so much less awkward."

"Oh! Orrin, if you must die, why did you leave Joe your voice and eyes to persuade me with? "On one condition, then, Joe," said I, "that you excuse me from talking on the way; for I really have a cold."

"Yes, anything; only go!" said Joe, absolutely stroking my hair, in his relief of mind.

"Now go and dress you before tea, Joseph; then march over to tell Miss Tertia your arrangement; but don't stay to tea, for somebody has made your special luxury—a rye short-cake—and there are to be scrambled eggs, too."

Mollified with this assurance, directed to that most vulnerable part of a man's nature—his stomach—Joe lighted a brass lamp, and betook himself in the early twilight to his toilet. There was time for mine after tea; so I still sat on the settle, watching the short-cake, that

was baking on a pewter plate, held up by the face of a flat-iron, when he came down, looking fresh and handsome, and most punctiliously neat, though, withal, a little old-fashioned, in the swallow-tailed coat of a fashion five years past. He squeaked through the kitchen in his new boots, and disappeared; but by the time the great loaf of bread, crisp short-cake, smoking eggs, and fragrant tea were on the table, in he came, looking somewhat relieved, though a little sober. "All right," said he in an under tone to me, and took his place opposite Gilly, who was yet in her dark calico frock.

Tea in the country is the pleasantest meal of the day; and we three younger people, though each somewhat annoyed for ourselves, under the genial influence of warmth, and light, and good cheer, grew amiable, and comparatively unembarrassed very fast. It is a very nice thing, no doubt, to be ethereal, and intellectual, and live without eating; but commend me to a healthy appetite and a good dinner. If bran and green tea are sufficient nutriment for our best powers, why was not the earth created on strict Graham principles? The ethereals lose a great deal, and I, for one, heartily pity them. But, as I was saying, we were all in a good-humor, and sufficiently self-satisfied to be comfortable, when a shuffling and scraping came at the door, and in walked Reuben Steel. Gilly had disappeared into the milk-room, because she was not dressed, and could not get up stairs without meeting her beau-elect on the way. Reuben was a clever, plain-spoken fellow, and soon made his errand known; Joe willingly lent him the cutter, but, owing Gilly a special spite, contrived to detain Reuben full half an hour on one pretext or another, till I, really fearing for the poor child, in her cold place of refuge, said, very pertly:

"Joseph, you will be behind time if you keep Mr. Steel talking any more."

At this, a threatening little glance menaced me, but I had done my work, and Reuben went, while Joe, stepping to the milk-room door to let out his captive, found out that there are such things as counter-plots in this world. Gilly had gone out of the window, slipping to the ground on the box-trough, by which we poured the skim-milk down to the pigs, and, picking her way into the cellar-kitchen, had so crept silently up stairs, through the space,

and to her room, where I found her half dressed, when I went up. In the mean time, through that open window, Joe's precious pumpkin-sweets, that he had laid up for exhibition at some experimental apple-show, these very round and yellow idols of his agricultural soul, were frozen to the core; and there was nobody to blame or scold for so melancholy a fact, but himself, poor man! This he did not discover, though, till next day, having, in his first chagrin at Gilly's trick, gone straight to the barn to tackle up, and sent me to dress. This was soon accomplished, though Gilly would braid my hair elaborately; as for her, she was charming; a soft green merino dress, with delicate laces at the wrist and throat, suited her deep-toned complexion perfectly; and she had coiled about her head a string of scarlet coral beads, cut like garnets, and very bright—a relic of Uncle Stock's sea-voyaging, before he turned farmer; these contrasted well with her rich, dark hair. She really was lovely, but no persuasion of mine could induce her to see Joe before we went.

Well wrapped up, we drove off (leaving Gilly to wait for Reuben) after Miss Sprague. The elegant Tertia was all ready. We could not see her dress for the amount of her outside garments; but she daintily tripped into the sleigh, and remarked, as she seated herself by me, "Is it not a pleasant evening, Miss Martha? the air is so exceedingly pure, and the distant hills seem robed in bridal-mantles."

"Whew!" said I, under my veil; and then out of it—"yes, it's very nice."

Joe put an end to my talking at once, telling Miss Sprague I had a cold; but the young lady was bound to make herself agreeable, and continued all the way talking elegant English, in a style to rejoice the heart of Mrs. Wittitely, had she been present, and to keep me warm with laughter, while Joe, something stunned by this torrent of eloquence, made the most irrelevant speeches, and came near upsetting the sleigh several times. However, the horses were fast, the road well-beaten; so we got to Axfield in due time, and really, Miss Tertia, when she came out of her chrysalis, looked a very pretty moth indeed. She had a blind and groping passion for dress, and no taste; but to-night some sprite had guided her, for she was arrayed in a

blue dress, that well became her waxen, well-cut features and the light rose-tint of her cheek, while about her gold-brown curls she had tied a wide blue ribbon, in somewhat old style, though becoming; it just about matched Joe's swallow-tail.

"Is my drapery correct?" were her last words to me, as we crossed the entry to the ball-room. There a Virginia reel was forming, and as Joe and Miss Sprague took their places, in came Gilly, flushed with excitement and pique, her eyes like stars, and her whole manner very bewitching. Joe looked first furious, and then cold; but Gilly did not look at him.

The evening went off like most sleigh-party balls—continuous laughing, dancing, talking; nothing ill-bred or rude, but a great deal of honest, wide-awake enjoyment. I, sitting peacefully by the stove, watched my two cousins. Gilly, roused by Joe's indifferent manner, bestowed her most beaming smiles and sweetest tones upon her various partners—chiefly distinguishing a very handsome young man, a student of law, now spending his vacation at his uncle's, in Axfield; really, the youth received plenty of encouragement for his very visible admiration; but I saw all the time Gilly's little, furtive glances at Joe, and saw, too, Joe's increasing ardor of manner and devotion to Miss Tertia, who helped him on nicely with her serene self-possession, and carefully-phrased remarks.

When supper was announced, these two couple, playing at cross-purposes, by chance were seated opposite. Joe carved a huge turkey, and inquired of Miss Sprague what part she would prefer.

"A very delicate slice of the front."

Joe had to say something to keep calm.

"Will you have the heart, too?" returned he, with a most affecting quaver to his voice—anything but affected though.

"Oh no! I have now too much of that," replied Tertia.

Horace Pierson, the lawyer, dropped his handkerchief I suppose, for he dove under the table after something, and came up, looking very red. Joseph said nothing, but helped me, and seemed to be very hungry.

After supper came punch, rejected ministrant in these later days, but par-

ticularly wholesome before a midnight sleigh-ride; then a little more dancing, then home. On our way home, Miss Tertia and Joseph had a literary conversation, and I must do her the justice to say, she talked well and sensibly, and promising to lend him some new poems, Joseph gratefully declared he should call and get them the next night.

"Would she be at home?"

"Oh, yes."

I should have mentioned that, in the course of the evening, Joe learned that Peter Van Slyk had been out of town for a week, so his suspicions about the author of the hoax were utterly thrown over. When we reached home, Joe put up the horses, and went to bed, without even stopping to warm his hands at the kitchen fire, which he might have done quite by himself, for Gilly had been safely shut up for ten full minutes. I say shut up, for she had her eyes closed, but she was wide-awake and crying hard for an hour, though I pretended not to know it.

The next morning we had all due inquiries to answer, about what sort of a time it was! Gilly was vehement.

"Perfectly delightful, Aunt Payne! there was such a handsome young man there, a Mr. Pierson, so polite, so respectful, so charming in his manners, so well dressed!"

"Why Gilly! I guess you're really woke up this time, ain't you?" answered uncle.

"It looks like it, sir," answered Joe, in a mock satirical tone—the bear! I was determined to give him a thistle, so I spoke:

"It was a mutual liking I assure you, uncle. Mr. Pierson said all manner of pretty things about her to me, and asked leave to call here with his friend, Mr. Charters, the artist, he should like him to see and know Miss Stock."

"Joseph! what are you a doing to my table-cloth," ejaculated aunty, and with good reason—he was cutting a series of straight slits in it against the edge of the table with his unused knife.

"Thinking of Miss Sprague, aunty," said I, maliciously.

"So I was," said Joseph; and at that moment, I am sure, no recording angel dropped any tears at all, for the lie was deliberate, and unrepented of.

"She is really very pretty," he went

on; "such quiet manners, no flirtation or show off about her; and such good language as she uses; you never catch her making great words do for little things."

Gilly spilt the cup of hot coffee, she was handing me, all over Tray the dog, who yelped soundly, ran to Joe just as he was getting up to see what ailed him, of course tangled his four legs with Joe's two, upset both together, and the chair on top. Gilly burst into an unconcealable flood of laughter—really a sort of hysterics, that might as easily have been tears—but, being laughter, grated most harshly on Joe's ear, and sent him out of the room as soon as he could recover his feet, casting our way a look of rage and confusion, not to be expressed in words. It was a long time before Joe forgave Gilly that laugh—not till he heard his mother say one day,

"Just as she did when Joe and Tray tumbled down together; first laugh real hard, and then cry harder."

Mrs. Payne was telling Tertia Sprague how miserable and weak Gilly's cold (?) made her, and at this fragment of the conversation Joe came in, and auntie does not stop for king nor kaiser when once she begins a sentence, so he heard it finished, and tried thereafter to be more amiable to Gilly; but she would not let him repent at that late hour and be easily forgiven.

Matters went on very promisingly after this, though not very smoothly, and had I been less enlightened in the affairs of my three friends, I should have feared for the results.

Joe, seeing with an instinct almost too acute to be lover-like, but yet quite natural to him, that Gilly was piqued and tormented by his devotion to Miss Sprague, kept up his attentions most perseveringly; and really acted the part so well, I should myself have supposed him to be a little smitten, had not Tertia privately informed me that he was very absent-minded; she was obliged to entertain him when he called, by requesting him to read loud, and he usually selected the "Spectator." So, while Joe was laboring through the elegant wax-polish of Addison, Gilly, on her part, was crying over the bottom of a flowered petticoat that she pretended to embroider, or flirting to the extent of her really lady-like disposition with Horace Pierson, Mr.

Charters, Reuben Steel, and half a dozen other youths, who, since Miss Stock's first appearance at the Axfield dance, had become more or less enamored of her charms.

Many public occasions for civil war offered themselves to Joe and Gilly; for through the winter we all attended a series of sewing-societies, got up to manufacture articles for a fancy fair that was to be held in May, and the proceeds devoted to new furnishing the Taunton church. After a long recurrence of these societies once a week, at each of which our two friends appeared in character, if not in costume, the day of the fair came. For once, the first of May did not bely its name; it rose mild and clear, a soft south wind was full of the indescribable odors that growing grass and opening buds send out, and the windows of the village hall, looking southward, received all the sun's warmth and cheer. Gilly ventured upon a new spring dress, fresh and pure as the May-day. Her table was adorned with masses of that most exquisite blossom, the trailing arbutus, and its delicate clusters were knotted into her dark hair. They might not have become her so well usually; but this winter had brought her to a very decided knowledge of her own heart, the pain she suffered had banished her bright bloom, and made her waxen cheek pale and fair, while the resolution and pride, Joe's behavior roused, gave a sort of reserve and pensiveness to her aspect, particularly becoming and refining. I had a refreshment table; and, almost as soon as the hour of admission struck, our room was filled, for many people came, both from Axfield and Centreville, beside our own inhabitants. I had begun by this time to think affairs ought to come to a crisis between my two; for it was nearly time for Gilly to go home, and I had seen too much of putting such things off. Mr. Pierson was at his uncle's again, for the short vacation, Mr. Charters with him, and they had both been pressed into the service to write letters for the fair post-office, to which end they were shut up in a little room under the ladies' dressing-room; but through the floor was a stove-pipe hole, and it happened that, while I was in the dressing-room repairing my sleeve, which had caught on a nail and torn, I heard Joe's name and Gilly's spoken by the well-

known voices in the room beneath. I listened a little more cautiously—I know, dear reader, it was highly improper, but I did it.

They were praising Gilly, of course, her graceful and natural manners; her piquant, graphic style of talking; her eyes, her intelligence; and yet they set her down as a little bit of a flirt—at least, Mr. Pierson did, not Charters, he saw deeper, and denounced Joe in terms it would have maddened him to hear.

"A clever fellow, rather, but so bearish, and raw too; yet he is so pedantic, one would suppose him to have traveled over half the world, and been courted as a *bel-esprit*; yet you read all this in his face, it carried out my theories faithfully, Horace. The forehead is too low for much power; the eyes are keen, cold perhaps, but capable of warmth; the nose well-cut; but the mouth is unfinished, the upper lip is bad, the whole thing wants moulding—and refining, humanizing even, one finds a radical want there."

Mr. Charters was a most devout physiognomist. I laughed, and turned to move away, when, to my utter surprise, I saw Gilly beside me. How angry she was!—her nostrils dilated, her lips apart, her eyes all fire and pride; yet I think she was better for the hearing; it gave back to her some part of the self-appreciation that had well-nigh vanished under Joe's sedulous humiliating processes, and she felt herself to have some value, yet was glad of it chiefly for his sake! for which same excellent reason she was angry. She scarce spoke again to Mr. Pierson or his friend, but was particularly gracious to Joe; who, for his part, dangled round Miss Tertia's table, to the great delight of all spectators who looked upon him as a successful lover; albeit he wore far more the air of a man about to be hanged.

At last the fair was over: heartily tired, Gilly had gone to bed as soon as we reached home; but, as my feet were damp, I raked open the kitchen fire and sat down on the settle to dry them, Joe taking his place by me. Presently I said:

"Well, Joseph, when am I to congratulate you on my new cousin?"

"Who! what! which?" said Joe, starting out of a deep study.

"What elegant English! I mean,

when am I to welcome Miss Sprague into the family?"

"Oh! confound this foot of mine, how it's asleep! Miss Tertia? Martha! how can you talk such gossip and stuff?"

"But, Joe, seriously; I don't wish to ask any confidence; but, when it is the talk of all the village, surely, you will not try to make me think you are not going to marry Miss Sprague?"

"Marry her? I'd as soon marry the north pole! Marry her! why, Martha, what do you mean?"

"I should rather think I ought to ask you that question—what do you mean by paying the most devoted attention to a young woman all winter, keeping every other man at a distance, and then not meaning to marry her?"

"But, Matty, I don't want to marry her!"

"You should have thought of that before," said I, unrelenting in tone or word; for he deserved it all, though I really began to pity him. "And you might have a much worse fate, Joe. Miss Sprague you always admired: you would not be irritated by her mistakes, or annoyed by her enthusiasm; she would make you a good and pretty wife."

"Oh, Martha!" Joe groaned.

Evidently, he only just began to comprehend what he had been doing all winter, and he would not tell me that he loved Gilly. I believe he would rather have married Tertia! Yet he knew it by this time: the pain she had given him proved it; and, man-like, the attractiveness that gave him that pain, endorsed as it was by the universal admiration she excited, he at length admitted to its proper estimation. Even he admired her, now other people did; and now, with the sudden humility of love, he, who had been so carelessly secure of "Gilly, whom I know so well!" trembled continually, lest she should prefer some gentler nature to his; for, even where he loved, he was not always amiable, nor yet polite: in fact, it was generally on those whom he should have loved best, that his petulance wreaked itself—those who could not or would not retaliate. I was sorry that Gilly should love him, for I could not easily trust him with her future; but, since she did love him, and he loved her, what was to be done? Nothing, only I could make him now

a little conscious of his sin against Tertia. So I went on:

"I think you did very wrong, Joe! and, if you did it thoughtlessly, so much the worse for you; but I see only one honorable retreat for you."

"Does Gilly think I am in love with Tertia Sprague?" said he, turning suddenly round to me.

"I do not know," said I; "she never has spoken of it to me. I heard Mr. Pierson, the other day, ask her if it was time for him to congratulate you on your engagement. 'To Miss Sprague?' she answered, very coolly, and he assenting, she said she really did not know—he had better inquire at headquarters; and he walked off to the lady herself, who began blushing most beautifully; but I did not hear what he said."

"By George!" exclaimed Joe. "I can't help it, Martha; it's enough to make one swear, and sweat, too. But I was a fool," he concluded sadly, leaning his curly head on both hands.

I began to get soft-hearted, and might have spoiled the whole thing; but I got up resolutely, and said good-night. I had no answer, though, and Aunt Payne told me, the next day, that when she came down in the morning Joe was sitting on the settle, still dressed as he went to the fair, swallow-tail and all; but not a speck of fire lingered in the ashes.

"I expect he must have had a real bad colic," said Aunt, pitifully; "he used to have pretty stiff spells on't when he was a boy."

I believe she thought I was perfectly unfeeling because I laughed. However, that day wore on, and Joe went about the house most wretched: the oxen that he drove up and down, had to suffer for his follies that day; he kicked Tray three times, and trod on the cat's tail as if he meant to. If I had not known how miserable he was, I should have resented the aggression on pussy; but I contented myself with keeping out of his way.

In the afternoon, Joe asked me if I would go out to the barn while he milked, he wanted to talk to me: so, I took my knitting, and sat down on the step of the great barn, all slippery with grass-seed and smelling sweet of hay; and Joe, setting down his milk-pail, leaned up against the door and began his "palaver." It seems the cowardly fellow wanted me to go to

Tertia, and find out what she thought of him and his attentions—see whether there was not some loop-hole for his escape, or, at least, prepare the way for his offer; for, really, I found his strong sense of justice would bring him to the point finally, though I must own to a doubt as to whether it would have done so, had the affair been unknown to any one but Tertia and himself. I respectfully declined any interference whatever of the kind he proposed; but said to him that Tertia was coming to tea the next day but one, which was Saturday, and then he must judge for himself whether he had raised her expectations further than was honest or kind, and proceed accordingly. So, then I went into the house, and he began milking; but I fancy the cows kicked more than usual, for there were three milk-pans left empty when I strained the milk.

Friday it rained; but Saturday was another day as lovely almost as in June. The sun was hot, the posy-bed gay with crocuses, and the vines, that ran over the stoop outside our kitchen-door, were at last beginning to show green buds. I was all ready to receive our visitor, and was just going into the pantry to cut up cake and arrange sweetmeats for tea, when Gilly came down stairs, a little languid from the heat of the day, and her eyes just saddened by last night's tears, but a delicate flush of bloom on either cheek, and absolutely invested with a white frock, and a fresh bunch of arbutus in her belt. She looked very pretty, though not so gay and well as I should have chosen her to look; for Tertia Sprague's light blue eyes were sharp and discriminating.

I kissed the child out of the fullness of my admiration, and, trusting her to receive Miss Sprague, went into the pantry, unconsciously leaving the door ajar.

While I was carefully cutting up Aunt Payne's incomparable sponge-cake, so as not to splinter its sugary surface, the door opened, and in came Joe, washed and dressed, as we say of good boys. I could see him through the crack of the door, standing with his eyes full upon Gilly, who sat near the window, in a listless attitude, now and then drawing a long sigh of perfume from the bunch of arbutus that she had taken out and held in her hand. Joe advanced and sat down by her; he

seemed like a person in a dream. At length he spoke, still dreamily :

"How sweet your flowers are ! How lovely you look, Gilly !"

She did not stir or speak. He drew a sort of stifled, long breath, and began again :

"Miss Sprague is coming here to tea."

"Oh !" said Gilly, rousing herself, as if for some little politeness she had neglected, "I forgot. I suppose you wish to be congratulated, cousin Joseph, and I assure you I do it with much earnestness !"

I could have laughed to see how well she did that bit of acting, if I had not known how much it cost her. Joe turned redder than a crimson peony.

"Gilly !" said he, with a half-choked voice, "don't ! I have been a most outrageous fool, and I have fooled with Tertia Sprague all winter because—because, Gilly, I really loved you."

Gilly quivered all over, but her indomitable pride froze her to say :

"That is a strange reason !"

However, Joe's new-born humility was strong ; he went on with a great gulp :

"I know it, but I thought you liked Horace Pierson, and I didn't want to be in your way, and at first, Gilly, I own—"

Here I perceived Joe was going to spoil all, by confessing that he had thought Gilly liked him, and I knew she never would forgive that, much less his taking that way to pique her ; but heaven bless Aunt Payne ! she was napping in her bed-room next door, and at that propitious moment gave a loud snore that broke off the unlucky sentence, and made Gilly start ; but it was only a snore, and Joe went on, happily forgetful of what he meant to have said.

"So now, after waiting on her all winter, without thinking, I ought to offer myself to her, Martha says !"

Oh, Adam all over again !—"the woman tempted me"—but Gilly gave him an indignant look that, if I know Joe Payne, remodeled the next sentence.

"And I know I owe her that amends ; but, Gilly, I love you ; if I marry Tertia Sprague next week, you must hear and know that I am not the heartless fool you think me ; you shall hear that I love you, and only you."

"Stop !" said Gilly, in a clear but forced voice.

"Yes, stop there, Mr. Joseph," said a more natural voice at the door, where stood Tertia Sprague, looking unwontedly lovely in her white sun-bonnet. "I came in so lightly that you did not hear me ; but I could not avoid hearing you ; and now," added she, drawing up her slight figure to a very graceful erectness, "while I thank you for your kind intentions toward me, and own that your attentions have certainly been so pointed that I could scarcely have expected them to lead to any other result, I am happy to release you at once from the obligation you seem to feel ; you do not love me, and I will accept no man's hand without his heart !"

This was pointed, with a little wave of the hand, toward the excessively sheepish Joseph, and she went on with a sort of elfish and incredible self-possession :

"Now I shall go up stairs and take off my bonnet."

I regret to say, for the sake of human nature, that neither Joseph nor Gilly paused to consider the excellence of Tertia Sprague. Gilly was like all other women, quite a fool when her heart got into her eyes ; she did not now, in her great joy and delight, pause a moment for pride, propriety, or reserve. Miss Tertia's blue frock had scarcely waved past the door before Gilly was in Joe's arms. Further particulars are unnecessary, for the tableau was almost instantly dissolved by the reappearance of Miss Sprague at the door ; but this time she only hovered on the sill, to say, with that same preternatural poise and coolness :

"I merely returned to observe that, in case you should, either of you, so far forget yourselves as to pity my blighted affections, that such a pity is needless. I have been affianced for two years to the Reverend Seth Perkins, of Axfield, and expect to enter the bonds of matrimony three weeks from Monday."

So saying she disappeared, and I, entering from the pantry in a most inextinguishable fit of laughter, found Joe and Gilly still frozen into their surprised attitude, a fine sense of the comic struggling with several other senses in each face.

"Well !" said I, setting my arms a-kimbo, and looking at the two before me. Gilly sprang for the door, and Joe followed. I don't know where they

went, to this day, but I strongly suspect to the barn, there being no other convenient place of refuge in a damp spring afternoon, unless it may be the corn-house, and that was not clean. Beside, when aunty blew the horn for tea, and they both appeared, looking very red and happy, there were several bits of dry timothy sticking to Gilly's dress, and Joe's swallow-tail was grim with green hay-dust.

As for me, I went up stairs to Tertina, and, since I had known her secret all along, now I told her mine, and she laughed till the tears stood in her eyes, and her nature asserted itself in English more emphatic than elegant; but she is really a nice girl, and we had a very

pleasant tea-drinking, from which Joe escorted her home, and made himself both agreeable and amiable on the way.

Of course you know that Joe and Gilliflower were married. I do not suppose they find matrimony any nearer a state of perfection than other people. Joe is better to his wife than he seems to others; for his selfishness includes her, too. Gilly is less proud to her husband than to her friends, because she is proud for him.

The world goes on, when lovers' raptures sober, much after the old fashion, and there is always some voice to say with me—

"'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady! Would 'twere done."

## DELICATE HEALTH.

### PART II.

DICK HORLICK kept very close in my wake after leaving Consul Hammet, and only left me a moment to chase a youthful Neapolitan, who tried to snatch his slouched hat off from behind the carriage, on our way to the grand Hotel of Princes. Mounting up to my banquetting hall in that magnificent caravanserai, I noticed an utter absence of wax candles; and when I ordered a bottle of Bordeaux, with Seltz water and biscuits (recommended to me by the faculty), the man with the sweet *bocca Romana* accent sent me word that the commissariat was entirely deficient in those supplies.

Dick seemed tickled, and hinted that the fellow knew to a maravedi exactly how affairs stood in my pecuniary department also, and advised me to vamoose the ranch without delay. "For," said my companion, "there's a cockleshell of a steamer going to-morrow to Messina, we can send our traps on board, and amuse ourselves in the meanwhile."

I settled my little business with the segretario, greatly to his surprise, and presenting small slips of the bill, by way of testimonials to the waiters, and my own especial corps of beggars, we told the segretario he was an infernal cheat, and left the Hotel of Princes.

We afterwards made a brief call upon the portly young Rothschild, who re-

ceived us proudly; but, when he saw Dick's credit, became jovial, and assured us he had the handsomest china and pictures we ever saw, without, however, asking us to make a closer inspection of those valuables. He then handed over a little bag full of dollars—minus the usual discount of about twenty percent.

We implored him to remember us to his brothers, and his venerable madre at Frankfort, when he happened to write on matters not strictly monetary, and bade him adieu. I heard him say something about those *bêtes sauvages* of North America as we retired; but, of course, he didn't allude to us.

When we got to the Villa Reale, Dick made a contract with a coachman to drive us out to Baie. Dick made contracts with everybody for everything in Italy, from a toothpick to a horse. He said he never was cheated, and he was the man who chartered a vetturino to carry him from Vienna to Rome in four days, food and lodging included. The vetturino-man thought himself smart, and did the journey in half the time, but Dick insisted upon the "keep" until the stipulated time agreed upon had expired. Dick's countrymen in Rome, without distinction of party, gave him a supper out of respect to this performance, and the pope blessed him.

As we rolled along the dusty road, I

told my little pathetic tale of European experience to Dick—in fact made a clean breast of everything, from Mademoiselle Laure down to the Coryphée who danced off with my umbrella; but instead of receiving sympathy, Dick said it was all my own fault, and caused by not making contracts.

In illustration of this pet system, when we came to the grotto where they put the little dog into the gas bath, Dick contracted to pay the man two carlini—exactng a like deposit for non-performance—provided the little dog kicked and choked for five minutes after coming out. Dick pulled out his watch, and won by seven seconds, to the unbounded delight of a group of plump English girls who witnessed the experiment. The owner of the little dog followed us half a mile to get his money back, but Dick proved obdurate, and stood by the contract.

On the beach at Baie we stopped at the roadside albergo for luncheon. Shell-fish was the speciality there, and Dick made a contract for oysters, another for lagrima Christi, and a third for bread—each with separate individuals. The ostriconi fishermen were tolerably well skilled in their profession, and charged us for lots of dozens over what we had swallowed; but Dick was entirely too sharp for them! O, entirely! For he made them produce two shells, and fit them nicely together for every oyster, and afterwards we gathered up the debris of bread and empty wine bottles, and gave them to beggars on the road. The whole population of the inn rushed out to gaze upon us as we drove off. For my part, I resolved to practice Dick's system, and only regretted I did not begin with my Lord Bruton, at Mount Saint Bernard.

As we approached the city, Dick called my attention to an old crumbling black ruin frowning over the bay, and told me it was Joanna's palace, a famous old witch, who had in former times reveled there, and that there were capital fish and fun still to be had in a salt water restaurant, somewhere in the ruin down by the sea. So when we got back to Naples, Dick picked up a couple of lively Frenchmen—just such heroes as Paul de Kock makes every minute—and when the moon lighted up the lovely bay, we took boats at the Villa Reale, and became aquatic. One boat contained three musician, who played on stringed instruments, and as many ballet girls, who had

contracted to dance the tarentella, throw summersets, and do other national pastimes. In fact, the whole fête was conducted on the contract system.

In an hour we all disembarked at Frisi—that is the name of the resort—and on a broad open balcony, standing directly over the sparkling blue water, we had our feast. At first the cook of the establishment refused to contract for provisions and labor, but we not only set a dog at him, but the French youths raised such a din with his casseroles, down deep in the dungeon of a kitchen in the bowels of the ruin, that he was forced to succumb. We insisted, too, that he should kiss the sign of the cross on his thumb and fore-finger, that he wouldn't poison us. Then we sat down to the strains of soft music.

Such a wonderful variety of little fishes and queer-shaped shells, muscles, snails, oysters, and the like, together with macaroni in artistic devices, it had never been my fate to behold before.

"Come hither, little ones," said Dick to our small ballet and chorus, "warble us a love ditty of your native lands; for we are tired of crustacea, and you know, perhaps, that

'Love's feelings are more soft and sensible  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.'"

"*Tiens! mes amis!*" cried the French heroes, "let the children and the musicanti fill their mouths with bread and macaroni, while we first sing you a roundelay."

Sing they did, and play too, until the gruff old cook tucked up his apron and came out to enjoy it, and the clear tenor and soprano, accompanied by the quivering throbs of the guitars, trilled and wavered in a flood of melody far over the rippling water.

"*Ecco! Signori Forestieri!*" exclaimed the now satisfied ballet, as they twisted their gay scarfs around their heads, secured their striped petticoats to the basquines, while the musicanti seized their instruments, struck a rattling volley of chords, and announced themselves in readiness for the ball. One of the little girls—the eldest about twelve summers old, and they must have been warm summers, for she was verging on womanhood—had large, lustrous, black eyes, which shone like stars in the tranquil moonlight. Her round, full cheeks were tinged like an October grape from

the breast of Vesuvius—all fire, juice, and purple; but the delicate arms, thin limp hands, and sinewy legs and feet, told us too plainly that hunger and toil had been her handmaidens.

How the enchanting little witch—in all her dirt and misery—danced! How the feet clicked like castanets upon the marble pavement—the flexible limbs floating like voluptuous mist in the moonlight! How she became crazed with the sharp sting of the tarentella, leaping and waving like a frantic sylph, with those lambent eyes darting flame, until, with panting bosom, she paused, half entranced in dreamy languor, over the balcony.

Where, Oh! where, did that little womanly creature learn those graces? Does she know their meaning? Is it instinct? Ah!

And then the leste songs of those other little ones! Who taught them how scamps of priests are cudgeled down stairs by incensed husbands? or told them of love-sick girls in groves of orange blossoms attended by cavalieri Don Giovanni? Where did they acquire these warm romances?

"All done by contract," quoth my astute friend Dick.

The whole of our party soon joined in the *burla*. Even the rotund cook trod us a measure, and we whirled and danced and shouted famously. Talk of liberty in Naples! Why, it's the most liberal country in the world!—that is for dancing, thieving, and devilry!—and the Frenchmen told us that even Peoris, and some few thousands of his friends out there at Procida, or up in Saint Elmo, did nothing but dance. "The accompaniment," they added, "was made from the clanking of manacles, and thongs of hide in place of violins or cat-strings." Very amusing it must be. Pious King Bomba will be dancing himself one of these days, with his head under his arm, or with a string round his neck. Who can tell? Perhaps some morning he may find too much sugar in his coffee, or feel the point of a poignard under his waistcoat. How he will dance then! Dick thought the thing could be contrived by contract; but it being out of his line of business, he could devote no serious attention that way.

The day began to dawn away there over the Sorrento shore. "Allons," said Dick, "or we shall miss the va-

pore. Come, carissimas, put on your cloaks, and let us embark."

"No," they said, "if the excellenzas would permit, they would roll themselves up to sleep in some one of the dungeon passages of Queen Joanna, and wake again by moonlight."

"Bené! Bené! and here's something for you to prevent waking up hungry for a month to come."

"O, Eccellenza! Mille mille grazie. May the dear Madonna guard your path over the waters," said they, kneeling and covering our hands with kisses, while the tarentella beauty turned her drooping eyes in gratitude towards us as they disappeared from view.

"Gi-ak-i-mo!" we shouted to our pilot. "Chelenza," roared that personage, as he shoved his head over the gunwale of the boat, and handled his oars. Now we embraced our French comrades; we kissed on both cheeks; we swore everlasting friendship; we would go to see them in Normandie; they would visit us in States United. Then the boats separated, and we cheered one another heartily as we moved out upon the surface of the bay. Pushing our liquid way through the busy fishermen around their floating nets—for no fish big enough to wiggle ever escapes them—by sunrise we got alongside the steamer, with a black column of smoke rolling like wool from her funnel.

"There's fine scenery where we are going to cruise," said Dick, "over by the Calabrian shore, but we'll enjoy it more if we take a good sound snooze first, and a bowl of café au lait to begin with. Yes; and a dollar to make a sleep-contract with the steward, so that none of these passenger folks may disturb us."

This was soon arranged, and we turned into the padrone's state cabin, and were carefully locked up for any emergency which might occur. It is impossible to say, counting by Italian clocks, how long we slept, but when we awoke the moon had long passed the zenith, and from our window we could see the bold mountains and headlands of Calabria close along our beam. The sea was like a mirror—only agitated by the dash of the paddles as the vessel cut her pathway onward.

"Now," said Dick, striking a light for a cigar, "I'm up for all day."

Then we shook the fleas—which in-

fasted the padrone's berth—from our trowsers, and went out upon the deck. All was quiet, save the throb of the engine and the rapid beat of the paddles, and the short little sailor at the wheel who at times responded to the orders of the padrone from the paddle-house. Forward on the fore-castle were grouped a squad of soldiers without arms, lying pell-mell upon the deck. They were miserable conscripts, wretchedly clad, and, as the moonlight fell upon their features, we saw they were mere boys, scarcely big enough to shoulder a musket. Fine troops they will make one of these days, and how they will run when the fight begins, we thought, as turning aft we came plump upon a broad-shouldered, stalwart Englishman who was stamping the deck with vigor. There was something so frank and manly in his face and bearing that we at once accosted him.

"Have a pipe?" said we. "That I will," said he. "You Americans always fume good cigars, and I am fond of the weed; but, by the way, what do you say to a throw of brandy? my man here has some capital."

Now here was a man of rank and distinction, with a great name, from one of the best families in England, who did not think it beneath his dignity to make friends with chance passengers, converse pleasantly, give us a world of information, and treat us as fellow travelers should treat each other when roving about the world. Say what you please about the snail-like *morgue* of the English, whether at home or abroad, the higher the rank the less pretending and the more genial he is. It is only the consequential snob, who, doubtful of his own position, screws his lens in his eye, and distorts his visage in beholding you from a distance.

"When I was a boy," began noble Mr. Bull, "I tramped on foot all through those mountains there, from Paestum to Reggio. I bivouacked with peasants and brigands, ate black bread and oranges, and never enjoyed myself more in my life. My father was the admiral commanding the British fleet off Sicily at the time, and, perhaps, had it been known who I was, the Calabresi might have stuck a knife into me; but I was not molested, and with nothing but a shirt and a stout stick I got on famously. Besides," he added, "that is the only sensible way of seeing a country, and

becoming acquainted with the manners of the lower orders; and many a time in parliament the information I then acquired did me good service."

Thus chatting away the mild Italian night, at dawn the steamer stopped paddling beneath a bluff promontory, where stood a sea-coast fortress, with a small fisherman's village at the base. The poor boy-conscripts were huddled together and tumbled into the boats to acquire their first rudiments of soldiership in the wilds of Calabria.

"This place," said Mr. Bull, pointing with his heavy arm, "is called Pizzo, and within the courtyard of that old castle there on the hill was where they shot Murat. I have seen myself the marks of the bullets on the wall which went through his body."

Once more steaming along the coast, by afternoon we dropt anchor in the crater-like harbor of Messina. It was not many minutes before Dick and I had gathered up our traps and got on shore. We had very little time, however, for a critical inspection of the scenery before we found that the police were becoming attentive to us; too much so, in truth, for pleasure, or so far as mere civility was required. They seemed, by their vigilance, to discover in my friend's slouched hat and enormous red moustache—which Dick prettily called his front hair—a near resemblance to Louis Blanc or Mazzini, and dogged our footsteps everywhere.

We stopped a moment on the quay to gaze upon a colossal statue of Neptune with a tin diaper around his waist and legs, when our attendants growled "Eh! Signori, andiam." "They're going to sing us a stave from Don Giovanni, perhaps," said Dick. No! they meant move on. We afterwards learned that the good Bomba did not permit his subjects to study high art in a naked state. In the moving-on way, we insisted upon being escorted to the American consul's, where we were told we should hear of our passports, and without those documents we should be lodged in a castle with narrow apartments for all time to come. Thither we went.

"Sir," said we, with humility, "we are travelers in delicate health, Americans by birth and patriotism, and beset by the police."

Scarcely were the words out of our mouths before consul caught us with both hands, and exclaimed, "Hang 'em!

Interfere with my countrymen! Where are the rascals!"

"This chap with the dirty snout and garlicky perfume is one," said I, pointing through the door to the individual who was scowling at the spread eagle and blue stars of the consulate. "That's he."

Consul made one stride, there was a good deal of rapid Italian spoken—which we judged to be profane—a few whines in deprecation, when the man with the snuffy proboscis and his companion tumbled down stairs. Dick immediately whipped out his note-book and inserted, "Consul Behn: Man of decision of character." In fact, the last thing Dick did, every night of the three weeks of our stay, before going to bed, was to write something commendatory of consul in note-book. Meanwhile, consul said, "Glad to see you; so will my wife be; dine with us; sad times here now; cholera killed almost everybody; but never mind, plenty to eat left."

Then we went into a large saloon with a polished floor—the walls a little cracked from the throes of Mount *Ætna*—and we saw madame, so charming, so cordial and gentile (Dick instantly went to a window and took out that little note-book again) that we fell down in spirit and adored her.

After this we never left consul. Every one, high and low, worshiped him. He had behaved like a good Samaritan during the awful scourge which swept away the population of Messina, and went about, utterly regardless of his own health, succoring hundreds. Dick and I prepared a brief dispatch upon this subject, and sent it to my friend Governor Marcy, and I have not the least doubt but that it is even now carefully preserved in the archives of the Department of State. Consul Behn was respected, too; for he pulled the English consul's nose one day for misbehaving himself; and, in the matter of bowie-knives and saw-handled pistols, he had graduated with distinction, in that warlike branch of his education, on the banks of the Red river in Arkansas.

We went everywhere, up and down the streets, saw the people spear tunny fish, pack oranges, and make gloves; and we ate ices, like spheres of Windsor soap in color and flinty hardness, together with becaficos, by the hundred. These pursuits aided much to invigor-

ate my health, and I never paid any attention to my supposed bronchial affection except in writing to that estimable woman, my aunt.

One morning, while consul was busy taking affidavits of drunken sailors for beating a mate—which is about all a consul ever does—Dick and I strolled along the quay. At the extreme end of the port was a peculiar vessel, about three times as long as anything in the harbor. On the paddle-boxes, which were enormous, was painted a name in a language we could make nothing out of. The letters were all double H's, and J's upside down. It wasn't Greek, Turkish, nor yet Arabic. Somehow we contrived to get on board. Two or three burly sailors in sheepskin caps and wooden sabots, and a couple of women with their petticoats gathered up in a knot behind, *à la Vallière*, were moving about the deck and caboose. They were all, however, unmistakably French.

"Queer craft this," said Dick, addressing one of the men. "Pray tell us where she is bound, and what she intends to accomplish?"

"Certainly, Messieurs," said the person taking off his sheepskin; "she is a Russian tow-boat for the Danube, and bound for the Salina mouth. I myself am the director of boats."

"O!" said we, taking off our head gear, "then, perhaps, you will take passengers?"

"Comment, gentlemen," replied he with a smile, "we have no accommodations; there are no cabins; and, besides, there is some little danger in the trajet we propose making."

"Bah! Never mind that. We once made a first trip across the Atlantic in the Grande Bretagne steamer, where people offered bonuses for our wills, when for passengers we had a murderer and family, two bank-note forgers, an escaped convict, an opium-eater from Calcutta, a crazy doctor, and a general (always drunk) of the American National Guard, and all expecting to go down every hour; so you see we don't care a sou about the risk, or how or in whose company we go."

This appeal had the desired effect; and, after a short interview with this director of tow-boats, it was finally arranged that we should embark in that queer steam-tug with the queer Russian name. Dick went at once to a tobacco bureau, and dispatched a box of prime

Havanas to director of boats. We were to be ready at a moment's notice, as the boat only waited a smooth chance to put to sea, for a tea-cup full of water would have sunk her in a second. The breezes held strong for a week, and we did not budge; but at last, one lovely calm morning, a message came from director, and wringing hands with good Consul Behn, and lovely madame, his wife, we stepped on board.

"Is she very fast?" we asked of director.

"Vite! comme le vent," he replied, as he removed one of the prime Cubas, and blew the smoke in graceful wreaths over the water. She was indeed a wonderfully delicate and ticklish blade-like vessel, so fine and sharp that you might have been shaved with the cut-water, three hundred feet long, and about twelve wide. But she was built of iron, and had half a dozen compact little engines somewhere down below, which gave her immense power. I saw that she was a regular swallow for going, for a single revolution of her high wheels shot her half across the basin, and nearly into the hawse of a big troop ship. She was a long time, however, in turning, but the director told us she wasn't intended for that manoeuvre, and when she reached the Danube—if she ever did, he thoughtfully observed—she was to be fitted to go both ways, bow or stern. Director also remarked that she came from the River Rhone, and the crew were paid threefold wages to make the voyage, with a pension to their families in the event of wreck and drowning.

We floated like a feather along till we rounded the castle, and were fairly pointed down the straits. Then the director of boats roared down the hold,

*"Allons! force de deux machines."*

Like an electric spark, as the polished rods and cranks began to slide and turn, the high wheels disturbed the calm water with a whirling foamy spin, the mist of salt spray was dashed aft, until a rainbow was formed over the stern, and the boat, feeling the powerful impulse, flew on like a witch.

*"Encore plus, avec pleine force,"* roared director to the engineers as we shot with a single stride across the strait, and ran almost within arm's length past Reggio and the shelving beaches of the Calabrian coast. *"Encore plus."*

Again more steam rushed through the open valves, more polished iron rods

traversed with lightning velocity to and fro in their cylinders, and with the additional impetus to those high wheels the paddles seemed to scoop a vacuum out beneath them as the knife-like vessel skimmed over the very surface of the water. The spray, too, had changed into a cataract, and drenched the boat from the wheels to the taffrail. The helmsman, too, in his wool cap and sabots, looked like a drowned sheep in pattens, and the director had his prime Cuba put out in a jiffy.

"Don't lift your toes an instant off the deck," cried Dick in my ear, "or this bird of a boat will slide clean away from under our feet. Enough to take the hair off our heads going at this rate; about a hundred and sixty knots, I should think," continued Dick, "and if that skipper roars down the hold where she's chock full of engines and boilers for plus steam again, we shall be minus our breath altogether. My life," he added plaintively, "is not insured, you see, and besides, I want to get married one of these days."

Meanwhile, we scudded forward out of the wet, and took refuge in the caboose, where the Duchesse de la Vallière and her confederate—Mademoiselle de Mouton—were wringing the spray out of their petticoats, and preparing sheep outlets for breakfast. I suppress the real names of these Rhone ladies, as, perhaps, they would not like to appear in print.

Cutting round Cape Spartivento—director told us that was the generic name for all capes in the Mediterranean—we edged in along under the sole of the Italian boot, and then, running across a little gulf, we came to a bluff headland of lofty rocks, which was the very heel of aforesaid boot. Here director came forward, leaned over the bows, pulled out a telescope, peered in every direction over the blue expanse, looked up at the sky, winked at the sun, and finally closing his glass ran to the hatchway and roared,

*"Monsieur Jacques! Arrêtez!"*

Monsieur Jacques choked off the vapor, the wheels ceased turning, and presently the narrow vessel lay motionless on the water. Our friend the director told us it was blowing too fresh, and it might blow fresher out yonder in the great Gulf of Venice, and he concluded to anchor ship for the night, and make another bolt by daylight. He

said also that if the messieurs chose to examine the speronari off here away, they would remark that they were reefing their lateen sails, and using their sweeps to get under shelter of the land before night. We replied that he, director, was a sailor, every inch of him, and if he wasn't in a hurry to get to the Danube it was all the same to us, and we should like to punch a hole in one of those casks of Rhone wine for the purpose of drinking his health, and our own—being delicate—likewise, at the same time.

Director soon got his charge safely moored in a little rocky nook, and then Mademoiselle de Mouton rigged a table on deck, furnished us with a yard of bread apiece, a large flagon of Saint Esprit, a dish of sheep chops and potatoes, with fine herbs, when we went to work like men.

"There's nothing like sea air for health and appetite," exclaimed Dick, as he pinched the Duchesse's ruddy cheeks as she laid on a new supply of chops. "It makes one thirsty, too."

Director coincided in this opinion, and declared his intention of not leaving much good wine on board for the Danubians. "Not if he could in any way prevent it. *Non! pas si bête!* But do the messieurs ever drink Russian tea?"

We told him we had never tried that beverage, though we were totally unprejudiced persons, and would be quite willing to experiment with that or any other fluid he chose to produce.

"Never tasted Russian tea!" cried director with surprise. "Here! Some one desire Monsieur Jaques to come to me. He makes it to a miracle."

Presently Monsieur Jaques emerged from the hold, where he had been rubbing up his rods and pipes, and though he was somewhat greasy and grimy, and highly impregnated with lamp oil, yet he made us the politest speech possible as we made room for him at the table. La Vallière brought a bottle of cognac, sugar and sliced lemons, all of which ingredients Monsieur Jaques put into a jug containing a decoction of hot strong black tea. "There," said director, "*goutez-moi cela.*" We did gouter it at first, and then emptied our tumblers.

Dick, after noting down in the little book that French stokers universally were highly accomplished gentlemen,

and made tea-punch as well as a Hetman of the Don Cossacks, declared that Monsieur Jaques ought to be decorated with the orders of Boiler and Corkscrew, of first class, for skill and invention.

"Apropos," went on Dick, twirling his front hair, so as to make space for a fresh tumbler of tea and not swallow the entire moustache. "Apropos, Messieurs, I am an inventor myself. Great genius that way in our country, and I wish to present the last idea I have developed for your consideration."

"*Ah! tiens! tiens!*" said M. Jaques, crossing his flippers, and regarding Dick with fixed attention. "Monsieur invents something?"

"Buvons!" observed director, as he took a prismatic view of the company through his tumbler of punch, with the rim to his lips.

"Eh! bien, mes amis, in view of the present war in the East, and the unnumbered limbs that will be knocked off by round-shot, Minie, or other projectiles, this occurs to me as the proper time to introduce my great invention of legs—"

"Ah! what is it?" I said. "Cork, lignum vite, or caoutchouc?"

"Neither, Mr. Scatterbrains. My plan is simply this: Leg off—say above the knee. On a light steel frame, in shape of calf, foot, etc., with a tibia rod in centre, and cased with gutta percha, I form the limb. It is to be hollow, mind you, and nicely arranged with compartments, little doors, drawers, et cetera, where can be stowed some preserved meats, bottle of brandy, bologna sausage, a few shirts and toilet articles—in short, a week's provisions and raiment. The advantage I shall gain by this contrivance—to say nothing of the blessings of mankind—is to have the exact weight of the original leg, with none of the useless mass of bones, muscles, and what not which encumbers a mortal in the present means of ambulation."

"O! but the Faculty will object!" I suggested.

"They can't," said Dick, "for I'll compromise matters with them by devoting the vacant space in the toes to the preparations of the materia medica, pills, nostrums, and the like—a regular medicine-chest, in fact. Then the thing is done. You meet a friend anywhere; come and stay with me, says he; you step into friend's house, unlook your leg, take out your equipments, and then you are all comfortable, with no expense for

portage or extra luggage. It is my conviction, when this system is fairly presented to the public, that people will prefer these legs to the crooked spindle-shanks they have all along been using. Now, suppose, Monsieur Jaques, you permit me to begin with you," said Dick, as he affectionately jerked one of his heels from under him, and laid it on the table, same time handling the bread-knife; "it will only take a minute, and—"

M. Jaques recovered his equilibrium by a violent kick, and declined the honor until Dick had got out a patent for his invention. Director of boats emptied his glass, and said, "*Comme il blague, ce jeune homme-là!*" and left us. Dick and I made a shake-down below, and turned in.

We passed three days under the heel of the Calabrian boot, and never a brig- and came to shoot at us, though we closely scrutinized all the rocky cliffs in our neighborhood, and were anxious to behold them. It was, however, a contented existence—no duns, no sharpers or beggars, no annoyances at all, and health improving. We tapped another wine-barrel, smoked Cubas, drank Russian tea, conversed sociably with the French ladies during their struggles with the sheep chops in the culinary department, and became bosom friends—in the matter of shirts—with M. Jaques and director of boats. Dick learned to work one of the little engines when there was no steam up, and made a visit inside one of the boilers.

One evening director took out his telescope, and began to sniff about around the bows. He said it was going to be a calm night. Mount *Ætna* was a good barometer, and its head was clear. The speronari boats were creeping off from the land, and things looked all right out Ionia way. So he wound up the anchor, roared down the hold to M. Jaques, and with the declining sun we leaped out to sea. Director pulled his wool-hat tight over his ears, declined Russian tea, and we could hear him in conversation with M. Jaques for encore plus steam all night.

Next morning, when Dick and I had taken a dip, and dried our faces on Mademoiselle de Mouton's jupon, by way of napkin—which she objected to while wearing that garment—we were flying along the Morea in among the Ionian Islands, with snow-topped mountains

nearly over our heads. We only could catch a daguerreotype-view of the scenery, for the little engines were clanking at top speed, and the wheels driving the vessel like a hurricane. In the course of the morning, director told us we were passing Navarino; that there had been a battle there, very respectable, a long time ago, but then the English, by a great oversight, fired at the Turks instead of the Russians. After he had imparted this information he armed himself again with the little telescope, and sniffed away over the bows.

"Morbleu!" director said, "that sacré wind is tearing with a gross sea round Cape Matapan, *mais, nous le battons.*"

With this determination to bat the waves, we presently began to plunge and roll a little—very little at first—but by-and-by, the swift little steamer met the short rollers, a squall struck her on the side, and she got to be as uneasy as if she were troubled with the bowel complaint. The water came all over us. The men with the sheepskin caps were invisible for some minutes, and the duchess, with her faithful ally, Miss Mutton, were evidently far from well. Dick himself looked pale, and drank brandy. Yet the brave director pushed on for some miles, until a big sea boarded us, knocked over the caboose, and pitched down in amongst M. Jaques and his machinery. Then director turned aside, and steered into a large bay, where everything became quiet and peaceful once more.

"I say, mon ami director, what place is this?" I inquired.

"Hom! it is the Gulf of Kolokythia."

Dick said he felt koloky something himself, and desired La Vallière to keep bringing him brandy continually. This prescription soon restored my friend, and we looked around us.

The first objects which presented themselves, were two or three troopships, with an entire broadside battery of horses' heads sticking out at the sides, while above were some thousands of red-legged French soldiers, like so many beds of ripe strawberries clustering in bunches everywhere. There did not seem to be very strict discipline maintained on board the transports; for, as we demurely anchored near one, those scarlet rogues removed their short pipes from their teeth, and opened a desultory conversation with our ladies of the caboose. They sang short

songs of amor to them, and, in the most frank and cordial manner, invited them to come immediately on board to see the brave Zouaves. One fellow capered about the taffrail, and requested the pleasure of performing the cancan with La Vallière à la distance. They even remarked upon Dick's moustache—sketched our characters and pursuits from memory, and appeared to derive much enjoyment therefrom.

Dick asked if they had had smoked Arabs for breakfast—if they could change him a two sous piece—supposing they had so much money about them—and whether they preferred *chasse-cousin* wine to champagne. He did not, however, elicit much valuable information from them on these topics, and the incensed director—whom they likened to an Angora goat—and M. Jaques to an illustrious pig—decided to grub up the anchor, and move out of tongue-reach of the brave Zouaves.

Director said, "positively, he would rather be assassinated by Greek pirates, than to rest longer near such bad subjects." Miss Mouton was in such an enraged state that Dick felt it his duty to pinch her cheeks repeatedly. I pursued nearly the same treatment with the Duchesse out of pure sympathy, when, with a jorum of the Russian beverage, we all recovered our spirits. Indeed, had not those fair Provençals been betrothed to some steam stokers in their own country, what with our isolated position and propinquity, and the desire to merit their regard, added to our youth and inexperience, no one can positively say what matrimonial consequences might have ensued.

In the cool of the afternoon, after Dick had noted some observations in the small journal respecting the politeness evinced by the French army of the East to strangers, he proceeded to discourse upon the appearance of the country.

"We are in Greece, sir," said he, "though I don't know enough of the geography to tell you whether it be Macedonia, Albania, or Acadia, but possibly the latter, and it recalls vividly to my mind the Græca Majora, and the exploits of Xenophon. Everything is pure classic about here—country like

a burnt brick, and bare as glass. Nothing to withdraw the student from the contemplation of the ancient statesmen and warriors, and their superhuman orations and battles. Very few streams or torrents to be seen," continued the lecturer, as he shaded his eyes and peered around the sweeping gulf, "not so much as a bucketful of fresh water or blade of green to be seen anywhere, though considerable is said of these things in ancient song; but, then, mark you, sir—look at those moderns there in that boat; they seem to have abandoned the use of water altogether, and probably it is a traditional privilege."

Director here observed that, "if those moderns in the boat caught a stray merchantman in a calm, it would go hard with her, as they were pirates by birth, instinct, and profession."

The next day Monsieur Jaques and director got under way, before the winds began to blow, and, shooting in among the islands of the Archipelago, we worked along, in our usual balloon-like speed, until night-fall. During the steaming I remarked that, whenever director cried for plus steam, M. Jaques would climb up his little iron ladder and remonstrate with his chief. It had no effect, however, until we approached a small island of pointed rocky heights, when there came a sharp, crinking crash and a smashing clatter, as if all the little engines below were playing at broad-sword exercise. The big wheels gave a fearful whirl, shuddered, and then stood still. The steam hissed and roared, the ladies of the caboose screamed, director swore, and Dick attempted to jump overboard.

"*Sac'r'ré tonnerres!*" shouted M. Jaques, as he rushed on deck, "we are broken to pieces."

Director threw his sheepskin at M. Jaques, who returned the compliment with his own. In fact, the crew generally went at director, and it was some minutes before the battle ceased. Then, when the hubbub had partially subsided, we got out the small boats and towed the steamer into the harbor of Syra, where, being told a good deal of tinkering was required, which might last a long time, Dick and I, being in delicate health, went on shore.

## THE ROSARY.

## A SHRIFT.

I FOUND a rosary at my feet,  
 Amid the festive hall:  
 How beautiful! from Rome—how sweet!—  
 Devotion at a ball!

A cross, an amulet, a charm,  
 Might "stay the morning star!"  
 These pearls—I wonder from whose arm,  
 What angel's arm, they are.

I sought her out amid the crowd,  
 With tresses largely laden,  
 Dark-eyed, but pale, a lofty-browed  
 And Spanish-looking maiden.

"Lady, is't thine, this fair machine—  
 This toy, faith's pretty fungus?  
 'Have we a Bourbon,' then, I mean,  
 A Romanist among us?"

While thus the trinket I returned  
 To her whose wrist adorned it,  
 Methought her cheek a moment burned,  
 As though my speech had scorned it.

And as she took the bauble back,  
 A casual thought came o'er me,  
 This girl is on as good a track,  
 Perchance, as hers who bore me.

She was a generous, discreet,  
 And much-enduring mother,  
 Who early trained my little feet  
 To kirkward with my brother.

Blest in belief, we did not know  
 Of orthodox or Arian;  
 Knew not if we were high or low  
 Baptist or Trinitarian.

We only knew that Christ was child  
 Of God, and was our brother,  
 That once on children he had smiled,  
 And said, "Love one another."

God loved my brother more than me,  
 The poor lame boy died early,  
 While I grew up from croup to be  
 Rough, tough, and tall, and burly;

And mixed with men, and wandered wide,  
 And found that creeds were plenty,  
 And laughed at all, though I complied,  
 As fashion taught, with twenty.

In France, I worshiped Rochefoucault;  
 In Italy, the singers,  
 And all the bearded tribe that owe  
 Their fortune to their fingers.

In Germany they made me mad  
 With their too much of learning  
 (Though less than he of Tarsus had),  
 And blind with much discerning.

Our cousin-Germans were, for me,  
 Not "German to the matter,"  
 I heard their talk, but could not see  
 Amid the smoke and clatter.

They reasoned in, and reasoned out,  
 Yet gave me no assistance,  
 Until, at last, I came to doubt  
 God's and my own existence.

And now I found me all astray,  
 Begirt with shining errors,  
 Wherewith philosophers of clay  
 Outfaced th' eternal terrors.

Since men of science, men of mind,  
 Great reasoners, great scholars,  
 Taught me the sum of life to find  
 In dinners, or in dollars.

"First good, first perfect, and first fair—"  
 Youth's dreams, to end in eating!  
 Plato, we vainly wandered there,  
 If all *thy* dreams were cheating.

Out of this dark, pedantic wood,  
 This weary waste of paper;  
 Out of this gloom to any good,  
 Light, light, if but a taper.

And lo! the Sun of Righteousness,  
 All calm and clear before me;  
 Thou Nazarene, in my distress,  
 Thy Word alone upbore me.

Back to my childhood's faith once more;  
 Back to my mother's lesson;  
 Back to the cross that Jesus bore,  
 His pardon and his blessing.

Lady, I do *not* scorn that sign,  
 Howe'er our creeds depart:  
 Those beads—that crucifix of thine—  
 I kiss it, in my heart.

## TWO YEARS AGO.\*

**T**WO Years Ago! What does it mean, this name set to a novel of to-day?

Nobody asked such a question when "Waverley" claimed the world's ear for a tale of "Sixty Years Since." Sixty years—two generations of human life—these pleaded the author's excuse, at once, to the memories and the imaginations of all men. Everybody was willing, even anxious, to believe that things which happened when his father and his mother were but children must have been wonderful, racy, rich in interest and in instruction. Then, too, in the interval of those special sixty years, over which the first readers of "Waverley" were invited to travel backwards in search of pictures and emotions, how many amazing changes had been brought to pass! The long wars of the Stuarts had been forever stilled—the ancient monarchy of France had been shattered into pieces—the systems of the world, social, political, religious, economical, had been revolutionized, and that in the most tremendous manner. Men looked back over the last chaotic decade of the eighteenth century, to the age of Jacobin plots and divine right, with a curiosity of which we now can hardly appreciate the intensity.

But "Two Years Ago!" From what does this mere chink and cranny of time divide us? Two years ago, you, the reader, and we, the writer, of these pages were much the same creatures, were we not, that now we are—living much the same kind of lives, seeing much the same people, hoping the same hopes, fearing the same fears, wearied with the same weariness, or busy with the same business, as now? Two years ago the same men of little wisdom ruled the world, the same sinners plagued it, the same sufferers endured it. Why should any man tell us a story of two years ago?

Before you heed our answer to this question, oh, serious reader, think for a moment what manner of man he is whose work has provoked it!

When Charles Kingsley asks the world to hear him talk of things which

chanced two years ago, you may be sure that the things which chanced two years ago are as marvelous in his eyes, with a marvel of their own, as any things that ever happened on this earth at any time made memorable in the annals of men. For he is not a man to look up a title, as Proudhon looks up a theory, for the purpose of "firing it off like a pistol in the street," to attract the attention of the circulating libraries and the rest of mankind. If ever there lived a writer who wrote his life out into his books, Charles Kingsley is that writer, and the life which he leads is not a life of surprises, ecstasies, and sensations, but a life of sincere, and earnest, and resolute manliness—a life worth leading, in the first place, and, therefore, in the second place, worth writing out into books, for the help and behoof of all men and women, whom a manly life can reach, and touch, and bless, with strength, and faith, and peace. Not that Kingsley is one of those solemn *Stylites* (unhappily no more rare in modern Anglo-Saxondom than they were in ancient Egypt), who erect themselves, not "above themselves" (as wise Wordsworth and wiser Daniell before him said all men should), but above all their neighbors, upon the height of a "conscious mission." On the contrary, his writings teem with evidences of his extreme dislike, not to say horror, of all such assumptions and absurdities, and we dare say he would have heartily cheered the stout Pennsylvania farmer, of whom is related a celebrated and crushing reply to pretensions of this kind, put forth by the parson of the village in which he lived:

"Why will you preach to us every Sabbath about the damnation of infants?" asked the sturdy parishioner. "Because it is my duty to do so!" answered the pastor, impressively. "Oh! I dare say, and it's all very well to hold forth about it once in a while—but why every Sabbath?" "Because I am constrained to preach upon it continually!" "Constrained! Who constrains you?" "The Lord!—the Lord lays it upon me to cry aloud, and spare not, concerning this vital truth!" "The Lord lays it

\* *Two Years Ago*. A Novel. By REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857.

upon you, indeed! *I don't believe the Lord never knewed there was such a man as you!*"

Charles Kingsley never dilates upon any theme of morals or religion after a fashion to provoke any such rejoinder. He is as free from dogmatism as from indecision and double-dealing, and he never claims to be uttering oracles whereby dogs and men shall be forthwith stricken dumb, but, simply and valiantly to be speaking his own mind.

So much, however, he does, and with his might; and, doing so much, we may be sure he explodes no fireworks and sounds no superfluous trumpets before himself when he is about to open his lips and speak.

Why, then, has he given to this new novel of his, which everybody, we suppose, will have read, long before anybody can have the privilege of glancing over these our lucubrations, the simple and singular title of "Two Years Ago?"

Dating back from the fall of 1856, two years carry us into the heart of the great whirlwind of 1854—a whirlwind which drew up into its vortex the three mightiest kingdoms of the earth, and, for a while, made Europe and the world quiver, as at the opening of the sixth seal. Two years ago, there came upon all Christendom, and most specially and severely upon that core of Christendom in which Kingsley's life is set, a most sudden, and sharp, and tremendous visitation of trial and of tears. Two years ago, England, that had lived for forty years at peace with all her peers, and had grown richer, and greater, and prouder, than ever, in the eyes of all mankind and in her own, found herself called upon to try, once more, the truth of her greatness and the foundations of her pride by the terrible ordeal of war.

As a son of England—and England has no son more true and loyal—Charles Kingsley desires to make known to all men his conviction that, out of this fiery purgation, his native land has come ennobled, purified, made stronger, and braver, and better; as a Christian poet, he desires to bring home to the private consciences, and the hearts of all men, the lessons of individual life which burn and glow along the pages of that history of two years ago.

He is not content, as no poet can be, to dismiss the fierce world-shaking hours of that earnest, solemn time into the

limbo of memory till they have yielded up their treasures of all kinds. For him the great Eastern War did not end with the peace signed at Paris. It would not have ended with a peace signed at St. Petersburg; but must go on till its last victories are won in many an English home and many an English heart—victories, spiritual, sublime, whereof the trophies are immortal, and the records unseen of natural eyes forever. For every true poet the sum of all human histories, however vast, however ancient, however magnificent, results, at last, in the living men he sees and deals with; and not less surely than he rises from the particular to the general, does he descend (if, indeed, that way descent do lie) from the general to the particular, and find a sermon for you and me—a song, to strike along your soul and mine, in the splendors and terrors of continental wars, and the convulsions of empires.

You have not forgotten the voices that went up when the war came on England? So few believed that war could come again on her! If ever the great god Pooh-Pooh was worshiped by any people, he was worshiped by the fat and fortunate British of the thirty years' peace. They laughed at the Peace Societies, it is true, as absurdities; but they laughed just as much at the Horse Guards, as superfluities. They cared little for the "vagaries" of Manchester and Exeter Hall; but they grumbled sorely at the extravagances of the War Department and the proportions of the army estimates. They disbelieved, with the impatiently credulous incredulity of business-men, in the possibility of any serious interference with the "interests of commerce." War, they held, was an exploded barbarism; and you will not find, at any banker's table in all America to-day, a single man more obstinately bent on persuading himself that the collision between the two great principles which fairly faced each other, for the first time in the history of our country, at the polls in November last, has been gotten safely over, than were hundreds of thousands of well-to-do Englishmen on convincing themselves and their neighbors that England would never come to blows again with any great power, just two years ago!

All this was very natural. Just as men, in barbarous countries and under

the influences of iniquitous institutions, grow up to believe with Attila, the "Scourge of God," or Mr. Toombs, the Senator from Georgia, or Paddy at Donnybrook Fair, that "war is the natural state of man," so in civilized countries, and under the influence of institutions which foster equity by aiming to establish justice, men naturally come to be convinced, or, rather, *possessed with a notion*, that war is a thing so dreadfully abnormal and unredeemably detestable, as to be put quite beyond the pale of political possibility. If this notion were radically sane, well and good! But it is not so. Odious as war is, and dreadful, it is still a contingency upon which men and nations must count, however remotely, in calculating their career, just so long as honor and the capacity of indignation against wrong, and the determined love of right, survive to sway our human nature's purposes and destiny. And, on the other hand, just so long as self-interest, too exclusively pursued, and self-indulgence pushed to luxury, shall retain the quality of corruption to vitiate prosperity and cultivation, just so long must peace have its dangers to be averted and its sins to be chastised in the way and manner which Providence shall see fit to choose. These dangers England had incurred; these sins, as her best sons most loudly protest, she had not escaped. Who has forgotten how grandly, even though a little fiercely, her laureate sang of peace and war, in the beginning of that great crisis of "two years ago," inspired with the passionate thought

"That a war would arise in defense of the  
right,  
That an iron tyranny now should bend or  
cease;  
The glory of manhood stand on his ancient  
height,  
Nor Britain's one sole God be the million-  
aire;  
No more shall commerce be all in all, and  
peace  
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,  
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd in-  
crease,  
And the cannon-bullet rust on the slothful  
shore,  
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's  
throat  
Shall shake his threaded tears in the wind no  
more!  
And as months ran on, and rumor of battle  
grew,  
'It is time, it is time, O, passionate heart!'  
said I.

(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure  
and true)  
'It is time, O, passionate heart, and naked  
eye,  
The old hysterical mock disease should die!'"

The good that Tennyson looked for, and more good, too, Kingsley has found. His heart beat with the heart of his country, pulse for pulse, through all the weary, terrible months of the war; and, when the war was done, his first thought was to put the lesson it had taught him into words. This work is no light work, when it is a Christian poet and a Christian patriot who is to do it. That rush of victory at the Alma—that gallop with death at Balaklava—that *mêlée* of heroes at Inkermann—and that long agony of the trenches, did not pass before Charles Kingsley as a pageant kindling up in his soul a poor rapture of song. For in all the horror and in all the glory of those days, in the anguish and in the exultation of England, he saw the moving hand of Heaven, and he found, in this mighty spectacle of a nation's strife, and shame, and sorrow, what he would find in the simplest story of a human heart, a very solemn dealing of God with men, and a new reading out to him and to his of truths as old as Christianity, and yet as fresh to every living man as his own temptations are, his own hopes and desolations, his own affections, wretchednesses, and sins.

Therefore it is that Kingsley has given to his new novel this name—"Two Years Ago"—which seems to refer us to the events of a passing age; and yet really points us to thoughts and emotions which transcend all time—which seems to confine our interest to one race and land, and yet involves us in principles whereof the application is wide as the creeds of men. And as in criticising, so in reading his book, this must be borne steadily in mind, if we would do justice either to the author or ourselves. Not that it is impossible to learn the lesson of "Two Years Ago" without being distinctly conscious that the author meant to teach it us. For that lesson was so thoroughly mastered by himself, and had entered so absolutely into his own mind and heart, that it pervades the book like an atmosphere, and, while it is nowhere positively obtruded, cannot fail to write itself out in the quickened breathing and heightened color of every brave and

generous man or woman who simply follows the poet's guidance, never heeding how like are his "singing robes" to the garments of the altar.

But it *will* be impossible for any one to estimate aright, or adequately to recognize, the power displayed in this extraordinary book, without grasping firmly and fully the central and dominant idea of its construction. That idea once seized, much that might have seemed, when looked at from beneath, mere superfluous episode, will be seen to spring most really from the necessary life of the composition.

"Two Years Ago," for instance, is a novel without a hero or a heroine. Four men come and go through its pages, making love to, and variously complicating the lives of as many women; and yet no one of these men or these women monopolizes so large a share of the reader's attention and interest as to throw the others quite into a secondary position. Now, a novel without a hero or heroine is a very unusual novel; and as everybody revolts at first from what is unusual, many people, no doubt, will think this a sad fault in the book. It is, on the contrary, one of its highest merits, for the generative idea of the work requires that our special interest in the fortunes of this or that person should be subordinated to our perceptions of the wonderful manner in which reality—reality of passion, of purpose, and of effort—vindicates by its absence, as well as by its presence, the ways of God, and bears witness of Him to men. This is the upshot of the book; the sum of the whole matter—for this Kingsley holds to be the lesson of "Two Years Ago." It is to him what the lesson of all history is to Carlyle. He sees alike in the dismal disasters which incompetency and presumption brought upon England's gallant army, and in the heroism of England's soldier sons, and in the saintly devotion of her daughters—alike in all the good and in all the ill of that eventful season, simply a new and tremendous proclamation of God's wrath against shams, and blunders, and vanity, and of His everlasting presence with simplicity, sincerity, faith, and courage.

The personages of the story, through which Kingsley has undertaken to set forth this teaching, may be arrayed somewhat after the manner of them who write dramas, in this wise following.

Two years ago, the outbreak of the great European war found in England, and occupying towards each other the various relations of ordinary English life, such as English life has been during the feverish twenty years of steam-history, certain persons more or less interesting, either from their character or their position. Some of these persons belonged to what are called the better classes of English society, and were certainly no worse, if they were not much better than the average members of their order. Of these were Lord Scoutbush, a young peer and guardaman, a "good-hearted, whole-souled fellow," in the St. James's street acceptance of these terms; generous, well-bred, honorable, frivolous as much by habit as by constitution, flighty, inadequate, certainly not very happy, nor, indeed, very positively estimable, and yet really willing and even anxious to be a brighter, and better, and more useful man, if by any means he could compass such ends; and of these, too, were Lord Scoutbush's sisters, Valencia and Lucia St. Just—Valencia, a sweet, lovely, and lovable, half-spoilt woman of the world, a fiery heart and a passionate soul, hidden in a character wayward capricious, undefined, a creature to be pitied at once and adored, wept over, and worshiped, a being hard enough to seize and hold, but if once seized and held, a most true and gracious woman—Lucia, a wife wedded in the flush of a young romantic passion, and clinging, after the sweet romance of life had been cruelly worn away from her heart and her home, with a kind of hushed and desperate tenderness to the idol she had made for herself; a quiet martyr to that mystery of utter self-surrender which men so glibly call the "devotion of women," and count upon as calmly, as if it were the simplest thing in nature, not worth, indeed, so much as the pains of looking for its sacred meaning.

Not quite of the same rank and breeding with this noble family were the persons most intimately connected with its fates. Elsie Vavasour, Lucia's domestic Juggernaut, though the world knew him two years ago only as poet, gentleman, and husband of a viscount's sister, had begun life, and, in fact, makes the acquaintance of Kingsley's readers in the opening chapter of the book, as John Briggs—bottle-boy and

apprentice to the leading medical practitioner of Whitbury town. He had a soul above pestles and mortars, however, and so had run away from his benefactor and best friend, and from all his family, in a fit of rage against his fellow-apprentice, after nearly poisoning the most respectable old banker in the town, by giving him a frightful dose, mixed for quite another person. Genius he had, this John Briggs, of a certain kind, and a genial nature, alternately fierce and feeble, as such natures are wont to be; a brain less accessible to inspiration than addicted to self-intoxication; a spirit delighting in adulations and aspirations more than in achievements and affection. He was, in short, what not a few blazing lights of these latter days have been—a curious and pathetic creature, combining in one altogether lamentable entity, the soul of a Brahmin with the mind of a Sadducee, and the senses of a Sybarite. Not much like Elsley Vavasour, is Frank Headley, the curate of Aberalva, and the true, devoted lover of Valencia St. Just. Two years ago, the cholera in his parish, and war in his land, and love in his own manly soul, found him a perplexed, bewildered, but, altogether, right-hearted, noble, and high-spirited man, trying to be a priest of God according to what he fancied his commission from the church to be, rather than according to his authentic capacity, and the consecration of God in his own simple manhood; trying to govern and guide other men, while he was striving to put down and put out of sight all in his own nature that drew him most closely and sympathizingly to them, and so, very naturally, “coming to grief” all the while.

Tom Thurnall, again, led a very different kind of life from Headley. From his youth up, a mortal full of resources, spirit, passions, and perceptions—a quick-handed, quick-sighted, quick-thoughted Ulysses of a man, Tom Thurnall had come home to England two years ago, from an Odyssey of years, laden with Australian gold enough to cheer his poor old father's lonely fireside forever; and having lost the same in a shipwreck on his native coast, had forthwith set to work to make up his fortunes again in the village whereof the Viscount Scoutbush was chief lord and man of rank. There he stumbled on Mr. Vavasour, in whom

he recognized his old fellow-apprentice, John Briggs, and on Frank Headley, whose clerical ways amused him as much as his stout, true nature attracted; and there Tom Thurnall set to work to acquire influence and pounds sterling, much after the manner and in the spirit of the old Viking, who professed to believe neither in Christ, nor Mahomet, nor Odin, but in his own good sword, and the keel of his own sea-dragon! Tom is not left, as will easily be supposed, without a romance. He loves, in his Berserking way, the beautiful, fanatical young schoolmistress of Aberalva, Grace Harvey, who had saved his life from the shipwreck, and given her heart to the man whom she had snatched from the abyss. And he has a vague connection, never cleared up wholly, till the story has considerably advanced, with a strange, tropical creature, the Signora Cordifamma, who is the wonder and delight of London, and to whom Lord Scoutbush pays hopeless, fruitless, piteous court. Her Scoutbush sees most frequently at the house of his friend Claude Mellot, the painter, and Sabina, his wife—two very charming, gay, affectionate, brilliant, happy souls, who live in the most delectable possible humming-bird's nest of a home—bright with pictures, and sweet with flowers—an ideal artist's paradise; so fair, you wonder that even Scoutbush's stammering suit should not prosper within its enchanted bounds. Or, rather, you might so wonder, were it not for the presence there of an accomplished, stately, and handsome American, who kneels nearer to the luxurious beauty, and wields a stronger word, and a clearer, it is plain, than the poor little warm-hearted peer.

Such are the leading personages upon whose fates and characters the storm of “Two Years Ago” comes down, to develop and decide them forever. How it comes to pass that an American is brought within the scope of this history, we shall presently show. We must now ask the reader to go to the perusal or reperusal of the book itself, with this conception of it in his mind, and then to tell us whether we are not right in pronouncing “Two Years Ago” to be not only the most powerfully-written and the most exuberant in life of all the books which Kingsley has given to the world, but the most coherent also, and complete in an artistic

sense. Let him note the tact and skill with which the story is gradually prepared to receive the great thunder-stroke of the judgment-day of "Two Years Ago"—how that stroke falls on the family of the Viscount, when the young lord is best prepared, by the disappointment of his first noble passion, for the solemn discipline of patriotic duty, and when Valencia has been melted, by her sister's misery and her lover's truth, into the mood of true womanhood—how Elsley, the wretched, self-tormented madman, who had so sedulously unfitted himself for the life of reality, vanishes away in the terrible light of the crisis, making the lesson of hope more solemn by a contrasted warning of despair—how Tom Thurnall rushes exultingly forth in the pride of his own strength, and pluck, and keen wits, to the conflict, there to gain, for the first time, the higher lessons of God's sovereignty and God's will—and how Grace Harvey, the sweet fanatic of Methodism, learns, in the anguish, and the humiliations, and the anxieties of a true passion in her own heart, such new teachings of the Father, whom she had ignorantly worshiped—how Frank Headley confirms, in the stern experience of the Crimea, the manly wisdom to which the trials of his afflicted parish and the unconquerable emotions of his own love-stricken nature had brought him. Upon the secondary characters, and the incidental figures, even, of the scene, the light of the author's central idea falls and glows. It kindles a deeper fire in the fervid eyes of the American Stangrave, when he takes up the cross of a noble and serious purpose, at the feet of the woman whom he loves with heart and soul, as a man should; it throws a soft, mild splendor upon the sweet old face and sightless eyes of the aged father, who waits so long for his far-away wandering son Tom; it touches into a healthy day the dimmed and blood-shot gaze of the Cornwall Squire Trebooze, and it lends one brief moment of beauty to the wan and haggard faces that flaunt in the gaslight of the thronged and steaming Strand.

It was the leading fault of "Alton Locke," that the fictitious element in that book, the ideal of the author, was not welded in naturally and simply with the real substance of the story. Characters drawn with unsurpassed truth,

and force, and ardor, were enveloped in an atmosphere essentially false in tone. No such fault can be found with "Two Years Ago." The atmosphere of "Alton Locke" was the breath of convictions by no means common to all thinking Englishmen; convictions, indeed, so far from being common, that half the critics in England at once cried out upon the book as possessed with a spirit of *Socialism*, which was as sensible and rational a cry as it would have been for them to exclaim against it on the score of its pervading Mahometanism, or Mormonism, or Paganism. That the sense of the condition of the working-classes, and, above all, of the working-classes exposed to quasi-intellectual influences, and the perception of the possibilities involved in their condition, which found expression in "Alton Locke," should ever have been mistaken by Englishmen of decent intelligence, and a competent acquaintance with the French grammar, for *Socialism*, was a blunder so outrageously ridiculous, an imbecility so simply ludicrous, that it could never have been perpetrated, had not the masses of educated Englishmen at that time been grossly ignorant of the state of England, and culpably unfamiliar with the needs of their country, and the duties of their own station. It was to be expected, therefore, that the author of "Alton Locke" should deal with his subject in an exaggerated and overwrought way. In "Two Years Ago," on the contrary, Kingsley is speaking the experience of all England, and simply talking home to the hearts of the vast majority of his countrymen and countrywomen. While it was almost true, in a certain sense, of "Alton Locke," that it was worthless as a whole, and wonderful in details; that its episodes were hurried, crowded, and infelicitously placed, while they were yet so moving, so poignant with truth, and so superbly dithyrambic, that you would not willingly have spared one of them all, it is true more absolutely of "Two Years Ago," that the astonishing glow and wealth of its details are fully rivaled by the completeness and picturesque *ensemble* of the composition. There will, doubtless, be people found, who will complain of the multitude of interests and the complication of incidents presented to them in this book, as there are people who quarrel with the "Paradise" of Tintoretto on the

same ground; but the only answer to be made in the one case as in the other (and we are sorry there is no more consolatory reply to be found) must be, that neither the "Paradise" nor "Two Years Ago" was composed excepting for those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand.

To such persons as these latter it will seem, we hope, a superfluous task for us to point out the relation which the American Stangrave and the great issue of our own politics bear to the theme of Kingsley's book. But partisan declamations and vulgar prejudices have done so much to cloud and confuse the natural faces of England and America in each other's sight, that it is really worth while for us to seize this opportunity of vindicating with a word the noble attempt of an Englishman of genius, and liberal faith and generous sympathies, to make matters plainer between us, though it is indeed a shame to any American if he needs Kingsley's word, or the word of any other man, to show him how truly we, too, as well as our British cousins, needed and need a profound spiritual awakening out of our dull devotion to material interests, and our preposterous notion that the world is driving on, hit or miss; right or wrong, to some certainty, at least, of bread and butter, and general gross content, fatness, and plenty.

This is not the place for us to enter upon a political declamation against this party or that, and, if it were, we should have no such declamation to enter upon. For, neither by one party, nor by another, nor by one section nor by another, have we in America been blinded and bewildered so as to make the sublime and enduring interests of liberty, and reasonable progress, and Christian civilization subordinate to the fleeting interests of trade and enterprise, and to thrust the sovereign beneath the throne which he should fill. The canker of our national character has been the canker of the age—the frightful egotism which destroys the individual only to spread over the community to which he belongs, and eats out at once the happiness of private homes and the righteousness of the public weal. And, just in proportion to the opportunities of egotism afforded by a state of things in which the chances of individual success are greatly multiplied while the necessity of individual success

is not diminished, has been the development of modern egotism in America. In no country under heaven have the doctrines of *laissez faire* been pushed to such an extreme as among ourselves. This is so true, that it may almost be said that the only passion and the only purpose, sufficiently organized and sufficiently developed in America to deserve the name of a national passion and a national purpose, have been the passion and the purpose of Slavery Extension. The Free States have left Liberty to take care of itself. The Slave States have taken care of Slavery, and that with all their might. The American citizen of the Free States, not absorbed in his own business and family purposes, has been really at a loss, for years, in which direction to look for a great national object worthy the devotion of a man. Unless he was willing to be a traitor to the principles of the Revolution—the immortalities of Law and Liberty—he could not throw himself into a political career in which his sagacity and his instincts must soon teach him that he had only a subordinate part to play, so long as he refused to acquiesce in the growing tendencies of the ruling powers in the Union toward the extension and establishment of slavery. He could not give himself heartily to the party of the abolitionists, because he could not help seeing that their aims were narrow and their spirit intolerant and bitter. What, then, was he to do? And what has he done?

Let the gradual decline of statesmanlike ability, the gradual abdication of high political thinking at the North, and the gradual victories of the extreme Southern party, give the melancholy answer!

Do we suppose that all this while our history has been acted in a corner? that nobody has cared enough about us, or watched us closely enough, to see how things were going in these United States? On the contrary! we have been shouting aloud to the whole world that we were the altogether most interesting people on earth, and the worthiest to be studied. When Europe shook with revolution, we called upon all the trembling aristocracies and all the struggling democracies of men to cross the Atlantic and learn how men should be governed, and what men could make of themselves. We have

clamored for admiration; and to demand admiration is to challenge criticism. Above all, does such a demand challenge criticism from those who really desire to love us, and to admire us, and to get some help and good from us.

The liberals of Europe cannot but be passionately interested in us. If we go right, their going right is thereby more solidly assured. If we go wrong, the whole work to be done for mankind is made a hundredfold harder. And so the liberals of Europe have watched us very closely—those of them most closely, who, loving us best, and loving best the liberty of which we make our boast, are most anxious to be sure that they are not deceived in their estimate of us, and are weaving no ropes of sand in the ties they seek to attach us by. The criticism of these men is not lightly passed; their doubts of us, if doubts they have, are little less than agonizing.

Here is the explanation, and in that explanation the justification, of Kingsley's introduction into his story of "Two Years Ago" of the American episode of Stangrave and the slave girl whom he loves—for Marie Cordifamma is an escaped slave, the daughter of a quadroon mother and of a white father.

He has remembered that two years ago the crisis of the great trial came upon America in the shape of that Repeal of the Missouri Compromise which was the worst act of flagrant outrage upon the sanctities of freedom then perpetrated by the Slave Power; and he has done well, therefore, to bring his young American—his cultivated, elegant, self-seeking, worldly Northerner—into contact then with the realities of passion both private and public, and the solemnities of the highest duty, that so, from the stormy text of "Two Years Ago," he might read a lesson for us who are his kindred, by our English blood and our free laws, beyond the seas. Of the temper in which he has done this, the book itself will be the sufficient argument, to all who read it with clear and righteous eyes; but we are not sorry to have in our possession, and to be able here to use a private note from himself, in fuller explanation of the feeling which moved all England to take an interest so warm and so intelligent in the result of our last presidential election, as it impelled himself to touch upon the question of the American character and its relations to public life at home and abroad, in the

portraiture of Stangrave. No words of ours could do such justice to the singleness, and sincerity, and good-sense of this impulse, as his own. And here they are:—

DEAR —:

I have spoken, *en passant*, in "Two Years Ago," not only my mind, but the mind, I believe, of the whole English people, on the present crisis in America. My conviction is, that there is not a man in England who is worth listening to, from the highest to the lowest, who was not in favor of Frémont. The feeling for him was the most unanimous which I have ever witnessed in this country. Of course, the result of any future election, like the result of this last, is no concern of ours. We respect the deliberate conclusion of a great nation, and treat her government with all the honor due to her. We are no fanatics; we are ready to accept a less evil instead of a positive good. But, let no man fancy that slavery is regarded in England as anything but an evil; that any Englishman, who would be listened to patiently across a dinner-table, believes that slavery can be anything but a misery and a curse to the slaveholders.

Now there is, in England, a very strong feeling—I may say, affection—for the slaveholders, as being, for the most part, gentlemen of the best English blood; and, therefore, the longing of England is, not to see them crushed, but delivered. We look upon them as men hampered in a fearful snare—not spread by themselves, or by their fathers either—and we desire to see them freed, that they may become worthy of themselves, of their nation, and of their English parentage.

But, let neither them, nor any man, deceive himself with the notion that "the peculiar institution" is looked on in England with anything but simple abhorrence.

Mind, we are no abolitionist fanatics. We shall be happy to see slavery pass into the same quiet euthanasia, through which it has vanished from our own colonies. It is a very ancient evil, and, therefore, to be buried, when it dies, peaceably, if not honorably, as polygamy got buried fifteen hundred years ago, throughout Christendom. But we do regard it as no less unworthy of civilized Christians in the nineteenth century, than polygamy itself is; and we do hope to see, at least, a cordon sanitaire drawn round it, which shall prevent its spreading, and leave it to die as quietly as it can.

Any man, who will draw that cordon sanitaire—who will open the eyes of the slaveholders to see that in that limitation of their own principle lies their only hope of safety from the horrors of a servile war, or the worse horrors of unbridled patrician despotism—any man who will show them that in extending slavery, they are fighting, not only against the conscience of the nineteenth century, and God, who has inspired that conscience, but against the whole tendency of the emigrants from the old world, which must be ultimately in favor of free soil principles; any man who will devise a method of terminating slavery after a certain period, without convulsing the South by interfering with vested rights—a method by which we English have abolished,

of late years, our worst abuses without bloodshed, almost without quarrel—that man, my dear —, will be the saviour of his country; he will be greater even than your great Washington, because a domestic sin is always more difficult to face than a foreign wrong; he will be welcomed and trusted, I must believe, by all who are truly noble, both in South and North; and here in England he will be looked on as a hero, who has saved from ruin—for I must use the word—a daughter of whom England is at heart more proud than of her Pacific Colonies or her Indian Empire—the noblest daughter which a mother country ever brought into the world. May God send you that man!

When I say this, I believe I speak the thoughts of all ranks of Englishmen. Remove but wisely and well that one fault of slavery, which makes the real and only bar of disunion between us; and see whether a grudge remains on this side the Atlantic, at the triumphs and glories of the United States.

C. K.

So much for the motive of the American episode. Of the skill with which it is handled, we cannot speak quite so highly; for, although the character of Stangrave is admirably sketched and treated, and although his relations to the main actors of the story are plausibly enough described, the conception of Marie's career is a trifle too vivid and melo-dramatic to consist with the tone of the rest of the work. As a *type*, she is wonderfully well drawn—the idiosyncrasies of the mixed blood being seized with an insight quite amazing, and painted with a minuteness and reality worthy of Balzac. Whatever may be thought of the probability of Marie's theatrical history, every man at all familiar with the character and temperament of the mixed races will recognize the hand of a master in Marie's intercourse with her lover, and with Sabina Mellot. You need not look for the pink-purple of the fingernails after listening to the confession which the poor, proud, passionate girl pours out to her sweet and sagacious friend while the small white hand of the artist's wife plays with her glossy black curls.

We have dwelt mainly on the conception of this new novel, because we hold it best that whoever wishes to enter upon and enjoy so rich a realm should not wander into it as into a fool's paradise. Nor can we think that all our preaching will seem superfluous, even to those who read the book with understanding hearts. For, just as a novel—as a story of human lives, and thoughts, and troubles, and happiness, made interesting by its

simple reality—"Two Years Ago" is so admirably abundant in attractions, that many a man will never think of its meaning till long after he has filled himself with the power of its pictures and its poetry. The men and women, through whom Kingsley utters his lesson, are not mere types and names, but most fresh, and quick, and positive creations. It is long since we have fallen in with a book so crowded with characters—each of whom, however quickly he may come and go, leaves with you a memory of himself, as of a person whom you met, you know not where, but never can confound, thenceforth and forever, with any other image in your mind.

The old naturalist, Dr. Thurnall, with his wise, sweet, patient heart, and that light within which blindness cannot quench; the banker, Armsworth, just a shade conventional, perhaps, but racy and real, too, vociferous, dogmatic, just, and generous; the mean, dismal village apothecary, Hale, with his shattered, dowdy, opium-eating, vulgar wife, and his petulant, luxurious, gossiping, uneasy daughter; the magnificent Cornish seamen, equally ready to duck a ranter, snub a parson, and leap into the boiling pit of the waters to save a sailor or a ship; the west-country squireen, Trebooze, and his domestic angel in "a housemaid's shape;" the glorious old Major Campbell, with his buried passion in his heart, and its immortal beauty in his soul; these are all living and real personages, and personages so various in origin, station, and character, that the fidelity and force with which they are drawn argue in the author an experience as extensive as his faculty of observation is refined and vigorous. That a man should know his fellow-men, of all sorts and kinds, so well as Kingsley proves himself to know them, is a splendid testimony to the warmth of his heart, as well as to the strength of his intellect, for no man can understand the motives and the ways of human creatures who does not sympathize with human creatures truly, in all their sorrows, joys, and sins.

How much criticism of the style and literary execution of this novel has been implied in what we have said we must leave our readers to estimate for themselves, when the subsiding glow of their interest in the thing done shall leave them at leisure to speculate on the way

of its doing. But we suppose that a critic's duty must be discharged in the forms, if he does not wish to leave himself open to those charges of obscurity or uncertainty which are the easy resorts of indolence or indifference; and we must say our say, as briefly, therefore, as we may, upon these heads. Briefly, then, "*Two Years Ago*" seems to us to be as much the best of Charles Kingsley's books, in point of style and execution, as it is in respect of dramatic life and systematic purpose. He has achieved in it the difficult problem of treating a theme at once largely and closely. Every touch is as clear and positive as the whole result is comprehensive and solemn. His old, warm sympathy with the moods of nature as well as with the minds of men—his racy, genial humor—his poetic perception of beauty in sound and sight—his worship of woman, in nowise blind or sentimental, but clear, and manly, and passionate, all have been with him in this work, and the glow, and strength, and grace of them are in his language, and the music of them is in the rhythm of his periods and his sentences. The tendency to poetic modulation in prose composition, which is as conspicuous in his writings as it is in those of all men who feel deeply while they think strongly, was never more conspicuous than in "*Two Years Ago*." The opening sentences of the book pass easily into a kind of Scandinavian chant, and this without the least affectation of such an effect, for nothing could be more natural than the disposition of the words.

The same thing is true of many another passage, which we have no space to quote and no disposition to descant upon without quoting. The amateur of word-painting, who has accustomed himself to look to the author of "*Yeast*," and "*Amyas Leigh*," and "*Hypatia*," for magnificent pictures of human passion and of natural beauty, will not be disappointed of his pleasure in "*Two Years Ago*." The account of the wreck of the *Hesperus*, in the opening of the book, is one of the finest descriptions ever written of a storm off shore, and the tempest of thunder and rain, through which the mad poet Elsieley is hunted over the mountains of Wales, will never be rivaled on canvas till the

spirits of Salvator and of Turner shall be mingled in one mortal man.

The love-scenes of this novel are certainly not less wonderful than its graphic landscapes, and its painting of masculine strength or weakness. The interview in which Frank Headley first moves the heart of Valencia St. Just, and that in which he wins her hand, would suffice, of themselves, to prove Kingsley a closer and keener student of the heart of woman than any English novelist of the day. We must pass into the company of the poets to find any rival for him in his knowledge of the wayward, subtle, delicious, and noble attributes of womanhood, or in his mastery over the springs of feeling and of action in the womanly nature. If any man can remove the reproach which has rested, and justly rested, upon English fiction, of extreme poverty in all that relates to the treatment and development of female character, the author of the "*Saint's Tragedy*" should be that man; and we look to see him achieve the work. But we will no longer detain the reader from a book so much better worth the reading than any novel which has been published in a long time. Leave here our critic pages, good friend, and make haste to take up the poetic pages which have provoked them.

And then join with us in our thankfulness, that even in these days, reputed unheroic, God has witnesses on earth to plead for manhood and for womanhood, with words of cunning and with souls of fire; that the magic of passion, and the grace of tenderness, and the power of will, and the beauty of wisdom, are not denied even to an age of stocks and steam-engines, railway manias, and California fevers; but, that to them who will open their eyes to see, and open their hearts to understand, life, rich, glorious, beautiful life, is still to be wooed and still to be won in the noble love of noble women, in the true service of righteousness, in honesty and courage, and devotion and simplicity, and heroic belief; and do honor with us to all men who, like Charles Kingsley, have come to know these things, and, knowing them, have the gift from Heaven to speak them wisely and witchingly to the world!

## WITCHING TIMES.

## A NOVEL IN THIRTY CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER XX

WE will pass over all last scenes and everlasting farewells. We will not look into More's prison, nor into his child's sick chamber. When the people of our story cry over little things, over the spilt milk of common life, or for sheer happiness, we can suitably record it. But when it comes to partings by the side of the grave, and to calamities that cannot be realized, and to tears from the awfulest abysses of human anguish, let us be humble and silent. For such things are not expressible in printed pages. Indeed, our narrative is in danger of becoming wearisome with its monotony of wide and protracted misery. Salem, at this time, was like Rama, for its voices of lamentation and great mourning. Weeping and gnashing of teeth, and supplications without hope, pervaded every other household in the village. O God of Mercy, miserable voices everywhere exclaimed, thou hast hidden thyself from us as with a cloud. O Man of Sorrows, was there ever any sorrow but thine that was like unto our sorrow!

Elder Noyse had an interview with More, which he never dared relate; and hurried in visible trepidation from the prison to the house of Sheriff Herrick. "Master sheriff," said he, "I must speak to you on a most pressing business. I have fears, yea, certainties, that some push will be made to rescue this More. The plausible discourse that he held at his trial has caused much feeling for him in the village. I wish—I hope—but, doubtless, you will see to it, that—that this creature is not suffered to break away."

"Trust me for that," replied Herrick. "But what ails you, elder? Look dreadful white about the mouth. Sit down. I'll bring you a glass of rum."

"Oh, these dreadful times!" gasped Noyse, sinking into a chair. "I have been to the jail. I have not seen Master More. Yes, yes—I mean I have seen him, and he is so hardened; it—it makes me sick."

He took the proffered glass with his trembling fingers, and gulped it down at a draught.

"No fear of the fellow 'scaping," said that comfortable Herrick, "he's double chained, and the jail's watched night and day by two musketeers. Two musketeers that would shute him right square through if he so much as put his head to a winder. Then tew he's going to be carted off day arter to-morrer. Sentenced on the eighteenth and hung on the twenty-second—that's what I call fast traveling; that ain't tarrying much by the wayside for a leetle more sleep and a leetle more slumber. Fact is, the court itself was afeard of a rescue."

"But—but," stammered Noyse, "I am afraid he will speak."

"Speak!" echoed Herrick, "speak at the gallows? of course he will. We allow 'em all a chance to confess afore they are turned off."

"Oh, but he must not speak," exclaimed the minister, eagerly, "he will—he will raise the people. He will get them to rescue him. He can persuade them to it—he can, depend upon it."

"Well, p'raps that's true," said Herrick musingly. "P'raps he might. P'raps jest as like as not it would be dangerous now to let him speak."

"Surely, surely," urged Noyse. "Oh, it would be dangerous, very dangerous. He can discourse wonderfully. He almost got them to disturb the court the other day. He would make them pull down the gallows—make them break your neck."

"Well, now," said Herrick, "I'm not much afeard of their breaking my neck; it's a dreadful thick one. But this feller mustn't get off: we mustn't have no riot and misrule—that's certain. P'raps we'll have the drums beat. Yes, I shouldn't wonder if it would be best to the drums beat."

Noyse bade him good-by; walked to the door; came back; started again, and once more returned. "Sheriff," he at last mumbled, "I wish you would say nothing about my errand here. I do not desire to seem forward in these legal matters. The magistrates might think I made myself too forward. Please not to mention our discourse."

"Jest so," replied Herrick, who was himself afraid of no responsibility, and felt rather pleased to get the credit of a

valuable idea. "I can hold my tongue. Morning, elder."

Another day passed, and then came the last earthly morning to eight more victims of the popular madness. A little withdrawn from the crowd which had collected in front of the prison, Judge Stoughton and Elder Noyse, seated on their horses, were engaged in conversation. "Yes, reverend sir," said the former, "I have considered the counsel you gave me, and approve it. The sheriff is of the same mind, and even came to me to urge that the drums might beat in case the fellow should attempt any more factious pleading. I have given orders: the drums will beat if needful."

Noyse drew a long breath like a man greatly relieved, and then, as if incapable of talking upon any other subject, he drooped his head on his breast, and relapsed into a moody silence. Presently the door of the prison opened, and the crowd closed in toward it to get a sight of the condemned. As More stepped out with a firm tread and halted at the cart, a pale, red-eyed woman sprang forward and fell on her knees at his feet. "Oh, Master More!" she exclaimed, "do you know me? I'm Margaret Jacobs. I'm a wicked liar and coward, and deserve death my own self. The Lord above knows that I knew nothing in the least measure how or who afflicted those convulsed ones. They told me without doubt I did, or else they wouldn't fall down at me. They told me if I would not confess I should be put down into the dungeon and would be hanged; but if I would confess I should have my life; the which did so affright me, together with my own vile, wicked heart, that to save my life I made the like confession. I did which was altogether false. I wrote this much to the court, but it would give me no answer. Forgive me, Master More, and ask God to forgive me."

"Margaret," said More, "I heard a sentence some months ago which is running in my head now all the time. God is a great forgiver—that is it, Margaret—God is a great forgiver."

Herriek came up and pushed the woman away, with bitter words to both her and the condemned man. She made no resistance, and sank down on the gravel, sobbing and moaning. More walked steadily to the cart, mounted it by a caak placed for the purpose, and seated him-

self on one of the benches, followed, in like manner, by Margaret Cory, Samuel Wardwell, and five more comrades in death. Twenty musketeers shouldered their guns and fell into file on either side; while Justice Curwin, dressed in his captain's uniform of scarlet and yellow, bestrode his horse and put himself in advance. Herriek gave the word: the whip cracked sharply across the oxen, and the crowd followed our brave More on his way to Gallows Hill. They did not take him by the house where his sister was weeping and his child was raving. Mark Stanton, caged in the Cat-and-Wheel tavern, was not there to bid him farewell; but, in the press behind him, hurrying on with wild eyes and unsteady tread, he saw Deacon Bowson. Elder Higginson said, "God be with you, Master More;" and then turned away homeward as white as those who were going forth to die. We also will turn away. Let Cotton Mather ride on and satisfy his zeal for the destruction of those who love not the reign of the Lord's ministers. Let Parris ride on and gloat his revenge over the last agonies of a man who had refused to be his parishioner, and had attempted to counteract his wickedness. Let Noyse ride on under a hideous fascination which will not suffer him to draw rein, or close his eyes to a scene which, he feels conscious, must haunt him forever. More's blood is upon their souls and not upon ours. We have other sins, perhaps, to mourn over, but not that one; for we were not there. O blessed nineteenth century, which only has a dozen Wakemanites, three or four hundred Free-lovers, sixty thousand Mormons, and three millions of uneducated, semi-barbarous negroes, and so forth, and so on, to be ashamed of! If, however, any man now living feels a particular spite at witchcraft, and wants to have a personal contest with it, let him go to some of our piney counties of Virginia or North Carolina, and hold forth to the tenants of their rotting log cabins. Sorcery yet lives, in the opinion of many yellow-faced clay-eaters; and a great deal of good or harm is still done, to the best of their knowledge, by persons possessed of evil spirits.

Two hours after the doleful procession had left the village, a man sprang down the steps of the Cat-and-Wheel tavern, and rushed up the street toward Gallows Hill at the top of his speed.

Suddenly he halted on the swell of a hillock, and stared wildly at a returning multitude, until the foremost of the crowd, a lean old farmer on horseback, came up at a canter. "Oh ho, Mark!" called the horseman. "Let out, eh? Wal, keep quiet now."

"Good-man Peabody, is it over?" shouted the youth waving his hand in a mad way toward the place of execution.

"What, the hanging," said the farmer. "Yes; all over. Sorry you warn't there to see it. All hung up; all eight on 'em. Have better crops now, p'r'aps; good-by. Got to get home to dinner."

And away this hungry, industrious, persuaded Peabody cantered, while Mark still stood there as if paralyzed. Presently groups on foot and on horseback began to pass him—men, women, and children; some moodily and sadly silent; some talking vaguely and brokenly like people in a dream; some loquaciously recapitulating the particulars of the tragedy. "That was strange," cried one, "how the cart got set, a going up the hill."

"What marvel?" replied another. "Doubtless, Satan hindered it. Perhaps, if our sight had been spiritualized we might have seen the devils pulling backward, and Gabriel pulling forward. Thank God, that Gabriel prevailed at last."

"Yea, I reckon Satan did his best to hold back," observed an old woman with ragged gray locks blowing about her wrinkled visage. "Some of the possessed went a foaming and a screeching there; and Elizabeth Parris cried out—says she, 'I see the black man a pulling backward at the wheel,' says she. I looked jest as quick as ever I could, and never see him. But naterally he was invisible to us that ain't afflicted."

"I saw a rut in the road, though, I did," put in a pert young farmer with a most atheistical expression of countenance.

Meantime, a dumpy little woman in another group rubbed her fat hands softly together, and looked up to heaven with an air of the oiliest edification, as she uttered the following sentiments: "Well, what I do say is, that Good-wife Cory died beootifully. She did make a beootiful prayer, that's sartin. I don't think Good-man Wardwell made half as beootiful an end. He said he wa'n't ready to die; I hearn him as plain as day.

But then he asked an interest in Elder Noyse's prayers; and that was beootiful to be sure. Only how astonishing it was that just as he said, that he should get so choked of a sudden and fall to coughing!"

"It was Herrick's pipe choked him," said the atheistical young farmer aforementioned. "Pretty time to be smoking pipes. I wonder the elders allow it."

"No such a thing!" cried the disheveled old good-wife. "It was the smoke from the bottomless pit. Elizabeth Parris screeched out that as soon as she saw it."

"Might be, if they smoke tobacco down there," returned the farmer. "I smelt it, as well as saw it."

"Well, howsomever that was, I wish I knew what master said to neighbor Wardwell just then," observed Good-wife Dauntan.

"I hearn him, mar," said a broad, red-cheeked urchin, who clung to her woolen petticoat with one hand, while he clutched a bit of molasses-candy with the other. "I'll tell you what he said," he continued, with an utterance obstructed by boiled treacle.

"Well, speak up," said his mother, "swaller yer 'lasses-candy, and get through."

The youth gulped down his sticky luxury with an effort, and spoke up: "Says he, 'Friend Wardwell,' says he, 'don't let us waste time in asking Satan to cast out Satan,' says he.

"Hardened creetur!" replied the woman, "Elder Noyse is a beootiful minister. That was a lovely observation he made when they was all a straightened out and dead." "What a sad thing to see eight firebrands of hell a hanging there!" says he."

"God forgive us!" exclaimed a grave gentleman in a third group. "Here is another great bloodspot upon the skirts of New England. What a pity to see such a brave and learned man as Master More hung like a dog! As innocent, too, of any crime, I doubt not, as Justice Stoughton himself, he died with the finest show of magnanimity."

"Did they let him speak, Elder Willard?" exclaimed Mark, springing forward and addressing this person. "Tell me, sir, did they let him speak? I was not there."

"Why, this is Mark Stanton," said the other. "Ah, Mark, I came, weak

from sickness, to help your friend; but God so disposed it that I only got here to see him die. Yes, he spoke; but not much. The drums stormed him down presently; but he said enough to honor himself and shame those who heard him. He declared his innocence in grand phrase, indeed; calling God and us, through all our future lives, to witness it. He asserted that he had been condemned by lying testimony. But he charitably excused the jury for their verdict, inasmuch as they only followed the evidence. I know not what it was that he would have said about Elder Noyse, had not the drums struck up and silenced him. He seemed to be charging him with some remarkable villainy. I would like to have that point cleared up, both for his sake, and for that of the character of our ministry."

"'Twas a downright shame," said one behind. "He ought to have been let speak. But 'twas curious he should accuse Noyse and not Parris and Mather, who did much more to bring about his ruin."

"Mark," whispered Willard, "I had only time to tell him my name; and he had no time to talk with me. But here is a letter he gave me for his child. Perhaps you, rather than I, had better carry it."

Mark put it in his pocket without a word.

"Here is the Indian who made a noise and wanted to rescue Master More," said one of the party. Mark turned and saw Poquannum following, his ragged hunting-shirt firmly clutched by Herrick, while Curwin, with a drawn sword, rode close behind. As the savage rubbed against Mark in passing, he hurriedly whispered: "Sachem dead; you and I no forget."

"He will be put in the stocks," said one citizen. "No, he will get a whipping," said another.

Mark, forgetful of Elder Willard, hastened on to the house of Deacon Bowson, and knocked there until Mrs. Bowson came to the door, with a face haggard and full of fever. They shook hands silently, and he gave her the letter. She looked at the direction, and said: "Rachel can't read it now. She is very sick. She doesn't know anybody."

He told her that he would come again in the afternoon, and walked away homeward. She was about to open the let-

ter, but stopped, reflected a little, and then put it in her bosom. "Rachel shall open it," she whispered; "perhaps it will bring her to herself." And again she tottered up stairs to the sick-chamber.

At dinner, Mark saw that his mother's eyes were very red, and that she watched him stealthily with a tremulous wistfulness and sympathy. She urged him to eat, but she was as unable as he to taste more than a few mouthfuls; nor did either of them utter a word on the events of the day. Both rose from the table after ten weary, choking minutes, and Good-wife Stanton, having hurriedly put aside the dishes, ran across the garden to see what she could do for Rachel. Tapping gently at the door of the sick girl's room, Mrs. Bowson opened to her and said: "Come in, dear sister. This is Elder Willard of Boston."

The good woman courtesied with grateful respect at sight of the minister's kind, sad, sympathizing countenance; and then they all stood in silence, looking at Rachel as she lay, with flushed cheeks, and bright wandering eyes, tossing from side to side in weary unrest. "That's another," she said, with a quick, indistinct utterance. "She's one. She flew through the air, all the day long—through the air. She flew from England here, over the sea, only touching her feet now and then to the waves. Many and many's the time I've seen her do it. Then I saw a devil, with a black face, who said he was my father. It's a lie. You know it, all of you. It's a lie. My father is handsome and good. I'll always say so; no matter if the devil comes every night and whispers at me!"

Suddenly she paused, looked earnestly at vacancy, and broke out with a cry of touching gladness: "Why, here is my father. Why, here is his handsome face; not black, but white—white. I'll kiss him now. Why, I haven't kissed him in ever so long."

She threw her arms around some phantom and seemed to kiss it passionately. In a moment after, she fell back on the pillow and burst into tears, but without explanation. Mrs. Bowson looked inquiringly at the elder. "We will not pray with her now," he whispered. "She cannot bear it. But we will all of us pray for her in our hearts."

There was a silence, broken only by

Rachel's sobbing, as they all clasped their hands and stood in speechless supplication. "This is well," said Willard, when he spoke again. "Blessed be heaven for tears! They have done her good. I think she is ready to sleep now. I will leave her to you, Mistress Bowson, and to your good friend. If she wakes calmly, you had best give her the letter. Of all things it would be most likely to break up the delusion on her brain. I will come again in the evening, for I shall tarry a few days in the village."

After he had gone, the two women sat down and watched the sufferer sink to sleep. Rachel waked a little before sunset, and looked around the room with an indistinct complaining, but showed no signs of delirium. "Dear child," said her aunt, "here is a letter from your father. Shall I read it to you, or will you read it your own self?"

Rachel convulsively grasped the little paper, but fumbled a long while before she could break the seal. "Dear little girl," she read, "I have but two small wishes to send you. One is, not to be sad about me. The other is, to marry your Mark very soon. It will be better for you and better for him. As for me, I shall presently be in a safe place from enemies. Dear little girl, good-by. Your loving father, Henry More."

"I don't understand," she muttered feebly. "Yes, I will marry Mark. I said I would."

She seemed to ponder some time over the letter, but was evidently quite unable to settle what was its real meaning. "Where is he?" she said once; and when her aunt replied that he was in a safe place, she seemed satisfied. Excessive drowsiness swept over her once more, and she fell asleep with the letter clasped tightly to her bosom. Good-wife Stanton now hurried home to tell Mark of the betterment of the invalid, the consequence of which was, that he sat down to supper with an appetite that seemed to him disgraceful under the circumstances. The meal being over, he went out suddenly; for it struck him that he ought to inquire about the body of More, and take some measures to its decent interment. He asked for Deacon Bowson: first at his house, then in the neighborhood; and found that he had gone to some prayer-meeting in Salem village. Another informant told him that Master More had been buried has-

tily, with all the other executed persons, close by the gibbet. He walked on, and had got within a quarter of a mile of Gallows Hill, when, as he leaped a little brook that crossed the road, he observed a figure which appeared to be washing itself somewhat further down the streamlet, and, notwithstanding the dimness of the twilight, he saw that it was Poquannum, stripped to his leggings. "What are you doing?" he called. The Indian approached him in silence, and, turning round, exposed a back covered with welts and bloody gashes.

"Did they whip you?" asked Mark.

"Yes; Herrick whip me," said the savage coolly. "Where going?"

Mark told his errand, upon which Poquannum slipped on his shirt, and, without any sign of suffering, walked on in company. They reached Gallows Hill, ascended it, and looked up at the gibbet, black against the pale starlight of heaven. There were no bodies above ground; nor was any freshly-turned earth visible near the gibbet; and Mark paused at a loss where to direct his search. He saw Poquannum on his knees, creeping slowly through the low bushes toward the western slope of the hill, and examining the trampled grass with minute attention. He followed, and, descending into the hollow, they presently reached a pile of rocks, originally forming one mass, but cleft with fissures by some convulsion of nature. Between two of these slabs lay a quantity of earth, freshly thrown in, as if to fill up the crevice; and from its surface protruded, horribly ghastly in the spectral starlight, a human foot, hand and chin. With his fingers, Poquannum carefully drew away the unpacked mould and soon exposed to view the cold, dead features of More. Mark assisted in solemn silence; and they uncovered two bodies. The chin and the hand belonged to More; the foot was that of his death-fellow, Wardwell. The former had been stripped naked to the waist; his breeches even had been taken away and replaced by an old pair of trowsers. Cleansing him of the damp soil, they laid him out on a bare rock; and then, with all possible decency, they reinterred his companion. "Now we will carry him to his house and bury him," said Mark, shouldering the body and setting off, followed by the Indian, toward More's deserted cabin.

It was a rough march of more than two miles through the woods; but they relieved each other from time to time, and never ceased advancing. A solemn dirge moved above them, from arch to arch of the dark forest, as if spirits in the air were bearing, with funeral chants, some brother spirit to its tomb. They came upon the clearing at last, and saw the green corn waiting in vain forever the hand of him who had planted it. As they reached the cabin, a fox yelped at them from the edge of the little spring, and then fled away into the gloom of the wilderness. The windows had been in part broken, doubtless by wayfaring boys; but the panes which remained in place seemed to glare at them with fitful, ghastly reflections. Mark shuddered as he laid down his sepulchral load amid this bodeful scene; and even Poquannum muttered, in his own language, some hasty words, which sounded like an incantation. They succeeded in forcing open one of the windows and lifting the body through it into the cabin. Finding a spade inside and an old hatchet, they tore up the floor in one corner, and commenced digging a grave. After two hours of labor in the half darkness, it was finished; and then, putting Mark's jacket upon More, they laid him in his sanctuary; while Poquannum drew the long knife from his belt, and placed it on the dead man's breast, saying: "This for the strong sagamore; this for the great hunting-grounds."

Mark made no objection to what seemed to him a heathenish, and yet a most affectionate action. They covered up the pale hunter, replaced the flooring and left the cabin. As it was now past midnight, the settler invited his comrade to go home with him and share his hospitality. "No," said Poquannum; "me sleep in woods—much grief."

Then, with a peculiar glitter in his eye, he asked Mark where Sheriff Herrick lived, and made him describe exactly the dwelling of that energetic officer of justice. He offered no explanations, and, having learned what he wanted, shook hands with the young fellow, and disappeared among the cedars. That night, Herrick's barn was burned to the ground; and the sheriff himself, while running about the flames, felt something strike his thick bearskin cap. He took it off, and found it transfixed by a

slender arrow. He darted instantly into his house, and remained there, a good deal discomposed, until the arrival of some of the neighbors. The next day, diligent search was made after Poquannum, for many miles round, but without so much as hearing of his passage.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

UNDER the impulse of a vigorous constitution, Rachel had vibrated from the extremity of her delirium back to a lucid mind. But the fever still reached eager hands at her; and more than once she was again on the point of reeling into utter frenzy. As she lay one night, tossing hotly from side to side, a temptation of cool dark waters, at the bottom of the garden well, haunted her incessantly. The house was still, and her overwearied watcher had fallen asleep. She rose noiselessly, and, walking in the unsteady strength of fever, passed down stairs and into the yard. From a full bucket, balanced on the wooden curb, she drank until the fire in her veins was followed by a tremor, luxurious even in its deathlike chillness. In her feebleness she let the dripping vessel slip, and drenched her night-dress from her feet to her shoulders. She tottered back to her room, flung herself on her bed, and fell into the calmest slumber that had held her for a week.

Thanks, probably, to this hydropathic application, the fever rose to a crisis the next day, and then sank rapidly into a healthy subsidence. No one knew what had produced the fortunate change; for Rachel, with that childish cunning which often attends sickness, kept her own counsel, and reserved the well-bucket as a sweet, sure resource in case of the malady's return; often passing hours in thinking of it, as a traveler remembers the oasis to which he once escaped from burning deserts.

Slowly and with uncertain steps the knowledge of her father's death stole upon her. The fever, with its frenzy and its weakness, had been a gentle friend which, in the midst of all ways, broke unto her the evil tidings. So feeble were both mind and body now, that she only half felt the agony of her bereavement, even when she perfectly knew it. She wept at times, but calmly, with no more possibility of despairing

madness. Oh, sickness! oh, pain! oh, death! blindest of lovers are ye all to humanity, although ye seem to it so terribly cruel!

She was around the house in a month; pale indeed, feeble and sorrowing; but not as one without hope. During the convalescence, as during the height of her illness, Mark and his mother were always near when she needed them. Mark ran of errands, brought her fruit and flowers; his mother watched the invalid, made gruel for her, read to her. The young fellow soon contrived to get sight of More's letter. Of course he looked grave, very grave, indeed, over it; but he could not help being pleased with its advice on the score of that marriage; and he did what most other young men of any spirit would have done in the circumstances; that is, he urged quietly, but very earnestly, the policy of an early wedding. Mrs. Bowson soberly acquiesced; and even Rachel expressed no serious opposition. She used to run across the garden very often now, and take supper at the Stanton's—much oftener, indeed, than Mark came to her uncle's, and that for divers excellent reasons. One of these reasons was, that at home she was persecuted by frequent visits from Elder Noyse. This guilty, this miserable man, had fallen altogether from his first estate of fair Christianity, and had become an utter hypocrite—cowardly and wretched, it is true, but none the less knavish and perverse. It is probable that he scarcely ever prayed now except in public; for prayer must have grown to him an insupportable self-accusation. He preached almost altogether against witchcraft, or those grosser sins of which alone he felt that he was not guilty. Yet he raved sometimes at his own apostasy, and wanted to curse Rachel, Mark, and the dead More, as the stumbling-blocks over which he had fallen.

When he came to visit the girl, it was with a face of brazen sanctimoniousness which visored the corruption within. He was like that dead knight of the ballad, who walked about in complete armor, attended feasts and tournaments, and seemed to be living even while the worms were feeding upon him. Rachel could not refuse to see him; he was the shepherd of souls; it was his duty to attend on the sick; it was her duty to hear his counsels and

exhortations. The recollection of all his former repulses seemed to have faded away in the intimacy which he had wrung out of her present circumstances. He was as fascinated as ever, and about as frank in showing his fascination. On her part their interviews were hours of annoyance, fear, and almost loathing. She was relieved somewhat at discovering, little by little, that her aunt understood and sympathized with her feelings. In fact, Mrs. Bowson liked Mark very sincerely; and, at all events, had no idea of asking Rachel to break a betrothal, even to please an elder; while, as she understood better the object of Noyse's pretendedly pastoral visits, she began to regard him with a quiet growing disfavor. But not even to her, as yet, did Rachel dare hint her sombre suspicions that the minister's soul was stained with the blood of her father and of Martha Carrier.

The other reason why it was not pleasant for Mark to visit the Bowsons was, that the deacon was very bearish to him, and tried to snub him on all possible occasions. This poor man, naturally so kindly and cheerful, had grown surly with superstition, had lost flesh, and was almost always melancholy. He constantly hung around Noyse for crumbs of comfort or counsel; had, in fact, become a mere dog to him, and wagged his tail or barked as he directed. He abused Mark as a Sadducee—an opposer of the law and of the elders. He said there was no depending on these young men; for they might take to dicing, drinking, swearing, at any day; and he was not at all sure but that Mark had already gamed it with Beelzebub. But Pastor Noyse was a safe person to trust one's soul with—Shepherd Noyse would be a famous guide through this valley of death.

Sometimes he tried to carry the match by snarling; sometimes by fawning, whining and downright whimpering. He plagued her insupportably, too, by his conversation about her father. "Brother More! oh, Brother More!" he would repeat, moaning and shaking his head. "What a dreadful thing! It isn't the hanging, so much; it's that woeful sorcery. What a horrible thing to sell one's soul to the devil!"

"My father was not a sorcerer," Rachel replied, her pale cheek flushing into a bright hectic.

"Oh, that's past hope," sighed Bow-

son. "The court settled that beyond dubitation. I've talked to Elder Noyse about it, time and again; and all he could do was to groan; time and again I've heard him: he hadn't a word of comfort for me."

Rachel generally ended such dialogues by covering up her face and bursting into tears. Occasionally then the old kindness of Bowson's nature would light up, and he would try to console the poor heart that he had tortured. Two or three times, indeed, he pulled out his small brown handkerchief, well stained with snuff, and wept copiously in her company. It was pitiable to see how the once brisk, and generally sensible man had been pushed by superstition into a premature dotage.

He still kept that troublesome little monkey, Sarah Carrier, and listened to her chatterings as if they were the song of Deborah. He neither controlled her, nor allowed her to be controlled; and it seemed as if the family would be harried out of the house by her numberless pranks; only now and then the girl relapsed of herself into quiet, wearied by an unchecked monotony of mischief. Mrs. Bowson afterwards calculated that £30 would not cover what Sarah cost them in the way of burnt clothing, torn linen, broken crockery and damaged furniture. Even the deacon sometimes lent a hand to swell this list of household expenses extraordinary. Having read how Luther threw an inkstand at the devil with good effect, he watched his opportunity, and let drive with a very large one, at a certain spectre which was punching and pricking the unlucky Sarah. A sharp crash followed: a looking-glass scattered in fragments; and the crimson rug underneath received a grimy drenching. The girl screamed that Goody Barker's face was wounded, and her cap and gown stained in like manner; upon which the deacon darted out of the house, and ran half a mile to catch the hag before she could wash herself and otherwise repair damages. Goody Barker sat in her door spinning, her wrinkled old phiz unscratched, and her cap and short-gown as clean as snow. He stared at her wildly, shook his head at her devilish cunning, then walked home short-winded, and with a monstrous sideache. "Fiddle-dee-dee!" said the Goody, as she gazed after him in wonder. "What a plague possesses the deacon?"

And off she went to the neighbors, declaring that "if ever a man looked like a wizard, John Bowson was that man. He'd got to be monstrous goggle-eyed, that was sarten."

Sarah, in the mean time, was explaining to the deacon that, "Beelzebub had healed Goody Barker's face, and washed her gown with popish holy water."

Goody Bowson often suffered from the devils, as, on account of her age and imbecility, she richly deserved. Chairs were twitched away from under her, letting her down upon the floor in a style which made her antique bones rattle, and shook her out of shape for several minutes. Sarah then had convulsions, which rolled her backwards and forwards over the old lady, to the imminent risk of smothering her or squeezing out her brains. A few minutes afterward, the little wretch had some pins to vomit up, or some fork to pull out of her ears. These manifestations generally happened in the evening, which was a particularly favorable time to imps of darkness, because the economy of the period rarely allowed candles.

When the devils were not plaguing Goody Bowson, and when nobody would read the "Remarkables" to her, she led, perhaps, the calmest existence in Salem; for, curiously enough, she took no interest in the present witch manifestations, and was only disturbed by those that had disturbed her years ago. She dozed a good deal in her great chair, occasionally waking up to mumble a psalm-tune. She went to bed when the hens did, and slept all night as calmly as they. She seemed to be almost equally unconscious with those feathered bipeds, of the human tragedy which was enacting about her; and certainly no contrast could be more striking than the difference between her stagnant life and the surrounding tempest of wrath, lamentation, and horror. Surely she was not much to be pitied; idiocy at that time was, in some sort, a blessing.

Frisk, all this while, was a more unhappy dog than ever. He was supernaturally tormented to such a degree, that he used to run from Sarah Carrier as from Old Hundred. He was either keener-eyed, or more of a Sadducee than the rest of the family, for he did not believe a whit that it was Beelzebub who teased him; he was dogmatically

persuaded that it was nobody but that sly Sarah. He kept perpetually on the lookout for her, and, at her approach, either scampered off with his tail between his legs, or sought a sneaking refuge under chairs and tables. Before whining to be let into the house, he always took the precaution to sniff at the door-crack; and if by this means he discovered her presence within, he made no whimpering request for admittance, but quietly packed himself away to the fields or the stable. Nothing could be more absurd than the obstinacy with which this ridiculous brute held that Sarah was the only witch who troubled the peace of the household. He was evidently an atheist, if not an entire disbeliever in the devil, and, doubtless, deserved hanging as much as any of the wretches on whom Stoughton had passed sentence.

In spite of some suspicions which Rachel had concerning Sarah, and in spite of the annoyances which the child's tricks constantly occasioned, she treated her with gentleness. "We are both orphans," she used to say. "You have lost your mother, and I have lost my father, both of us in the same way. We'll be good friends together. By-and-by, when we get out of all these troubles, and I can keep house, then you shall live with me." With which kind of talk Sarah was very much pleased, and repaid it by pestering Rachel as little as possible. Nor did she play many tricks directly on Mrs. Bowson; only it would not do for that notable housekeeper to set her at any kind of work; for in such a case the devils interfered, and brought mugs and platters to swift destruction. Of course the good woman was annoyed by these impoverishing occurrences; but, perhaps, after all, they served her a very friendly turn. The upsetting of a table would, sometimes, startle her out of woe-ful recollections of her murdered brother; and the smell of the deacon's best beaver, roasting on the kitchen fire, reminded her to be thankful that fate had as yet spared the deacon. She was a sanctified spirit, and the angels watched over her. The little plagues of life, instead of aggravating her great burden, only helped to lighten it. One reflection, however, filled her with unmitigated sorrow. She was thoroughly converted from the witchcraft credences now, and believed that the excitement

had been, from the first, one pure and atrocious delusion; a tragedy as barren in result as it had been frightful in incident—without meaning, without provocation, and without benefit. She remembered how she had sometimes spoken earnest words in its defense, and wept bitterly over those utterances of a mistaken sincerity. The thought made her very humble, and very forgiving toward those who had believed more fervently, and who still believed. They, on their part, attributed her meek silence to a consciousness that her family had deserved its great affliction, so that they were inclined to comfort her patronizingly, and to warn her with severity. Mrs. Curwin and Mrs. Parris met her one day as she was walking homeward with Rachel. "Well, Mistress Bowson, how do you feel after your tribulations?" said the tall, prim lady of the justice. Rachel gasped, and then compressed her lips, while poor sister Ann helplessly burst into tears. "What! not subdued yet?" cried Mrs. Curwin, in reproachful amazement. "Well, truly," remarked the elder's wife, "it do seem like a waste of the Lord's precious chastisements to pour 'em out on us ungrateful creeters." Mrs. Bowson was going to listen with her accustomed resignation; but Rachel haughtily bridled up, and bidding the ladies good-afternoon, pulled her aunt away.

The terror was still at its height in the colony, notwithstanding that, for the present, there were no more courts nor executions. The reaction against Juggermant had begun; but it was as yet very limited and very feeble, although it grew stronger when that respectable gentleman, Justice Dudley Bradstreet, of Andover, was committed. Apropos of this circumstance, Elder Higginson preached anew against the delusion; said he feared that the prosecutions had been a bloody mistake, and lamented that he had not withstood them boldly from the beginning.

Mark, also, was not so occupied with his private affairs but that he could spare time and thought to the championship which More had left him. He stoutly defended the dead hunter's character from the charge of witchcraft. To the epithet of Sadducee he retorted by calling his opponents the Pharisees; and this sarcasm, being a biblical one, had a good run, and greatly enraged those at whom it was directed. He wrote a

memorial also, which he afterwards presented to the General Court, and caused to be printed at his own expense. Cotton Mather is very severe upon him for this, and calls him "a bejesuited varlet, and a choak-weed of Christianity."

At an earlier day, Mark would have suffered for these impertinences; but Giant Witchcraft was getting a little stiff in the joints now, like Giant Pope in the Pilgrim's Progress. Even Elder Hale of Beverly showed fight when he found that the afflicted were unreasonably determined on hanging his excellent wife. "Brethren," said he, in his better-late-than-never sermon, "we cannot be too cautious in matters of this importance. In cases of witchcraft, all proceedings thereabout ought to be managed with an exceeding tenderness toward those that may be complained of; especially if they have been formerly of an unblemished reputation. It is an undoubted and a notorious thing that a demon may, by God's permission, appear even to ill purposes, in the shape of an innocent, yea, and a virtuous person; nor can we esteem alterations in the sufferers, made by a look or touch of the accusers, to be an infallible evidence of guilt; but frequently liable to

be abused by Satan's legerdemains. I know not whether some remarkable affronts unto the devils, by our disbelieving of those testimonies whose whole force and strength is from them alone, may not put a period to the progress of a direful calamity, begun upon us in the accusation of so many persons, whereof, I hope, some are yet clear from the great transgression laid to their charge."

Sensible, cautious Elder Hale, when it came the turn of his own family! I honor him for setting store by Mrs. Hale's neck; and only wish that he had been equally careful not to dress chokers for other people's windpipes.

The General Court met in October, and discussed lengthily the rights and reasons of Juggernaut. The representatives did not quite fulfill the unfortunate More's anticipations. They refused to condemn the late trials; they adopted English law as authority for future prosecutions; they, however, delayed the legal colonial court until January, 1693; and that was all the comfort that the Assembly of Massachusetts could conscientiously grant to Salem. So onward crept the autumn towards winter, in a state of mind sufficiently dismal and hopeless.

#### AN OBSERVATION UPON THE "NEW YORK OBSERVER."

AS *Putnam* has decided opinions and expresses them strongly, it does not wonder that dissent from those opinions should be often stated as strongly. Nor, as its readers are well aware, does it quarrel with any criticism. But gross misstatements of fact, intended to injure the reputation of the *Magazine*, challenge attention, and shall always promptly receive it; and we choose this place as more conspicuous than the general "Editorial Notes." For we are anxious that nobody should entertain enemies unawares, nor suddenly discover that the *Monthly* which was taken in by the reader, for its general interest and value to him, should have taken the reader in, by treating flippantly or falsely topics which are justly and universally precious.

Let us say, frankly, as we are about to comment upon the misstatement of a

"religious" newspaper, that we always listen to what the "religious" press says of us, with curiosity and interest; for we know, of course, that, as a class, the "religious" newspapers are, at once, more hampered by the peculiarities of position, and, probably, more influential than any other. Of the quality of that influence, we do not speak. But no thoughtful observer of the times and the country fails to see that, in their various ways, the "religious" newspapers "exploit" the religious sentiment of the community; and that, not infrequently, when manly and fair argument is wanting, they have recourse to the most dangerous and odious of all weapons in discussion—appeals to sectarianism and superstition. Are we quite wrong, in saying, that just what Archbishop Hughes did at the Tabernacle, when he denounced the

lecture of a western priest, inviting poor men to emigrate to the west, and showing them how it would be advantageous for them to do so, the "religious" newspapers do, in their current criticisms upon things they dislike?

In this country, where progress and development depend, under Providence, upon the moral and intellectual independence of the individual, such a tendency is worthy of all suspicion. If the clergy, who are generally an educated and morally-superior class, choose to bring their wisdom, and wit, and special learning, to bear upon the topics of the times in weekly newspapers, or to preach weekly sermons through the same medium, we say God-speed! with all our hearts. But if the "religious" press assume to be arbiters of morals, or to speak *ex cathedra* upon points of profound religious conviction, or to utter anathema maranatha, with all the anonymous dignity of a "religious department," upon opinions which they do not like, or do not understand, or which they willfully misrepresent; then the odium is the greater in the degree of the peculiar respect with which the very name of religion is invested, and every patriotic, moral, and religious man, who sees that the sting of papacy lay in its annihilation of private judgment, and that a man may have all the spirit of a Borgian pope, although he calls himself a Protestant, and does not wear a tiara nor sing Latin through his nose, will hold that man to the strictest account of the assumption of any kind of authority bordering upon the papal. The Church of God is the guardian of human liberty which proceeds from him. Any man, claiming to be a priest of that Church, who in any way connives at meanness or the indulgence of personal spite, serving his little spleen under cover of serving his great Master, is a double traitor to God, to man, and to the Church.

Our present question, however, is not of argument but of fact.

A late number of the *New York Observer*, a weekly "religious" newspaper of this city, declares with that reluctant sorrow, in which it always finds fault, when its position in the van of virtue compels it to cry out against offenders, that *Putnam* is infidel. This is not a new argument. It is, in fact, the old cry of mad-dog, which has come down

to us from the earliest periods and the *Observer* might have added force to it, by crying, also "polygamist," "socialist," or "Lollard." "Lollard" would indeed, have been newer, more obscure, and, therefore, more dreadful to many readers. "Madam," said Dr. Johnson to the fishwoman, who had been spitting Billingsgate upon his companion, "you are a noun! an adverb!! an interjection!!!" And the appalled fish-wife shrank and grew silent before those portentous and unknown expletives.

But this calling of names, known among political newspapers as black-guarding, is not distressing. The word "infidel," as an argument, or term of reproach, means nothing. With the same perspicacity, the *Observer* would call Dr. Channing a deist, and Fencelon a pagan. But our good "religious" mentor prefaces its chastisement of us, which it inflicts with the rod of another, by a disregard of the "terewith" which would shock even the Reverend brother Chadband; and this part of the matter is, unluckily, the only part of any importance which is original with the *Observer*.

It says: "The publishers of this monthly (*Putnam*) ceased sending it to us a year or two ago, when we discovered the spirit that pervades its pages. We are glad to see that one of our religious contemporaries has the fearlessness to do its duty to the public by exposing the progressive infidelity of that work." It then quotes the remarks of the *Watchman and Reflector* upon that dangerous article in our February number—"A National Drama"—which, as our readers will remember, or will find upon reference, lays the axe at the roots of religion, morality, and human welfare in general. And, in a later number, the *Observer* returns to the charge, quoting another notice of the *Watchman* upon another article, entitled "Broadway Bedeviled," in our March number, which was a brief and solemn record of the horrors of *delirium tremens*.

Now for a plain word with the gentle *Observer*, skulking behind the *Watchman and Reflector*, and freely flourishing this easy epithet of infidel. And that plain word will show the reader the occasion and significance of the application of that epithet to the *Monthly* by this charming specimen of

a Christian censor, and open the public eyes a little to the manner and spirit in which that veracious sheet is managed.

Two years ago, in our number for June, 1855, we took occasion to notice several recent books of travel written by Americans, and, among them, one called *Travels in Europe and the East*, by Samuel Ireneus Prime. We remarked the amazing shallowness of the book; its silly style; its fault—not uncommon in the traveling journals of clergymen—of beatifying little men, and treating sectarian and local heroes as if they were of interest to the world. We quoted several of the livelier absurdities of the book, as illustrating the pernicious literary error that slang is ease, and flippancy, spirit, and general carelessness, general superiority. Some of these we shall repeat here, in order that the reader may understand that the author, if by chance he has any vanity, would not, probably, delight in the exposure of his bad grammar and worse taste, and would not be reluctant to improve any opportunity of retaliation—the shame of such ridiculous offenses being heightened by the fact, that the author was also a clergyman of respectable standing.

The specimens were culled at random through the volumes. Mr. Samuel Ireneus Prime dines at one of Mr. George Peabody's banquets at Richmond, and sits next "a venerable English lady, patched and proud," and he records his surprise that "an aristocratic and splendidly-genteel woman" should behave as she behaved. In the London fish-market, the Rev. Mr. Prime and his companions are insulted by one of the fish-wives. As they retreat, "she followed us with her compliments, and some of her neighbors heaped on a few more of the same sort." He hears some one "demand a question:" and the Reverend Mr. Prime informs us, with the delicate wit of a b'hoj in the Bowery, that Sir Joseph Paxton, "with a good wife, got a hundred thousand dollars, *not bad to take*." Again, he asks, or "demand," a question, "in as fair German as I could frame to pronounce." Venice is "*unlike anything else, in the way of a city, that was ever seen before*," and, in Florence, Madame A—"flourishes in the style of a princess," and "smokes and drinks, genteelly, of course," while Lord B—"is cutting a great dash in the city;"

and, reaching Egypt, this is the rhapsody of an American clergyman "*on the Nile! on the Nile! and a broader, swifter, altogether a more respectable river than we had looked for*."

Now, a book of whose ludicrous vacuity such extracts are fair specimens—which dashed at all the most familiar objects on all the most familiar routes of European travel, with an ingenious imbecility that positively destroyed the interest of the most interesting scenes—was a stroke of pure farce, and would only have amused an idle moment, except that it also afforded a signal instance of that testy and truculent jealousy which often leads American travelers in Europe to defend bad things at home because there are bad things abroad.

The Reverend Samuel Ireneus Prime, for instance, going down to Oxford, sees women working in the fields, and calls them "the white slaves of England," and seriously argues with a fellow-traveler that, because they do not "love the employment," their condition is as bad as that of the American slave, and, therefore, the slave sympathy of England is gratuitous and impertinent. In the course of the conversation, the reverend author remarks that the English treat women as they are not treated in "any other Christian country of which I have heard." This is, at least, perceptive for a traveler upon the continent where women universally work in the fields; or for a citizen of New York, where women may be daily seen dragging little wagons, side by side, with dogs. But the whole thing has nothing to do with slavery. The woman works in the field, as a lawyer works at the bar, or the merchant in his shop, not because he loves it, but because he must earn his honest livelihood. Of course the observations of a man who so entirely confounds and confuses common sense, who consoles himself for his broken leg by observing that his neighbor is blind of an eye, are of the same consequence in themselves as Mr. Toots's observations; but we improved the occasion to speak to the general error.

The book of the Reverend Samuel Ireneus Prime was foolish and unimportant, and is now forgotten. It made assertions, indeed, that, especially as coming from a clergyman, shocked our moral sense quite as much as anything

we said in an essay upon "A National Drama" could have shocked the *Observer*: and if we had stated, with an air of solicitous warning, what was true enough, that this Mr. Samuel Irenæus Prime, claiming to be a Christian clergyman, said things that were baldly atheistic, the *Observer*, careful of Christian charity when its own ox was gored, would, doubtless, have admonished us of the impropriety of such language.

Now, let the reader mark. Immediately after the publication of our article upon the book of this reverend gentleman, the *New York Observer* stopped its exchange with *Putnam's Monthly*. In due course, failing to receive it, we sent for the copy due us, and were told that we might buy it if we wanted it. The *Observer* had a perfect right to stop the exchange, and we have endeavored to bear up under the loss; but our urbane ecclesiastical weekly allows its malice to overtop its veracity when it says: "The publishers of this monthly ceased sending it to us when we discovered the spirit that pervades its pages."

The *Observer* had a right to stop the exchange, but it had no right to misstate the circumstances of that stoppage, and make us appear to have been chafed by its criticisms of our character and career, which criticisms we always forgave with many smiles. And if the reflecting mind should demand what motive could the *Observer* have to stop the exchange at that time, or to make injurious representations afterwards, would it not be a curious and interesting coincidence if the substance of the Reverend Samuel Irenæus Prime's book should have been originally published in the columns of the vivacious *Observer*, signed Irenæus, and if, at the time it stopped the exchange and called *Putnam* infidel, it should have been generally understood that the name of one of the most active editors of the *New York Observer* was Samuel Irenæus Prime?

That is to say, in brief, that Mr. Prime, whose name does not appear upon the *Observer*, was yet understood to be one of its editors; that he went to Europe and wrote letters which were published in that paper; that he returned and printed them in a book; that *Putnam* reviewed the book and exposed its absurdity and sophistry; that, thereupon, the *Observer* stopped its exchange

with *Putnam*; that it untruly stated the exchange to have been stopped by *Putnam* because the *Observer* had discovered its spirit—when the truth was, that the boot was entirely on the other foot, for the exchange was stopped because *Putnam* had discovered its want of spirit in the book of the reverend editor of the *Observer*; and that, finally, with the Christian hope of doing the magazine all the harm it could in the "religious" world, the *Observer* charges it, in general, with "progressive infidelity." Whether, so far as the *Observer* is concerned, this charge, iterated and reiterated, and coupled with a deliberate misstatement of fact, is made in good faith, or from bad feeling, every sensible reader will decide for himself.

We suggest to the editorial direction of this "religious" newspaper, which appears under the heading as Sidney E. Morse & Co., Editors and Proprietors, to insert conspicuously for safe family reading in the "secular department" of their next issue, the familiar and pregnant proverb that "Certain chickens come home to roost." Let it learn not to call names spitefully, lest its spite return upon it with a sting. Let it understand that it is not to stand up in the land, and, while it insults and maligns the cause of humanity dear to that God who has made all the nations of the earth, think to cover its shame and pass for pious, by lustily bellowing "Lord! Lord!" We are glad to see that what the *Observer* would call the "secular press" exposes boldly the cunning pusillanimity of a paper, whose mendacity we have probably made apparent to the reader. A recent number of the *Ulica Herald* says, with justice:

"If the Christian ministry is to be attacked—if the Northern churches are to be arraigned—if man-catching and man-stealing are to be defended on strictly 'religious' grounds—if the Border-ruffian argument is to be presented with the ministerial twang superadded—*The Observer* is called into the field. It 'turns up' on every occasion when a triumph of Slavery is to be achieved, or has been accomplished. It 'turned up' in defense of the Fugitive Slave Law; it 'turned up' in defense of the Nebraska scheme; it 'turns up' in behalf of the Dred Scott decision. Every time Slavery has made a new demand, *The Observer* has made haste to back it up. Every time a new rascality has been hatched in the National Capitol, *The Observer* has shrieked Amen."

The *Observer* may or may not be, in the true sense, a "religious newspaper;"

but it must understand that men and magazines may not have the *Observer's* morals, and yet be quite as Christian, and faithful to God and man.

And now a word with any one who may sincerely wish to understand the ostensible ground of this assault of the *Observer* and *Watchman and Reflector*, and learn a little of the capacity, as we have already shown the animus, of these two "religious" journals.

In our February number was a brief and thoughtful paper upon "A National Drama." The *Watchman and Reflector* does not like it; which is sad. But the *Watchman and Reflector* willfully garbles and distorts a passage in it, which is silly. It says: "The article is also saturated with a poorly disguised infidelity, audaciously stating, as the 'true Christian principle, that out of himself is to come every man's redemption.' Can it be that this writer ever read the New Testament, ever heard that saying of the Redeemer, 'Without me ye can do nothing'—or that of the greatest Christian apostle: 'When we were without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.'"

The whole passage, conveniently deformed by the *Watchman and Reflector* to do all the harm it could, is as follows, and let the reader mark again the honesty of the "religious" newspaper:

"More than our European ancestors, we (Americans) mould, each one of us, our own destiny; we have a stronger inward sense of power to unfold and elevate ourselves; we are more ready and more capable to withstand the assaults of circumstance. Here is more thoroughly embodied the true Christian principle, that out of himself is to come every man's redemption; that the favor and help of God are only to be obtained through resolute self-help and honest, earnest struggle. In Christendom we stand alone as having above us neither the objectivity of politics nor that of the church. The light of the past we have, without its darkness. We carry little weight from the exacting past. Hence, our unexampled freedom and ease of movement, which, wanting the old conventional ballast, to Europeans seems lawless and reckless. Even among ourselves, many tremble for our future, because they have little faith in humanity, and because they cannot grasp the new grand historic phenomenon of a people possessing all the principles, practices, and trophies of civilization without its paralyzing encumbrances.

"But think not, because we are less passive to destiny, we are rebellious against Deity; because we are boldly self-reliant, we are, therefore, irreligiously defiant. The freer a people is, the nearer it is to God. The more subjective it is, through acquired self-rule, the more will it

harmonize with the high objectivity of absolute truth and justice. For, having thrown off the capricious secondary rule of man, we shall not be the less, but the more, under the steadfast, primary rule of God; for, having broken the force of human fallible prescription, we shall the more feel and acknowledge the supremacy of flawless divine law; for, having rejected the tyranny of man's willfulness, we shall submit the more fully to the beneficent power of principle."

Our readers will probably agree with us that this is, in commercial phrase, "a superior article" of "infidelity."

The next illustration of our infidelity is not less striking. In the same article which condemns the above cited extract, the *Watchman and Reflector* says: "Another unchristian sentiment is that on p. 114, hinting that it is natural for a clergyman to believe in Divine Providence, but that the 'philosophical historian' will attribute the result under notice to a well known philosophical fact. That may be the impulse of an epicurean or atheistic philosophy, but Jehovah reigneth, whether the philosophers own it or not."

The passage alluded to—will the reader please observe it and compare with the above extract?—is a note to the article upon "Myles Standish," and is as follows:

"The Rev. Dr. Young, in a note to one of Robinson's letters, given in the 'Chronicle of the Pilgrims' observes: 'It was certainly a remarkable providence that, out of the twenty-one men—the others were women and children—who died the first winter, so few were among the leaders of the expedition. With the exception of Carver—the first Governor—most of the prominent men were spared. How different might have been the fate of the colony, had Bradford, Winslow, Standish and Allerton been cut off.' It is natural for a clergyman to see here a special providence—the philosophic historian will see in it only the well-established physiological fact, that the power of endurance depends quite as much on mental energy as on bodily strength, indeed, much more."

And, finally, the *Watchman and Reflector* valorously supported by its faithful Sancho Panza, the *Observer*, charges at another windmill with gratifying intrepidity. We copy from our favorite *Observer*:

#### "RUM REASONING.

"This was *Delirium Tremens*. All that I have related, of the pursuit and conflict, was but an accusing vision. My abused brain had conjured up that horrid warning. Since that day, the doctrine of universal salvation has had arguments as well as charms for me. So

much of hell as was compressed into that stage-trip from Madison Square to Barnum's Museum, has saved me from believing in an eternity of it."

"So concludes an article in the March number of *Putnam's Magazine*. 'One is puzzled,' says the *Watchman and Reflector*, 'on reading it, to conjecture the writer's meaning—whether he is in serious earnest, or is satirizing Universalism. Certainly a severer thrust into any religious system could hardly be made than by presenting it as one that commends itself very especially to the likings and the experimental logic of a brain bedeviled with alcohol. As an argument in good faith it would be ridiculous, if the subject were not so serious. The dreadfulness of hell is a good reason for shunning it by repentance; but it is no reason at all for presuming that it cannot endure. But, whether, in jest or in earnest, whether meant to be for or against Universalism, it seems to us that every thoughtful person must regard such a treatment of that most awful subject as highly indecorous. *Putnam's Magazine*, the prospectus of the last volume announced, 'has opinions and principles.' There will be a good many people who will be interested to know whether it is to include theology in the range of its topics, whether Universalism is one of the 'opinions and principles' it is to be understood to have, and whether the stuff we have quoted is a sample of the 'liberal and intelligent discussion' it befriends. The proprietors may find that they are setting a price upon their work which the religious portion of society cannot consent to pay.'"

The little sketch, "Broadway Bedeviled," was a solemn and touching plea for temperance, in the form of a thrilling description of the effects of *delirium tremens*, told by the sufferer himself. It was very brief and very vivid, recounting the promenade through Broadway of a victim of the rum-madness, followed and haunted, as he walked or rode, by the ghastly fiends that avenge the indulgence of this appetite. It was drawn with great skill and with the evident fidelity of fearful remembrance. The tone of the entire article was fearfully serious; only a ribald could see jesting in a thing so tragic, and the last sentence was simply the high-wrought climax of hyperbole to express in a word the dreadful horror of the suffering. Whether the author cleaves to the particular sect of the *Watchman and Reflector*, or of the *Observer*, or to some other, is beside the question. The sketch was a strong, manly, striking

word against a prevalent sin. "Religious" newspapers, like the *Observer*, which perceive no conflict between the divine golden rule of loving your neighbor as yourself and human slavery, will naturally find fault with the theology of a metaphor, and, with equal naturalness, omit to sympathize with the exposure of a sinful indulgence.

In the name of heaven and Christianity why do not this precious pair of saints instead of excusing slavery, and bearing false witness against their neighbors, by misstatement of facts and misquotation of passages, attend a little to the beams in their own eyes? Their dishonesty defiles their whole class, and all the religious newspapers suffer by this shamelessness of two.

There are plenty of religious men in this country who feel, with some sadness, that the clergy, as a class, are not so conspicuous in the van of all moral and humane movements as their position as ministers of God, and not apologists for man, implies and demands. There are plenty of religious men, clergymen and others, who see with shame and alarm, that the technically "religious" newspapers follow with timid eagerness the lead of time-serving and weak political journals, in denouncing all clergymen who expose, as Christ exposed, special sins, and particular classes of sinners. In a country whose only political hope of the future is in the general moral heroism of the people, and where public moral sense has always been so powerful a political lever, every patriot and Christian is concerned to take care so far as lies in him, who moves that lever, and to see who corrupts that sense. Every Christian minister is peculiarly concerned that the newspapers, for which his profession is editorially responsible, shall at least tell the truth in secular affairs; shall not be mere conduits of sectarian spleen or the sour spite of wounded vanity, but with a hearty sympathy, and generous hope, and Christian faith, give their hands and their hearts to the work of saving men here as well as hereafter.

## THE GREEN CLOTH.

IT was a common saying among us, old Californians of Forty-Nine, that there was no such light for shining through a man as that of the first great fire. In its strong glare the philosophic spectator became clairvoyant, and his subject transparent. Morally, your scrutiny pierced the heart of the San Franciscan then, and in the same glance you took in the letter, full of his mother's pious admonitions, in his breast-pocket, and the revolver in its belt at his back—as in Harlequin Faust you see, through the sad-colored waistcoat of Mephistophiles, the three red-hot buttons on his coat behind. The shade was drawn back from the human dark-lantern, and flaming passions within, blazing through the bull's eye, lit up all around. Then you recognized any man by the light of his neighbor's soul. Then the cardinal virtues, like certain common necessities of life, met with an appreciation naturally enhanced by their scarcity. Honesty was a high trump card. Indeed, to pursue the appropriate local figure, society was as the favorite game, wherein everybody pretended to play "on the square;" when your adversary, having seen your last "brag," stopped "going better," and called your hand, if you happened to hold a single sterling trait, it was sure to be received as the four aces, which can "rake down any kind of a pile."

It was strange how soon, and how surely, the original Satan in every new arrival asserted himself. The enterprising publican who, regardless of expense, first brought a wagon-load of ice into Sacramento City, from the Sierra Nevada, and introduced his grateful fellow-citizens to a new pleasure in the shape of brandy-smashes at half a dollar a drink, had been, two years before, president of a far-reaching society of Washingtonians in Philadelphia, and out-Goughed Gough in wondrous apocalypses of cold water. The white-neck-clothed and single-minded brother who, when the Graham House was opened, undertook, for the highest bid, the bar and coffee-stand, two billiard tables, one rondo, three roulette, two faro, and six monte ditto, had, within the twelvemonth, ridden an apostolic circuit in Alabama, dispensing pious tracts from a green bag.

This same Gossage—that was the name of the retired tract-monger—afforded, in his own character and habits, an amusing example of how a man could get imbued with the peculiar vice of the time; and that was the game of Brag—brag, and the hard old vices of its kindred, bluff and poker. Brag was in all the air, and you breathed it unwholesomely, to the tainting of your blood; its principle soaked through your very clothes, as it were, and percolated your pores. There were men, all around you, who believed in nothing but brag, who swore by brag, who lived on brag, who, if needs must, would die for brag. Of such was Gossage; and he shall serve for my representative bragger, of whom a characteristic anecdote, familiar to many Forty-Niners, may illustrate my meaning.

We old Californians hold in respectful remembrance "Moffat's Coin," as they were called—pretty five-dollar gold pieces, fac-similes of the federal half-eagles, save in the substitution, on the reverse, of the words "Moffat & Co." for "United States of America." They were a god-send in the days when the great dearth of standard money among us subjected us to all manner of inconvenience, not to mention serious losses by the discount on gold-dust as a legal tender in trade. It was said that they even exceeded in value, by one per cent., their namesakes of the national mints. At all events we were very happy in them, and had no patience with the suspicious egotism of Wall street, which ignored them altogether, bringing them into bad odor abroad, so that they were, from the first, quite useless except for the behests of our small local traffic. Very soon they were called in from their brief hour of circulation, to be melted into ingots for home shipments; and so, utterly disappeared from the pockets of our citizens, and even from the green boards of the gamblers. Six months from the date of their brilliant apparition, a specimen was "good for sore eyes," and would command a premium as a curiosity.

One day, not many weeks before Col. Bonner the proprietor emptied their revolvers at each other across the bar—and by the same token the City

Fathers found the bullets sticking in the wall when they installed themselves in those premises in the name of Law and Order—a crowd of miners, mechanics, clerks, learned-professioners, and other amateur gamesters, being met in the saloon of the Graham House, the conversation among a knot of thirsty souls, who waited for brandy-smashes, turned on California currency in general and Moffat's coin in particular. Their sudden apparition and evanishment were remarked upon, and one or two had specimens to show, which they prized next to half-cents, or certain curious political coppers of the Jackson campaigns, inscribed "Not One Cent for Tribute, Millions for Defense." The bragging ear of Gossage caught its cue, as he was toying idly at a faro-table with a few red counters.

"Gave half an ounce apiece for them Moffat kine, did you? Dreadful green of you I must say. Why I've got a thousand of them myself; and if any gentleman with a turn for kine-fancying, would like to fill a cabinet or a cart with just such fellows as them, for a small deduction from the last price, I should be glad to accommodate him." Talk of half-cents, now; they are something like—should like to give a dollar for one myself. But eight dollars for Moffat's kine is a leetle enthusiastic, if not green."

Mr. Gossage was no stranger to most of his audience; and this new, and somewhat bolder, exhibition of his ruling passion would have elicited no more than a quiet smile from the sophisticated circle, but for the presence of two or three new arrivals, who expressed their appreciation of what they considered "high old blowing," in a burst of hilarity, wherein their astonishment was not unmingled with disrespectful incredulity. Such popular ejaculations, expressive of a good-natured doubt, as "G-a-as!" "Over the left!" "Hi, hi, hi!" etc., broke from these brusque new-comers.

Now Gossage was at home. "If any gentleman would back his disbelief to the extent of a few ounces, he would be happy to size his pile."

"Hi, hi, hi! Oh yes; five thousand dollars, you know, lying—where did you say you kept them, Mr. Gossage?"

"In my trunk, sir—in my room, sir—in this house, sir."

"Oh, yes—lying about loose, not

even tied up, like Tom Carter's milk. Ready money worth twelve per cent. a month, too, and he with twelve banks in monte and faro—Hi, hi, hi!"

"All very fine, gentlemen," Gossage said, "but hi, hi, hi ain't nuther arguments nor manners. Facts is facts, and opinions as is opinons is worth backing. I'm ready to back my facts as high as any man's moderate pile, and if I'm deceived in 'em I'm willing to pay for the disapp'intment."

"Pshaw, Gossage," said some one, "what's the use your trying on that old dodge at your time of life? Why don't you take your brag in the natural way? Especially when everybody knows your game."

But Mr. Gossage began now to have a grievance; he felt hurt; "he had asserted a thing, and he thought he was good for all it would cost to prove it; it was hard if he couldn't get the chance. If he was bluffing, here was an opportunity for gents of spirit to take the conceit out of him."

A quiet young man who had remained, from the first, in the background, seemingly only an amused spectator, here came forward, and said he quite agreed with Mr. Gossage. Mr. Gossage's veracity was at stake on an interesting question, and he was in favor of Mr. Gossage's having a fair show. Gentlemen should not be too hard on Mr. Gossage. True, he would have, occasionally, his little outside game of bluff, by way of joke merely. But this time he was evidently serious and sincere. Mr. Gossage's feelings ought not to be trifled with; gentlemen were wrong to twit him with his little peculiarities. For his own part, he did not believe a word Mr. Gossage had said about the Moffats. Not that he doubted Mr. Gossage's word—oh, by no means; he only thought he saw the bluff sticking out. He wished he had as many dollars as he did not believe in those Moffats. He was ready not to believe in them—say two hundred dollars worth, which was all he had about him.

Mr. Gossage "knew his young friend was a gentleman by the remark he made—a man of spirit and disposed to do things on the square. Them 'ere observations of his'n was worthy of his head and heart. He would meet his little pile."

So the four hundred dollars were forthwith produced and placed in the

hands of a "mutual friend." Then with sudden gravity—for a suicide, or a murder, or a hanging match was, in those days, a less grave affair than an extraordinary bet, even for so small a sum as two hundred dollars—all turned toward the stairs by which they were to make their way to the chamber of the treasure; but, first, all took another drink at Gossage's expense, and it was agreed that the winner should treat the crowd to champagne.

To the Gossage apartments were many stairs, with their corresponding landings. At the top of the first flight Gossage stopped, and turned to his company, as one who suddenly recollects an important something. There was a "pint" on which he would like to understand the gentleman. Did the gentleman intend to avail himself of the leading maxim to which all fancy gentlemen subscribe—namely, that betting on a certainty goes for nothing—that a wager is made null and void by positive foreknowledge, with conclusive assurance of the result, on the part of either better. If yes, they need go no further, for he *was* betting on a certainty.

No, the gentleman unconditionally waived all that; he would take all the risks—somewhat facetiously adding that Mr. Gossage's certainties were an exception to the general rule.

Mr. Gossage, with a reproachful look, went on, only remarking that he was glad they understood each other; he presumed the gentleman knew his own business best.

Flight No. 2: Mr. Gossage stops again—stands for a moment suspended, as it were—all silent; Mr. Gossage appears to be about to make a speech; he does make a short one. "True, gambling was his trade and the cards was his tools; but there was a time for everything, and at such times as it suited him so to do, he hoped he could conduct himself as a gentleman, and a man whose heart is in the right place. He had not the honor to be personally acquainted with his young friend, whom he met on this occasion for the first time—and happy he was to find him a gent after his own heart. The brother might be a man of independent fortune, the tallest kind of a pile; and then again he moughtn't. However, he was willing to give the gentleman a fair shake, to treat him on the square. Far be it from him to poke his fingers into a

gent's pocket, as never did him no harm, and clean him out like. Gents as knew Tom Gossage knew he was oncappable of sich. The brother was apperiently a person of feeling and refinery. He hoped Tom Gossage was the same in his humble way. Therefore, he wished, in a friendly way, to exosterlate with the gentleman. Might not the brother be rushing at his puddles, rayther resky? He was agreeable to let the gentleman up."

The "brother" returned thanks. He was touched by Mr. Gossage's kind consideration. Those who knew Mr. Gossage better than he did, would no doubt say that it was all quite natural, just like Tom Gossage; but he confessed he was touched. Nevertheless, he preferred not to be let up. The bet was a good bet, and he thought it would keep—it was, indeed, a delightful bet, if only in having been the means of introducing him to his honorable friend. He would rather not part with it.

Mr. Gossage was touched, in his turn; there was a trace of sadness in his air, as he resumed the ascent.

Flight No. 3: Once for all, Mr. Gossage wished to know how far the gentleman meant to carry this joke, if it were a joke. If the gentleman was in earnest, the gentleman must excuse him, but he considered the gentleman a fool. The brother must recollect that his, the speaker's, character, as a man of honor, was at stake. If he took the gentleman's pile, other brethren, outsiders, would say he hadn't done the clean thing by the gentleman. He would like to hear any gent say that; any gent would oblige him by putting in that insinerwation; he would be happy to bet any brother fifty, or a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, or two hundred dollars, that no man in the crowd had the cheek to put in that insinerwation.

The gentleman hoped not. Did Mr. Gossage live inside the house, or out on the roof?

Mr. Gossage walks straight to a door and, with indignant resolution depicted on his countenance, lays his hand on the knob, takes from his pocket a key, applies it to the lock, turns it.

"You'd better not."

"Oh, I think I will."

"No don't. Upon my soul I don't like to. Say you think better of it, in time. Then I'll just show you the kine, to amuse you, stand the cham-

pagne myself, and say nothing about it."

Omnes: "Hi, hi, hi!"

Mr. Gossage throws open the door violently; leaps to the side of a narrow iron bedstead; drags from underneath it a scurvy hair trunk, rather easy to handle; goes down on his knees and opens it with a small key, fished out from the profound of his breeches pocket.

"You will, will you?"

"Yes, sir-ee."

Mr. Gossage tosses up the lid of the scurvy rattle-trap.

Two stumps of cigars, a box of percussion caps, and a pack of cards!

"Boys," says Mr. Gossage, slyly looking up, "I believe you've got me this time."

In truth, the Gossages were the "remarkable men" of the day. They constituted a controlling class, with whom was all the *moral*, physical and financial force. Abounding in ready resources of no particular nature, and unscrupulous in the application of them—themselves well stocked with the adventurer's courage, and their courage imposingly backed up with six-shooters; numbering in their society, whether as professionals or amateurs, many of the "first men of the city;" having the largest show of "smartness," if not of a purer intellectuality and culture—of sophisticated observation, reckless enterprise, and, best of all, cash; paying the highest rents, monopolizing the most desirable business sites, prompt in applying every new and admirable improvement, commanding every comfort that invention or expensive labor could supply—every luxury that fine raiment, and pictures, and shows, and music, and wine, and a motley "world of ladies" could stand for—no wonder that they swayed the city, and carried the day with a high hand. No wonder, indeed, for they paid twelve per cent. a month for money, and were ready to take all they could get at that price, offering securities in faro furniture, the good-will and fixtures of a hell of decanters and ivory counters, a lease, a house, a water-lot, a mine.

Moreover, the gambler of Forty-Nine was no vulgar rogue, or villain of the homely stripe; he had his aspirations; it was fat and proud game he hunted,

and he put his own life into the chase. He had his sentiments, more or less exalted, according to the location of his tables and the quality of his friends. The fifty-cent roulette-twirler or thimble rigger, of Pacific street or Little Sidney, might not be so sublime and imposing in his definitions of honor as the thousand-dollar faro-dealer of the Parker House or El Dorado; but he was sure to be twice as noisy and exacting. "Gentlemen," he would say—no word half so often on his lips as that—"Gentlemen, we plays on the square; if we doesn't play on the square, difficulties, and onpleasantnesses, and six-shooters is liable. Gentlemen, I hope we are all honorable men; we'll have our little game peaceable and on the square if we can, but we will have it any how, by thunder!"

In the Bella Union, or the California Exchange, aristocratically pitched on the Plaza, the style of conversation across the green cloth, in cases of "difficulty," was different, being more debonaire, not so broad:

"A moment, if you please," quietly remarks an almost beardless desperado, covering his pile with a firm hand, and fixing dangerous eyes on the burly dealer of monte whom he addresses—"You can stop there."

"Well, sir?"

"Well—excuse me, but I think you drew *two* cards."

"I believe not. I'll take your pile, if you please; the kerwaiyo takes it."

"Two cards!"

"Your money!"

And in each case the words are accompanied by a quick but quiet movement which discloses a revolver. With the appearance of these two new disputants—polished, curt, of brief but sharp downright speech—there is a quick but fussless stir among the spectators around the table. In a moment a clear space is formed in the midst of a still circle of flashing eyes, compressed lips, and clenched hands. You may count twenty deliberately ere you hear a breath drawn, or see the slightest movement.

"Well, sir?"

"Well!"

"Your money!"

"Your cards!"

Up steps a by-stander, some cool, steady veteran, expert in the game, and versed in the law of difficulties—a man of awful nerve, whose tympanum, ac-

oustomed to the crack, no pistol-shot alarms.

"Gentlemen," says he, "try arbitration first."

Another quick exchange of inquiring and responsive glances between the disputants. Not a word; but the eyes of each plainly say "Agreed." Both throw themselves back in their chairs, and withdraw their hands from the table, with the air of men inviting examination, and resolute to abide the result. The veteran calls up two brothers of the green cloth, competent to act as umpires; and three minutes, fraught with mortal danger, are passed in deliberately counting the cards as they lie on the cloth, and naming them slowly—like the tolling of a bell, or the measured pronouncement of a death sentence. Except that, there has been no noise but the simultaneous clicking of two pistol locks. The dealer and his young vis-à-vis are seemingly strangely unconcerned for the event.

"You are wrong, my friend," says Veteran, "no double card was drawn here. Mistakes will happen to the most careful gentlemen."

From that decision there is no appeal. His finger on the trigger, after that, would have cost the young fellow his life. So pistols go back to their sleeping places, hands are shaken across the table, drinks to the company, at the expense of the "bucker"—as he who plays against the bank is called; and the game proceeds with a better understanding.

Had the result of the examination been otherwise, a man or two would have been killed presently.

Thus, the law being to play fair or die, and the finest distinctions of the meum and tuum defined by the pistol, it is easy to understand that there were honest gamblers in San Francisco in Forty-Nine. Indeed, I will go so far as to assert that, as a class, none were so strict and punctual in all their dealings. The signature of a Gossage, in good standing, passed at par for the sum it was responsible for. No investment safer or more profitable than a loan to him—no claim easier of collection. I have seen our young friend of the "Old Adobe," Mr. John Coit, when he had just been "cleaned out," borrow a thousand dollars from the nearest table, giving no more formal bond than a quarter of a dollar with a few mysterious

scratches on its face; yet, among his fraternity, that curious I. O. U. would pass current for a month—the mystic coin good as the best paper on Wall street for the thousand dollars it stood for, until it suited Mr. Coit to redeem it, perhaps from fourth or fifth hands.

Nor were these men, though most dangerous on certain professional points, by any means habitually quarrelsome. On the contrary, they were often the peace-makers of a fierce crowd whose explosive passions were stirred—constituting themselves an extemporaneous vigilance committee in the name of the Law and Order they had themselves set up for the occasion; and then woe to the refractory!

At one of the monte-tables in a saloon on Kearney street, the game was dealt by a slender, pale, young man, almost a stripling, and with seemingly the delicate organization of a girl—his lips soft, his eyes gentle, his hands small and fair, his hair fine, no beard save a slight moustache—his attire well fitting and scrupulously neat, his air pensive, his ways always quiet. One evening an ugly brute, of the Pike County breed, burly and blustering, his naturally vicious temper heated to hideous fierceness by rum, seated himself at this young man's table and called for a "lay out" of the cards. His manner, provoking from the first, soon became intolerably insulting, and he assailed the dealer with outrageous taunts and menaces, accusing him of cheating, and with abusive oaths refusing to pay over the stakes the bank had won.

The dealer, patient and long-suffering, and soft-spoken to the last, gently remonstrated with the bully, as with one irresponsible, and whose ugly manners were his misfortune. At last the fellow, deceived by the gracious demeanor of his reluctant antagonist, demanded the refunding of his losses, which were of mean amount—for he had been playing rather for a quarrel than for money—and threatened to cut the dealer's heart out, if he did not instantly "fork over." To this the young man replied by leaping nimbly across the table, and dragging him by the hair from his seat. In an instant the bully drew a formidable bowie; but before he could make a lunge, a quick, sharp, shot-like blow from the lady-like fist, delivered with scientific

precision and force, sent him down, his knife flying from his hand. And again, and again, as he sprang, with remarkable agility and much spunk, to his feet, he went down, and down. Till at last, half-stunned, blind with blood, and quite bewildered and helpless, he sat on the floor and fairly cried: "Enough! enough! you are too much for me. Who the devil are you?"

The young man, whose face was scarcely flushed with the exercise, and whose eye at once resumed its softness, and his air its quiet, said: "My friend, get up"—at the same time assisting him; "you are a great fool. My name is—" Well, never mind his name; there are but few Americans to whom it is not familiar; even a transatlantic notoriety attaches to it. It is the name of a blood-stained hero of the ring, who killed his man, some years ago, in one of the most protracted and cruel gladiatorial encounters recorded in the shocking annals of pugilism. That man was one of the most exemplary of law-abiding San Franciscans in Forty-Nine. Those dreadful fists were never used save to restore order.

Poor Tom Cross! his was a queer, sad case. Tom was a gentleman's son from New Orleans,—with fair mental parts, a superior education, winning address, and a most generous soul. His were that fatal unthrift which takes no care for the morrow, "that no man ever saw," and that adventurer's passion for hazards, that go to make up the most tolerable type of gamester. Full of pitiful promptings, any hope-forsaken wretch—purse-broken, health-broken, heart-broken, who had dragged his racked joints, his chills, and his despair, all the way from the mines, beckoned onward by the cruel angel of an unattainable home, an irrecoverable mother, and an impossible earthly rest—was a god-send to the Abraham's bosom of Tom Cross's prosperity. And when at last he struck a vein of bad luck, and Typhoid fever broke the bank of his good spirits, he proposed, between the spoonfulls of his beef-tea, to deal for Jack with me, double or quits, for the bill he thought I was scoring against him. He won; and then we turned the cards again, double or quits, for the doctoring of the rheumatic Digger Indian in the next tent.

One evening I found Tom much worse; he had been sitting up in a

draught of cold, damp air, all the afternoon, playing Solitaire. I tucked his Mackinaw blanket warmly about him, and exacted his promise that he would keep under its shelter till I returned. Late that night, impelled by painful forebodings, I made my way to his tent in Happy Valley. It was empty—no Tom there. In an adjoining shantee, an old Texan Ranger, with the dysentery, said Tom had been there much improved and in high spirits, and had taken a hand for one turn at high-low-jack. He had left for his blankets again, about half an hour since. I had some trouble to find him. He lay in a thick clump of bushes, some yards off—dead. There was an old worn-out ace of hearts in his trousers pocket, with two lines written on it with a lead pencil—"Good-by, mother! Pardon and love poor Tom." It had evidently been prepared some time before, and kept there in case of accident.

In the latter months of Forty-Nine a number of professional gamblers in large practice were residing at the Graham House—among the rest, two who were especially remarkable for the boldness of their play and the steadiness of their business nerves. These were a hunchback, named Briggs—and Joe Bassett, a better sort of graduate of the old Vicksburg school. Both had been signally successful in many sharp operations during the year, and had acquired a considerable property in lots, which for their convenience in business they had converted into cash, and banked, partly with Burgoyne or Wright, partly on various monte-tables.

One day, in an after-dinner chat, they compared notes and found that they stood equally fairly on the gamblers' 'change, each being good for just one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in immediately available dust. Being both more than usually enterprising under the inspiration of wine, Briggs offered a daring banter which was recklessly accepted by Bassett: that they should at once adjourn to an upper faro room, fill up each a check for the entire sum he was worth in cash, divide equally between them two hundred and forty thousand dollars in red checks, and play for the whole—neither to leave the room on any pretext until all the red checks were lost and won. Accordingly, with not less equanimity and pleasant singleness of purpose, they retired, with a few

choice spirits of their set, to the privacy of a reserved apartment, and having provided store of choice liquor, cigars, and viands for the company, executed the required documents, divided the rosy counters, took their seats at opposite sides of the table, and began their extraordinary and most interesting contest—a contest which called out such feats of memory, sagacity, discrimination, self-possession, quick recognition of signs and detection of sly finesse, such fine feints, nimble thrusts and parries, hot assaults, and well-ordered retreats, as would have made the fortune and the fame of a statesman, a general, or a fencing-master.

The first deal was made at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the game went on with changing fortune all night. At the elbow of each stood a glass of water, moderately treated with brandy. Neither smoked—a cloud between them would have been as culpable a blunder as the sun in the eyes of a duelist. Ten o'clock next morning found them yet in their places—both looking somewhat pale and fagged, but very quiet. Briggs had four thousand dollars left of all that he was worth in the world. The cards were dealt. The table at which they sat was near the door of the room; and just as Bassett, whose "say" it was, was making up his mind, some one entered and stood behind him. Briggs eyed his antagonist, over his hand, with a searching stare that held its very breath. Without noticing the entrance of the new-comer, with no flutter of his cards, without any startled glance, or even the movement of a finger, Bassett "went six thousand dollars." "Take the money," said the hunchback—and he took it. Briggs had two jacks, Bassett three kings. As the two tossed off great bumpers of raw brandy, Briggs remarked, as he rose to go off to bed, "If you had noticed that man I might have borrowed the money and held on a little longer; but when I saw that you did not turn to look over your shoulder, or drop the faces of your cards, I knew you had a sure hand." A few days after that, the hunchback invested fifty dollars, borrowed from Bassett, in a miner's outfit, and started for the diggings, where he died in a month, a helpless pauper.

Again: there was "Old Paul," as he was called. Who does not remember

Old Paul? A well-to-do-New-England-farmer-looking man, with a kindly composition of features and expression, exemplary and patriarchal in his manners—a man to go to for advice, abounding in various and instructive experiences of life, but full of benevolent leanings toward the world—a man to lounge, for three weeks in the month, about the passages and porticoes of his hotel, in dressing-gown and slippers, smoking a long meerschaum pipe, reading the *Alta*, or the latest home papers, projecting city improvements, discussing grand speculations, examining political aspects, taking the bearings of parties, weighing the claims of influential and representative men, severely looking into the business of the Town Council, considering at large the state of the country, defining the duties of Congress toward California, prophetically portraying the future of the State; and then—returning to the city, and its daily life, fraught with momentous and exciting events, full of scenes wonder-moving and often most painful—commending humanitarian projects, exhorting his impressive audience to participation in benevolent enterprises—the founding of a City Hospital, contributions to a fund for the relief of indigent, disabled and friendless strangers.

Such was Old Paul three weeks in the month. During the days that remained, he was apt to assume a different character, and appear in a rôle always stirring, and sometimes tending toward the tragic. That was when, casting the dressing-gown and slippers, pipe and newspaper, and the liberal projects of the public-spirited citizen, he started out, dust pouch in hand, to make the rounds of the tables. On such occasions his habit was—having provided himself abundantly with coin and dust—to take any principal saloon for his field of action, and disdaining small play, deliberately set about breaking tables. For Old Paul was in the wholesale gambling line. He confided in the inexhaustibility of his resources, the impressiveness of his reputation; and, especially, in his nerve and the skill of his play, his intimate initiation in the mysteries of the various games, and his curious professional acquaintance with the idiosyncrasy of every considerable dealer and the peculiar tricks of his manipulation. I have known him to take, in one evening,

five out of seven monte banks, beside a faro bank or two, and seat his own dealers at them to keep the game going, on his proprietorial account. Having done this, he would quietly subside again into dressing-gown and slippers, pipe and newspaper, political economy and visions of beneficence.

Toward the close of the year a considerable body of the "first citizens" called out Old Paul to stand for them, a candidate for the Comptrollership. Being ambitious, and active citizenship his particular vanity, he accepted the invitation. His most formidable opponent was a famous Texan Ranger, who had come out of the Mexican war with a few scars and many honors—an avowed pet of the populace, especially of that part of it which rallied around the banner of the disbanded New York regiment. Partisan passions ran high from the first; and, as election day drew nigh, bets flew fast and furious. The devoted adherents, and paid drummers, of the rival leaders, were busy in Plaza and street, bar-room and gambling saloon, stirring up the enthusiasm of the multitude, glorifying gambler and hero, coaxing, bribing, dragging the compliant and the foolish, the needy, the greedy and the drunk, into their respective ranks.

On voting day, the polls presented an unresting scene of delirious excitement, boundless intemperance, and angry struggle. Old Paul had chartered for the day the best-stocked hotel on the Plaza, and opened free larders and bars. So, up to four o'clock in the afternoon, the game seemed going exultingly for him. His people cheered his name uproariously at every poll, and the other side were growing dumb and tame. All at once the handsome ranger appeared in the centre of the Square, gallantly mounted on a richly caparisoned and beautiful black horse. He wore the costume and arms of his famous corps, and bore himself like a man who needed only the apparition of a squadron of Mexican lancers, disputing his passage, to complete his satisfaction. Suddenly, he plunged his ringing Mexican rowels into the shrinking sides of his steed, and, dashing down the slope of the Plaza, taking some flying leaps by the way, sharply reined up the astonished and rearing animal in the midst of an admiring crowd gathered in front of the polls at the Parker

House, whom he saluted with a gallant bow. Then he treated them to such feats of splendid horsemanship as would have satisfied Franconi or Ducrow—putting his steed to the headlong run, and bringing him up short on a serape flung on the ground before him—throwing himself over the neck of the foaming stallion, and firing his revolvers with unerring aim at small objects on the ground—leaping from the saddle with his bowie knife in his mouth, and recovering his seat, the horse always at full speed, with the agility of the unequaled Cadwallader—hitting doubloons tossed in the air, again and again, and hurling his knife into posts with the precision of a Chinese juggler.—He was elected.

Three months later, the defeated candidate published in a Sacramento paper a schedule of the debts he had paid since he started for the mines "with just seventeen dollars in his pocket." Nobody was so simple as to suppose that the public-spirited Paul meant that the money had been earned with pick and pan.

Of such was the fraternity which swayed the city in those days. The secret of their paramount influence lay, as I have said, partly in their harmonious combination of the preëminently American traits, of versatility of self-adaptation, quick appreciation of striking circumstances, a faculty of taking accurately and at once the bearings of new and strange situations, inexhaustibility of moral and material resources, fixity of purpose, persistence of endeavor, ready hazard of life, unflagging endurance, audacity of enterprise, ever fresh elasticity of sanguine temperament; but, principally, in the imposing figures of an omnipotent cash capital, wherewith they knew how to feed the enormous cravings of the people, and mitigate their privations and their pains.

For instance: your stirring labors for the day drawing to a close, what should you do next, to maintain yourself at that point of excitement whence to fall into self-perusal and despondency was dreadful and dangerous? You had no home, of course—that luxury had not yet been introduced. Reading was not to be thought of—you must have nerves of steel to be capable of the self-possession necessary to that tranquil recreation, even if you could find a place to read in. Visiting, too, was a

lost art—friends, like homes, were as yet unattainable delights. Your bed was a horror, to be put off to the last; for you slept in a foul bunk—one of a stack of such, to which a stable, a kennel, a sty were sweet—in a loft over the bar-room; and an atmosphere reeking with stale cigar smoke and the fumes of cheap rum, ascended to your outraged nostrils through great gaps in the floor. But from across the way your ears were saluted by sounds of maudlin hilarity and the incessant chink and tinkle of coin, blent with the sweetest strains of Bellini or Donizetti, and the ugly dissonance of lost women's laughter and loud wrangling. You are easily drawn thither—Mephistophiles your guide.

You plunge into a lake of dazing glare and devilish sorcery. Your eyes open on a flaring palace of Pandæmon, in whose festal chambers an insensate and debauched herd are gathered densely. Obscene pictures hang around the walls; a glittering array of decanters and glasses is reflected from tall mirrors; there is the multitudinous chink

of doubloons, mixed with the chatter of timid or undecided idlers, and the frequent popping of corks; orchestral impertinences override the rest; a few uncoated imperturbables knock billiard balls about; ten-pin balls rumble, roulette balls rattle, and the cards, the quiet, mocking cards, are everywhere. At first you loiter innocently, a philosophic and observant looker-on; then you take your inevitable part in the wicked hurly-burly. At last, you return to your abhorred den—now good enough for you, who have not the means left of paying even for that—and to the foul blankets, and a false sleep full of brain tricks. You dream that you are the Midas of many monte and faro banks: that you have choice water-lots at Long Wharf, and fifty-vara building sites on Montgomery street; that you are the oracle of a superior circle of bankers, judges, scholars, orators, ay—and divines; that you are alcaide, governor, senator in Congress—an honorable, a remarkable, a smart man. And your dream is true.

#### HISTORY, AS EXPOUNDED BY THE SUPREME COURT.

WHEN that model of a Roman Emperor, who has always passed in history under the nickname of Caracalla, put his colleague and brother Geta to death, he requested Papinian to write him out such a defense of the deed as it might be proper for him to read before the Senate. The old jurist answered, in the noblest spirit of justice, that it was a great deal easier to commit a murder than to justify it; and though the answer cost him his life ultimately, posterity has never ceased to admire the boldness no less than the truth of that reply!\*

Of the truth of it, the late decision of the Supreme Court of the United States is a signal instance. The officers of that body have found it much easier to inflict a mortal wound upon the civil life of large numbers of their fellow-men, as well as upon the most sacred principles of justice, than to give a satisfactory reason for their proceedings. It

was easy for them to decide that the descendants of Africans can not be citizens, that the Missouri compromise was unconstitutional, and that slavery may exist of right in all the territories, but it has not been easy for them to assign any grounds for that dictum which any intelligent or honest man will accept as valid, either in jurisprudence, history, morals or humanity.

We have read the opinions of this court, as published, with all the care which the importance of the matter involved exacts, and we feel bound to declare them among the feeblest defenses of an unrighteous act that it has ever been our lot to encounter. The controlling opinion, in particular, delivered by Chief Justice Taney, is weak and disingenuous beyond all precedent; and it may be said of the author of it, that, while he has seldom had the felicity to distinguish himself by the wisdom or ability of his judgments, he has certainly, by

\* Spartan, in Caracall. c. V.

this last effort, earned the unenviable eminence of having uttered the most untenable doctrine which ever emanated, on so grave a question, from his tribunal.

In regard to the legal merits of this decision, however, we do not propose to speak: that branch of the subject has been already amply discussed in the journals, and, without them, had been set at rest, we think, in the exhaustive and annihilating opinion of Judge Curtis. With a profound knowledge of the law, which might be expected in one of his position, and a familiarity with history, in which he seems to have the advantage of most of his colleagues, he has completely overturned the few and flimsy pretenses wherewith they sought to commend their erroneous assumption of power, and their fundamental perversion of principle. As much might be said of the opinion of Judge McLean, and both those upright magistrates—men who have ever been known for their strong conservative tendencies—who have had no novelties to introduce into jurisprudence, and no outside relations to warp their independence, and who, in resisting the departure of the other judges from the ancient ways, have only acted in perfect conformity with their settled characters—deserve the warmest thanks of every member of the community—of every class and every party. To their expositions of the law, therefore, we are willing to leave the decision of the question in the public mind.

But it happens that the opinion of Chief Justice Taney does not rest so much upon any interpretation of the law as it does upon a construction of the facts of history; and as, in that department, every student may be supposed to be as competent to judge as he is, we propose to examine the extent of his knowledge, and the accuracy of his judgment, in respect to it. Before doing so, however, let us stop for a moment to remark upon the very whimsical notion which is put forth by the adherents of the government to curb or intimidate free inquiry, to the effect that the decisions of the Supreme Court are not objects of legitimate criticism. If we might believe them, there is something so sacred in the character of this tribunal, or so infal-

lible and conclusive in its utterances, that every attempt to show their imperitency, or their error, is a species of crime scarcely less perilous than *crimen majestatis* under the Cæsars, or less sacrilegious than open resistance to a decree of the Pope. Although the very bench which renders the decision has found its severest condemnation in the recorded opinions of some of its own members, although it has ever been the custom of our most distinguished men, Jefferson, Jackson, Justice Story, Chancellor Kent,\* to canvass its action with the utmost freedom, and sometimes with avowed contempt,† although the most essential principle of our political structure is the responsibility of all functionaries to public sentiment, we are yet told that the judgments of the Supreme Court are not to be touched. The decree has gone forth, exclaim these reasoners, and forever after let the world hold its tongue! The irrevocable, irreversible, fatal vermillion-edict is published, and let all gainsayers beware!

Now, such an assumption may be adapted to the latitude of China, or may not be out of place under the unconditional rule of the Czar, but is surely something new in this republic, which long since abjured all human pretensions to the divine prerogatives. Our theory of government has been, that there is nothing final in civil affairs but truth and justice—that institutions are not an authority over the people, but the ministers and servants of the people: and while this theory lasts, it cannot be allowed to any body of individuals to usurp the supreme and irresistible control of their minds.

Pray, on what ground of reason or good sense is it inferred, that, because the judgments of the Supreme Court are final in the judicial sphere, they are also final in the political and moral sphere? Have we, in erecting that tribunal, as a mere convenience or necessity, if so be, of jurisprudence, created it, at the same time, an imperial organ of despotism? Have we, who, for three hundred years have canonized Martin Luther for denying the supremacy of the Romish court in matters of religion, raised a papistical consistency among ourselves, which is no less supreme in all civil matters? Have we, who are never weary of glorifying

\* See Life and Letters of Justice Story for the practice of the two last.

† See Jefferson's Correspondence as to the case of *Marbury v. Madison*. Vol. 3.

John Hampden for refusing to confess the decision of the Twelve Judges of the Exchequer in the little matter of ship-money—about twenty shillings—conferred upon our judges, not merely all their legal authority, but an authority which may control the actions of parties and the sentiments of individuals? We certainly have done all this and more, if it is to be taken for granted that, when a majority of the federal judges have pronounced upon a question, there is an end of controversy in regard to it—if from that moment the debates of the legislative halls, the criticisms of the newspapers, the clamors of the public assembly must cease, and a sudden silence fall upon society, like that which followed an interdict of Gregory or Boniface.

The pretense that, in controverting the decisions of the Supreme Court, we are likely to bring its character, as a high exponent of justice, into disesteem, and, thereby, lessen the popular respect for it, and the consequent supremacy of the law, is not only quite unfounded, but is an actual reversal of the true state of the case. The character of a court, like that of an individual, does not depend upon what is said of it, but upon what it really is. If it be worthy of respect, it will command respect; and, if it be unworthy, the sooner its deficiencies are exposed the better for the interests of the community whose welfare is so largely involved in its proceedings. Erskine, in his brilliant speech on the trial of Lord George Gordon, spoke of Mansfield, who, for thirty-two years, had presided in the King's Bench, as one whom nobody thought of but as of "the awful form and figure of justice," though Mansfield had more than once been assailed, in the heat of party debate, with the severest vituperation, not escaping, even, the envenomed shafts of Junius, and the rancorous invective of Pitt. And, what was said of him, will be true of every jurist, who preserves the integrity of his purpose, and the independence of his mind, unawed by power, and unseduced by extraneous or sinister influences. We do not believe that any amount of criticism, even though it should be calumnious, would shake the public confidence in a tribunal which had always shown itself the faithful expounder of justice, the guardian of right, and the protector of liberty. But

we should not be willing to answer, a single month, for the fate of that same tribunal, if it allowed the impression to go abroad that it was no longer the impassive oracle of law, but the windy mouth-piece of party. Its own conduct is the source both of its strength and its weakness. Let it maintain the ermine unsullied—let it show itself ever sedulous for the right—let it adhere, in all severity, to its original and only functions as a juridical body—having no sphere beyond the cases and parties amenable to its process, and, above all, utterly unrelated to any classes and sections of its common country—and it will, whatever may be said of it, preserve forever its lofty hold of human reverence. On the other hand, let it be seen, that the members of it may be swayed by local, or temporary, or private considerations, and it will sink into hopeless ignominy, though no voice should ever be lifted up to condemn its rottenness and vice.

There is, besides, a reason why courts of justice in general, and the Supreme Court of the United States in particular, more than any other departments of government, should be held to the strictest accountability to public opinion, in the fact that it is mainly through public opinion that the members of them can be reached. Holding their offices, for the most part, by the tenure for life—conducting their proceedings in chambers which, though open to the public, are seldom visited by the public—incapable of impeachment, except for grave and patent offenses, and then by forms which are not of ready application—the exercise of a prompt and fearless criticism, in regard to judges, becomes a necessary recourse against their misuse of their powers. That criticism may be violent and may be unsound, in which cases it will defeat its own purposes, and do little harm; but it is just as likely to be judicious and pertinent, and then it must exert a salutary influence. It is a great mistake to suppose that discussion, in itself, can do much damage, apart from the truth or justice which it conveys; and old Cromwell had a true perception of the mode in which its freedom was to be regarded, when he replied to those who would persuade him into an act of bigotry: "Does a man speak foolishly?" he said. "Suffer him gladly, for ye are wise. Does he speak erroneously? Stop his mouth

with sound words that he cannot gain-say. Does he speak truly? Rejoice in the truth!"\* But it is their inability to follow the last clause of this advice, we suspect, which induces so many to deprecate what the noble Milton called "the liberty of unlicensed printing." Be that as it may, we know that courts of justice, with all their competence, may mistake the law—courts of justice, with all their integrity, may deflect the law—and, in either event, the public has a right to be informed of their errors, and a right to insist upon the amendment of them, in such ways as may have been provided by the constitutional formula. For it cannot be pretended, at this day, that any human tribunal is absolutely impeccable; nor will the idea be tolerated, in this country, at least, that any tribunal is wholly beyond the reach of popular correction. Our constitutions themselves are not removed from popular control, and much less are the creatures of these constitutions, which may have been devised for mere administrative or juridical convenience.†

With these views, we have no hesitation in approaching that part of Justice Taney's decision, which founds the disfranchisement of an entire race upon a misrepresentation of history. Our readers will recall that the question in the Dred Scott case was whether the plaintiff, "a negro of African descent," was entitled to sue in a court of the United States; and the chief-justice, in explaining the law of it, after he concedes that "every state may confer the right of citizenship upon any class or description of persons," denies, at the same time, that "the provisions of the constitution of the United States, in relation to personal rights to which a citizen of a state is entitled, embraces negroes of the African race, either those in the country at the time the constitution was made, or those afterwards imported, or those made free by any state." His reasons for the exception are these:

"It is true that every person, and every class and description of persons, at the time of the adoption of the constitution, regarded as citizens of the several states, became citizens of this new political body, and none other. It was formed for them and their posterity, and for nobody else; and all the rights and immunities were intended to embrace only those who were members of state communities, or those who became members according to the principles on which the constitution was adopted.

"It becomes necessary, therefore, to determine who were citizens of the several states when the constitution was adopted. In order to do this, we must recur to the colonies when they separated from Great Britain, formed new communities, and took their place among the family of nations. They who were recognized as citizens of the states, declared their independence of Great Britain, and defended it by force of arms. Another class of persons, who had been imported as slaves, or their descendants, were not recognized or intended to be included in that memorable instrument—the Declaration of Independence. It is difficult, at this day, to realize the state of public opinion respecting that unfortunate class, with the civilized and enlightened portion of the world, at the time of the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the constitution; but history shows they have for more than a century been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and unfit associates for the white race, either socially or politically, and had no rights which white men were bound to respect; and the black man might be reduced to slavery, bought and sold, and treated as an ordinary article of merchandise. This opinion, at that time, was fixed and universal with the civilized portion of the white race. It was regarded as an axiom in morals, which no one thought of disputing, and every one habitually acted upon it, without doubting for a moment the correctness of the opinion. And in no nation was this opinion more fixed and generally acted upon than in England, the subjects of which government not only seized them on the coast of Africa, but took them as ordinary merchandise, to where they could make a profit on them. The opinion thus entertained was universally impressed on the colonists this side of the Atlantic; accordingly, negroes of the African race were regarded by them as property, and held, and bought, and sold as such, in every one of the thirteen colonies which united in the Declaration of Independence, and afterward formed the constitution. The doctrine, of which we have spoken, was strikingly enforced by the Declaration of Independence. It begins thus: 'When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with

\* Thurloe, I., 161.

† It does not fall within our plan to discuss the true legal jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, but, we may be permitted to say here, that we agree with Jefferson, and the whole republican party of an early day, and with Mr. Calhoun, since, in regarding it as a simple judicial body, whose decisions have no force beyond "cases in law and equity," and constitutionally not binding upon the Supreme Courts or governments of states, or on the coordinate departments of the general government. Consult Jefferson's Correspondence, *passim*, and Mr. Calhoun's Dissertation on the Constitution, Vol. I. The intention of the constitution, in the event of a conflict between the several authorities, was evidently that the people should decide, either by election, or by amendments of the constitution.

another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation; and then proceeds: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,' etc. *The words here quoted would seem to embrace the whole human family; and, if used in a similar instrument at this day, would be so understood. But it is too clear for dispute, that the enslaved African race was not intended to be included; for, in that case, the conduct of the distinguished men who framed the Declaration of Independence would be flagrantly against the principles which they asserted. They who framed the Declaration of Independence were men of too much honor, education, and intelligence, to say what they did not believe; and they knew that in no part of the civilized world were the negro race, by common consent, admitted to the rights of freemen. They spoke and acted according to the practices, doctrines, and usages of the day. That unfortunate race was supposed to be separate from the whites, and was never thought or spoken of except as property. These opinions underwent no change when the constitution was adopted. The preamble sets forth for what purpose and for whose benefit it was formed. It was formed by the people—such as had been members of the original states—and the great object was to 'secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.'*

Let it be borne in mind that this version of history refers, not to the coast of Barbary, nor to some early and rude era of society, but to the civilized world at the close of the eighteenth century! It asserts that mankind universally, at that time, regarded the Africans only as property, having no rights which the white races ought to respect, and utterly destitute of any personal status or claim in any civil community in which they might chance to exist. Now, we assert, on the other hand, that this view is fundamentally and completely false, without warrant in the recorded monuments of the opinions of those times, and opposed to the most direct and positive evidences of a wholly contrary sentiment. In fact, it would be difficult to find a dozen lines within the compass of any literature, which contain a more flagrant and systematic distortion of the truth than is found in the dozen lines we have italicized. Not only do they nullify the most decisive and accredited testi-

monies, but, could they be accepted, they would blot out of the records of our race the most honorable memorials of it, and a long series of facts, without which, our entire modern history would be inexplicable.

No period in the world's development has won for itself a more distinct and signal character than the latter half of the eighteenth century. As the age of Pericles in Greece was the age of the most glorious affluence of the plastic arts—as the age of Luther in Germany was the age of religious emancipation—as the age of Shakespeare in England was the age of her profoundest and most varied intellectual vigor; so the age we have just named was the peculiar age in which the doctrines of human liberty, all over the "civilized and enlightened world," attained their amplest and warmest recognition. From the time when, near the middle of the century, the French *philosophes* began their assaults upon the remains of feudalism in Europe, up to the outbreak of the American war and the French revolution, the leading characteristic of the political and moral activity of the times was the spirit of freedom by which it was animated. In literature, in science, in trade, in politics, in benevolent enterprise, a new life seemed to have been breathed into the aspirations and efforts of men. It was then that physical science, breaking away finally from the trammels of scholastic methods, and stimulated by the still recent discoveries of Newton, essayed its noblest flights; then that the vast world of German speculation was opened by the penetrating genius of Kant; then that Adam Smith proclaimed the beautiful maxims of the freedom of trade; then that Montesquieu gave a new conception to the theory of government and the principles of law; then that nearly all the grand benevolent reforms, which have distinguished the modern era—parliamentary reform, law reform, prison reform, social reform, the abolition of the slave-trade, the extension of education, and the Bible, and missionary enterprises—had their origin; and then that the immortal phrases, "the rights of man," the "sovereignty of the people," and "liberty and equality," became the watchwords of the masses, and, infusing themselves into the general mind, emancipated colonies, overturned theories,

agitated parliaments and churches, and set in motion those thousand-fold influences which are yet at work, as we moderners fondly believe and boast, regenerating society and mankind. All subsequent history, with the exception of that of the Supreme Court, has agreed in characterizing that period as the age of revolutions, when all the oppressed nationalities and all the depressed classes lifted up their heads, when the spirit of reform entered even the council chambers of the kings, and when our whole humanity rejoiced in the prospect of a glorious renovation!

Long before that period, it is true, men had speculated on liberty and the just rights of man, for in no age of the world, however dark, and in no condition of our race, however debased, has God left himself wholly without a witness in the soul; but the distinction of that period was the universality and the enthusiasm with which the ideas of human rights were applied. It was not for the immunity of a class that men contended, as they had done in Greek and Roman times, and in many of the most important revolutions of later eras—as in England under King John, for instance—nor was it for a mere spiritual enfranchisement that it labored, as the reformers of the sixteenth century had done during their contests with the church, but it was for the emancipation of all men—political, intellectual, social—that the mighty words were spoken, and the heavy blows were dealt. Man, as he is in himself—man separated from institutions—man, without the wrappings which custom had woven round him to disguise his inherent equality—man, the creature of God, the brother of his fellow everywhere—the sacred, the inviolable, the immortal principle of humanity, was the inspiration of those days, and, in the pursuit of its great humanitarian objects, the zeal of society, so far from being restricted or confined to any narrow channel, overflowed into the wildest extravagances. In France, as we are all aware, where the burden of oppression, against which it reacted, was the heaviest, and the genius of the people the most irritable, it inflamed into a dreadful frenzy; among

the soberer English even, it shook the depths of society, while, in our own country, fortunately moderated by wise heads, though animated by warm hearts, it yet reached an intensity of conviction, and expressed itself with a strength of words which made the year 1776 an epoch for all coming time.

Now, we ask, in all sincerity, whether in this general and generous movement towards a fuller recognition of the universal rights of men, the African race was made an exception? If so, in what author do we find the explicit declaration of the fact—by what law was the fatal sentence of their degradation pronounced—where are the evidences—where the monuments of their dreadful exclusion from human sympathy and care? The enslavement of the blacks was then no longer allowed in any European state—it had been banished from the soil of Europe to take refuge in remote and scarcely known colonies, and in many of these it subsisted by the mere force of mercantile cupidity, against the declared laws of the mother country.

The difficulty with Chief Justice Taney's argument from history is, that he post-dates the period of the black-plague which ravaged human conscience by a half century at least; just as the spirit of his decision is a whole century behind his own times. A brief retrospect of the changes of opinion in regard to slavery will show this. When the slavery of the blacks was begun in the sixteenth century, it was authorized, not on the ground that negroes were "things," nor on the ground that they were Africans; but, because they were heathens, or pagans, for which the perverted religious sense of those days fancied that it found a sanction in the Mosaic records. Christianity had already widely diffused the sentiment, that it would be wrong to enslave one who bore the image of Christ, but it was not thought inconsistent with that sentiment to treat Indians and negroes as the Amalekites and Canaanites had been treated by the Hebrews. The Spanish brigands, who introduced slavery into South America, did it for the good of souls:\* Louis XIII. of France was persuaded to consent to it, in the French colonies, on the same grounds,† and

\* See Solis. History of the Conquest of Mexico: Navarrette, *Coleccion de los Viajes*, etc t. i. Also Barros, l. i. c. 7, as to the early Portuguese captures of slaves in Africa. It was "to gain souls, who might be converted to the faith."

† Labat. *Nouveau Voyage aux îles de l'Amerique*, t. 10.

Queen Elizabeth would not grant a patent to Sir John Hawkins for the slave-trade, until she was assured that the negroes left Africa voluntarily, and would receive the benefit of conversion.\* In Virginia, in 1682, it was declared by statute that all servants brought into the country, whether negroes, moors, mulattoes or Indians, *not being Christians*, should be slaves.† From New England to Carolina, says Bancroft, the notion prevailed that "being baptized is inconsistent with a state of slavery."‡

But the avarice of planters and merchants soon overcame these feeble scruples, and that condition of the public mind was brought about in the following century, which Chief Justice Taney has described of a later period. Slavery, which in the ancient societies had been the result of war, "the fruit of the spear," as it was called, and which, in the middle-ages, had declined, by slow and imperceptible degrees, into the various kinds of serfage, until the direct and grosser forms of it were nearly, if not altogether extinct, assumed once more a new character and a new life as a commercial speculation. "The slave," says Arthur Helps, "was no longer an accident of war; he had become the object of war. He was no longer a mere accidental subject of barter; he was to be sought for—to be hunted out—to be produced—and slavery became a more momentous question than it had ever been before."§

Single individuals protested against it and the hideous traffic to which it led, on the ground of Christian morals and common humanity; but their voices were not heard in the din of maritime adventures and national wars. Yet those voices became more frequent, with the growth of time. Richard Baxter, out of the depths of his fervent piety, branded the system, under the Protectorate; Southern, Steele, and Savage, in their plays and tales, drew tears for the wrongs of "Afric's sable sons;" Hutchison, the Irish metaphysician, stigmatized the traffic in men; the noble and fearless sect of Quakers, whose glory it is to have anticipated so much that is best in modern philanthropy, organized themselves against it; but there was really

no public opinion on their side until after the middle of the eighteenth century.

Montesquieu was among the first of powerful and influential writers to expose the infamy of enslaving the blacks. In a fine piece of sarcastic irony, he said, "If I were called upon to defend the right to reduce negroes into slavery, I should say, that the Europeans, having exterminated the Americans, must carry off the Africans, in order to clear the new lands; that sugar would be very dear if the plant which produces it was not cultivated by slaves; that people who are quite black from head to foot, and have such crushed noses, are undeserving of pity; that it is difficult to see how God, who is so wise, should have put a soul, and, above all, a pure soul, in such a dingy body; that color evidently constitutes the very essence of humanity; and that it would be impossible to allow that negroes were men, because, if we allow them to be men, we must begin to believe that we ourselves are not Christians."|| Elsewhere he condemned the system in more direct and serious terms. Voltaire opened the magazine of his scathing wit upon it;¶ Rousseau denounced its fundamental inconsistency with the social law;\*\* and Raynal's, and many other writings were filled with anti-slavery philippics. After a time, when the *Société des Amis des Noirs* took up the subject, they found the field of public sentiment already conquered for them, so that when the National Convention met, in 1794, one of its first and most important acts, due to the calls of justice and the whole spirit of the age, was the abolition of slavery forever in the French colonies.

Meantime, a still more vigorous effort in the same direction had been going forward in England. As long ago as 1705, Lord Holt had decided that "there was no such thing as a slave by the law of England,"†† but the later expounders of the law, like some of our own judges, had managed to undermine or evade this salutary decision, and it was reserved for Granville Sharpe—one of those humble individuals of a tenacity of purpose equal to their goodness of heart, whose private actions influence the destinies of nations—to spur the

\* Hildreth, Hist. United States, v. ii.

† Herring & Mumford's Reports, 139.

‡ Hist. United States, v. iii., p. 409.

§ The Spanish Conquest in America, vol. i., p. 18.

|| *Esprit des Lois*, l. xv., c. 6.

¶ Phil. Dict., word "Eclaves."

\*\* *Contrat Social*, c. v.

†† Salkeld, 666.

lagging conscience of Mansfield into the full and explicit abjuration of slavery, which he pronounced in 1772, in the famous *Somerset case*.\* In view of the extensive colonial interests dependent upon the result, and not without the hesitation natural to a timid legal mind under the circumstances, that eminent judge could still exclaim, *fiat justitiæ, ruat cælum*, and purged his country of the curse. Then it was that Cowper might write—

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their  
lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free—  
They touch our country, and their shackles  
fall."

And then it was that the swelling soul of the Irish orator, Curran, a worthy example for other Irish orators, broke forth in that strain of well-known rhetoric, in which he said that the "stranger and the sojourner, when he set his foot on British earth, trod a ground which was holy and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation"—that, "no matter in what language the slave's doom may have been pronounced—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him—the moment he touched the sacred soil of Britain he stood redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." Nor did the philanthropic enterprise of England stop with the cleansing of its own soil, but advanced, in the course of a few years, under the leadership of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Fox and Pitt, to the overthrow of the slave-trade and the abolition of slavery in the colonies. Public sentiment, throughout their arduous struggle, was decidedly on their side, and it was only the power of vested interest which hindered them from achieving a prompter and easier victory. It was a battle between commerce and conscience, and, as in all such encounters, the better principle won the triumph.

In this country, the efforts of the colonists to secure their own liberties, had brought the greater part, at an early day, to sympathize in the general movement for liberty. Slavery existed among them, but it existed as an inheritance, and not as a thing which they approved. "There is not," says Ban-

croft, "in all the colonial legislation of America, one single law which recognizes the rightfulness of slavery in the abstract. Every province favored freedom as such."† In his address to the Virginia Convention of 1774, Jefferson said, "that the abolition of domestic slavery is the greatest object of desire in these colonies, where it was unhappily introduced in their infant state." They were embarrassed alone as to what to do with the servile class, even then very large. It was, however, universally supposed that by restricting the importation of slaves, the odious system would die out. The earliest continental Congress (1774)—the first union of the provinces that was ever held—accordingly agreed to a discontinuance of the slave-trade. In the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, that trade was stigmatized as "a cruel war against human nature," and the paragraph was withdrawn only at the instance of South Carolina and Georgia, not then prepared to abandon the traffic forever. By 1784, Massachusetts and New Hampshire had abolished slavery; Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Rhode Island had secured personal liberty by statute to all the future natives of those states; New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia had prohibited the further introduction of persons claimed as slaves; the last two had repealed the old colonial laws against manumission by individuals; and at the close of the war, the last continental Congress proclaimed that the war of Independence, then successfully closed, had been a war—for what?—the rights of a race?—no! but "for the rights of human nature."

What were the opinions, then, of the men who framed the Federal Constitution? What were the opinions of Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Morris, Madison, Hamilton, Franklin, Adams, Jay—and all the other leading spirits of the day? We might quote in reply sentence after sentence, from the speeches or writings of these distinguished men, going to show their deep-seated abhorrence of slavery, their anxious interest in the question as to the best means of its termination—and their assurance that the curse was but transitory—destined to pass rapidly away. But the late political campaign

\* 20 Howell, 81.

† Hist. Unit. States vol. iii., c. 24.

has made their words too familiar to every reader, to need that we should cite them here. Mr. Webster, who, it is universally admitted, whatever we may think of his politics, was more profoundly versed in all the knowledge that relates to the formation of the Constitution than any other man, has forcibly but accurately described the state of feeling at the time of the Federal Convention. "It will be found," he said, "if we carry ourselves, by historical research, back to that day, and ascertain men's opinions by authentic records, still existing among us, that there was then no diversity of opinion between the north and the south on the subject of slavery. It will be found that both parts of the country held it equally an evil, a moral and political evil." "The eminent men, the most eminent men, and nearly all the conspicuous politicians of the south held the same sentiments—that slavery was an evil, a blight and a curse. There are no terms of reprobation of slavery so vehement at the north at that day as in the south. The north was not so much excited against it as the south, and the reason is, that there was much less of it, at the north, and the people did not see the evil so prominently as at the south."\* But Mr. Webster need not to have confined his remarks to the evidences of the politicians; the churches—every leading denomination speaking through their most influential organs and teachers—were far more urgent in their denunciations than the politicians; while the general literature of the country—the first American novel that was ever printed, one of the earliest of American poems, the newspapers and the colleges—was equally earnest in its protests. "If we judge the future by the past," said Jonathan Edwards, jr., in 1791, "within fifty years from this time it will be as shameful for a man to hold a negro slave, as to be guilty of common robbery or theft."

In the Federal Convention itself, which, though not authorized to act upon the internal affairs of the separate states, was yet bound in some sort to recognize them, the utmost pains were taken, not only to exclude the word *slave* and the word *servitude* from the instrument of government, but to shut out every expression or phrase which,

even by implication, would sanction the right of property in man. "We intend this Constitution," said Madison, addressing the Convention, "to be the GREAT CHARTER OF HUMAN LIBERTY to the unborn millions who shall enjoy its protection, and who should never see that such an institution as slavery was ever known in our midst."† He did not say that the Constitution was designed only for the white race, but for all who might seek its protection, and that to them it must prove, not the seal and warrant of death, but a savor of life unto life. And in that spirit every clause was framed and adopted; not a word, not a syllable, not a letter, not the crossing of a *t* or the dotting of an *i* was allowed in it which should give a justification or perpetuity to bondage; but the whole of it looked towards a speedy and universal freedom. In that spirit it was accepted by the states; it could never have been adopted, if it had been supposed that it would prolong slavery; the friends of it were careful to assure the people that, in ratifying it, "they would do nothing towards holding the blacks in slavery." The first Congress, which assembled under it, reenacted the perpetual interdict against slavery in the territories, which had been applied by the ordinance of '87; the first executive government organized by it, had Washington for its head, "whose strongest wish," he said in a letter, "was to see slavery abolished;" for its vice-president, John Adams, who had said, that "consenting to slavery would be a sacrilegious breach of trust;" and for its principal secretaries, Jefferson and Hamilton, both conspicuous for their hatred of the accursed thing; while the first judiciary had for its chief-justice John Jay, president of the New York Abolition Society, whose whole life was consecrated to the extinction of what he termed, the "sin of crimson dye."

Yet the present Chief Justice of the United States would fain persuade us that the noble men of those days were quite indifferent to the condition and fate of the African race, and legislated in utter disregard of their existence, and with an exclusive reference to themselves and their posterity. But we see by these testimonies how mistaken he is;

\* Works of Dan. Webster, vol. v., p. 333.

† Madison Papers, vol. iii.

and we shall see how mistaken he is, also, on another capital point, by what is now to be adduced. He errs, not merely as to the prevailing sentiment of the Fathers of the Republic and of the civilized world, but he errs no less grossly in his special application of that sentiment to the exclusion of Africans from the rank of citizens. His logic, on this latter head, if put in the old syllogistic form, would virtually run thus:

*Major.* Many Africans were degraded.

*Minor.* But degraded men can not be citizens.

*Conclusion.* Therefore, no Africans were citizens.

Unfortunately for such a deduction, however, it is as vicious in fact as it is in logic. In a large majority of the states, at and about the time the Federal Constitution went into effect, the tests of citizenship were not derived from color or race. The negroes were mostly a degraded class, no doubt, because negroes had been slaves—like women and children, also, the free colored men were not elected to office; but, like women and children, they were, nevertheless, citizens. Judge Curtis has stated the fact broadly, in regard to the free native-born inhabitants of five of the states—of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, and North Carolina—that, though of African descent, they were not only citizens, but possessed the elective franchise, if endowed with the other qualifications, equally with other citizens. But Judge Curtis might have gone further; a more complete examination of the records has shown that, out of the thirteen original states, only three of them—South Carolina, Virginia, and Delaware—had restricted even the right of suffrage to the basis of color; while in all the others, either under royal charters or independent constitutions, the only restrictions refer to age, residence, and property. Six of these states—namely, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, and North Carolina—had formed constitutions before the Federal Constitution went into effect, and we quote from the provisions of two of them, which were the most largely slaveholding, as specimens of all the rest.

"MARYLAND.—Constitution formed Aug. 14, 1776.

"*Declaration of Rights.*—1. That all government of right originates from the people, is founded in compact only, and instituted solely for the good of the whole. 2. That the people of this state ought to have the sole and exclusive right of regulating the internal government and police thereof. 3. That the inhabitants of Maryland are entitled to the common law of England, and the trial by jury, etc. 5. That the right, in the people, to participate in the Legislature, is the best security of liberty, and the foundation of all free government; for this purpose, elections ought to be free and frequent, and every man, having property in a common interest with, and an attachment to, the community, ought to have the right of suffrage.

"THE CONSTITUTION AND FORM OF GOVERNMENT.—That the House of Delegates shall be chosen in the following manner: All freemen above 21 years of age, having a freehold of 50 acres of land in the county in which they offer to vote, and residing therein, and all freemen having property in this state above the value of £30 current money, and having resided in the county in which they offer to vote, one whole year next preceding the election, shall have a right of suffrage in the election of Delegates for said county." etc.—Art. 2

"NORTH CAROLINA.—Constitution formed December 18, 1776.

"*Declaration of Rights.*—1. That all political power is vested in, and derived from, the people only. 2. That the people of this state ought to have the sole and exclusive right of regulating the internal government and the police thereof. 3. That no man, or set of men, are entitled to exclusive or separate emoluments or privileges from the community, but in consideration of public services. 6. That elections of members to serve as Representatives in General Assembly, ought to be free.

"THE CONSTITUTION OR FORM OF GOVERNMENT.—That all persons possessed of a freehold, in any town in this state, having a right to representation, and also all freemen who have been inhabitants of any such town twelve months next before and at the day of election, and shall have paid public taxes, shall be entitled to vote for a member to represent such town in the House of Commons." etc.

Two of the states—Rhode Island and Connecticut—at the time the Federal Constitution was formed, still acted under the royal charters, which, of course, made no distinctions of color; and two of them—Pennsylvania and Georgia—formed their constitutions subsequent to the Federal Constitution; but neither of them required that voters should belong to any particular race. If negroes did not vote in these states, it was because they did not own sufficient property, and not because they were negroes. Thus, South Carolina, Virginia, and Delaware, alone remain

to support the decision of Justice Taney, and as the ground of the sweeping disfranchisement which he has promulgated! There is but one qualification, common to all these early constitutions, which we marvel that the sagacity of the Supreme Court had not discovered. It is that the electors should possess a freehold, or a certain rate of property; and, on the principle of the reasoning of the court, we humbly ask, whether any native is now a citizen of the United States, whose father, or grandfather, was not a property-holder in one of the original Thirteen?

More might be said of this decision, for which we have now no space; we have been anxious, in what we have said, to vindicate the truth of history; and, above all, to rescue from calumny the good names of our fathers, and from abuse that immortal document—the Declaration of Independence. That instrument has hitherto commended itself to the affections of our people, and to the admiration of the lovers of liberty, all over the globe, as the great charter and

exponent of universal humanity. It has inspired us with our purest and noblest ideals, and it has furnished to oppressed people elsewhere their firmest grounds of hope. But, if it were only what the Chief Justice of the United States declares, an outgrowth of the mean and miserable prejudices of a race—if it had no loftier motive than the consecration of a class-supremacy, if, in a word, the unqualified language of it is fallacious, and wherever it speaks of all men it means only certain men—then it is shorn of its glory; mankind have been deceived in it; and we, as a nation, had better spurn it away from us, or trample it ten thousand feet under the earth. But it is not so; the minds and the hearts of the whole world have not been deceived; the Declaration of Independence means what it says; and, in spite of all the pettifogging of so-called justices—whether Chief or Puisne—we shall still be permitted to hold, that “All men are created free and equal.”

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

### AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

—DR. HOLMES declares, in a funny and famous poem, that, after the dreadful consequences of a certain joke, he never again dared to be as funny as he could. And we must learn, betimes, of the poet. In our March number we speculated about dogs, those nearest human friends among the brutes; and, in a vein of badinage, we quoted a poem of Spencer's, familiar as the ballad of Chevy Chase, prefacing it with this highly probable introduction: “In this place, I cannot help offering the reader a simple but beautiful ballad about a favorite hound of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, son-in-law of King John, which I have taken pains to get an antique, and jangled, and vagabond old harper to translate.” It surely did not occur to us that we should be challenged by the indignant claim that the poem was published under false pretenses: and we are compelled to hang our heads and confess that we cannot produce the “antique, and jangled, and

vagabond harper,” aforesaid, and to allow that there is none such, and that it was only a lark, a gentle play of humor. We will take good care, henceforth, when we introduce Yankee Doodle as a Greek fragment, to state that it is not a Greek fragment at all. “A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.” He shall be made to step forward and say, comfortingly, in a note: “I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver.”

—WILLIAM MAGINN, the Dr. Maginn of *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, and of recent London literary tradition, is known in America only by name, and to a few readers. He was one of a class little known here, but always known in London—a man full of quaint and curious, as well as extensive classical, learning, who wrote articles reeking with humor and scathing sarcasm, and even ribaldry of criticism—whose life asserted that *veritas* was chiefly in *vino*, and in whose writings the reader often

wonders if there be more wisdom or whiskey. Maginn was the man to make an entire number of a magazine, supplying all the levity and the learning, the philosophy and the puns, the queer research and the delicate pathos. At the same feast he could be host and cook, chaplain and jester; he could talk mysticism with Coleridge, metaphysics with De Quincey, Scotland with Wilson; his sarcasm was as sharp and polished as Lockhart's, his enthusiasm as genuine as Hogg's, his toryism as hearty as Scott's, and his Irishism as unashamed as Sheridan's; he could laugh at Moore's tinsel and Bulwer's affectation, and do homage to Shakespeare worthy of Shakespeare. Maginn was a prodigy, with talent enough for a score of reputations. The hard fate of the professional *litterateur*, the necessity of daily writing for daily bread, united to his jovial, easy, indolent nature, always kept him at little labors, and the whole literary result of his life is a mass of fragments. Think of his wit, his accomplishments, his facility, his resources, and then think of a single work of his, if you can. But he did not seem to care about it. He lived and laughed from day to day, and made others laugh and admire. But, when he died, all died, and we now turn the pages of his writings that have been preserved, and, thinking of the man and his talent, it is as if we saw a steam-engine shelling peanuts and paring apples. Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, perhaps the best authority in modern Irish literature, has edited for Redfield several volumes of Maginn's writings, of which the last published is called *Fraserian Papers*, or contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*. The editor enhances the value of the series by a memoir of Maginn prefixed to this volume, and by notes illustrative of the papers and their allusions—the fruit of much familiarity with late English literature and literary history. Altogether, if Dr. Mackenzie will pardon a bull, he and Redfield may be said to have given Maginn a better chance for immortality than he ever gave himself; and every student of modern English literature will thank the editor for this opportunity of knowing familiarly something of the life and character of a remarkable man, who wrote his name in water, but whose personality Bulwer is reported to have attempted to depict in one of the persons of *My Novel*. Dr. Mackenzie says, severely,

that "Dr. Maginn's friends would gladly hope, were there any evidence or even reasonable presumption to the contrary, that, a prisoner for debt in the Fleet, he was *not* the original of the caricature inscribed 'Captain Shandon,' in the novel of 'Pendennis,' written by Mr. Thackeray, who is stated to have owed his place, among the contributors to *Fraser's Magazine*, to the doctor's introduction." But Dr. Mackenzie does not remark the great resemblance, in many points, of the talent of Maginn and Thackeray, especially a kind of exuberant, wild, and ferocious humor of satire which sweeps its object away with a freshest of ridicule. Many of Thackeray's earlier contributions to *Fraser* were evidently modeled upon Maginn's; and we should be very loth to believe that Thackeray could have treated his memory unkindly. The Maginn series are valuable. Many a brave man has lived *since* Agamemnon, who has died unsung.

—The American seems to have a peculiar genius in one department of art and one of literature. He is a good sculptor and a good historian. In any great public work of sculpture we should certainly prefer no artists in the world to our own; and in historical composition there are no names worthily superior to those of Irving, Bancroft, Hildreth, Prescott, and Motley. It would be curious to inquire whether this peculiar form of development has any connection with the instinctive whittling of the American boy, on the one hand; or his early and ample opportunities at public schools, on the other. Two goodly volumes, handsomely printed and of the orthodox historic form, have been lately issued by Scribner: *The New England History*, by Charles W. Elliott. The substance of the theme is certainly not new, and yet it is newly treated. The point of view from which the author regards New England history, in common with all other, is not so much the democratic, as it is usually called, but that which necessarily includes the democratic, namely the humane. The progress and development of man, as man, is, evidently, his main interest in general history, and, of course, also, in that particular aspect or chapter of universal history, which he treats in these volumes. This central and controlling view never leaves the author for a moment. He is neither swept on himself, nor seduces his reader, by the picturesque

splendors of recital, which, as in Macaulay, arouse the lesser interest of sympathy with events; nor has he, with Grote, to step along the line of fact and fable, and free the portrait from the picture painted over it; neither does he deal, as Prescott deals, with romantic chronicles; while his whole history comprises but a few epochs and characters of the great drama which Bancroft, with life-long labor, elaborates. We certainly have no space here to settle the canons which shall determine the qualifications of the historian or the characteristics of admirable history. But whatever may be the debate about the details of narration, the subordination of parts, the skill of grouping, the continuity of interest, there can be no doubt that this history is properly called *the history of New England*. It has little glow of movement; it has no graces of style; it has no play of imagination, nor pomp of rhetoric; indeed, we are inclined to think that it is too bare of these, that it seems too much like a mere collection of material, that the philosophy, or at least the advantage, of its peculiar arrangement, is very doubtful; but we can have no doubt that, in no other book, is the reader brought so closely to a view of early New-England character and into the details of early New-England life, as in Mr. Elliott's history. This is done by making the fathers tell their own story; by an affluence of quotation in the words of the original documents, and by the clear perception of the interest of our times in the trifles, the straws, so to say, which show how the wind blew in other times. It is done with the heartiest sympathy with the manliness of the early settlers; but, we think, with no disposition to excuse their great faults. They were dear to their children as fathers, but they injured humanity by religious bigotry. The Pilgrims were great on Plymouth rock, but they were cruel at Saybrook, and they were foolish with Roger Williams. The chief defect of this history is its want of flowing, unconscious narrative. The author has treated it as a subject, and not as a story. Therefore, while we must think no historical work upon New England so valuable as this, upon the whole, and so essential for copious reference upon all the points of pilgrim and early Puritan life, we do not think it the work to beguile the reader along, beyond and still

beyond the special points of his consultation.

—Mr. Oscanyan, of Constantinople, has written a volume upon *The Sultan and his People* (Derby and Jackson), which gives a most admirable and graphic account of the life and habits of the Turks, as seen and described by an insider, and not by one of the outer barbarians, as are all the other tourists and authors upon that country. The book is strikingly illustrated by a native artist, and the comparisons drawn in the cuts between the eastern and western models, are humorous and interesting. On the whole, there are few better accounts of the detail of Turkish life than this of Oscanyan's, and he describes with a constant and natural tendency to sympathy with his own people. He, therefore, suggests many sensible explanations of points which are peculiar and amusing to other nations, and shows himself to be an intelligent and vivacious observer. The constant curiosity of civilized western nations about the East, and the permanent importance of the Turkish question, make every authentic book upon that nation peculiarly valuable. From this point of view Oscanyan's volume has a historic interest.

—The Right Reverend John Henry Hopkins, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Vermont, has published a work (Putney & Russell), in which he states that he thinks it wrong for the American citizen to dance the polka, but perfectly proper for him to hold his brother in slavery. The bishop says, he holds "conversation parties" to be innocent, and equally so the selling a child from its mother. He says, that Canaan was cursed, and, therefore, Governor Wise may dispose of black men and women at the highest rates. The Right Reverend John Henry Hopkins has written some four or five hundred pages to show that the citizens should obey the law; but omits to state what his pastoral advice would have been to mothers with babes under two years of age in the latter days of the lawgiver Herod of Judea. He also does not find room in his prolix disquisition upon the duties of the *American Citizen*, which is the title of his book, to inform his pupil what he is to do when the law of the land contravenes the plain law of God. For it is evident that, if a law is to be obeyed, because it is a law, a regulation to lie, or to steal,

or to deliver up the fugitive, so it be legally enacted, has the same authority as one to collect taxes. But if the discretion of the citizen or his conscience are ever to interfere, or, in other words, if there be the individual and collective right of rebellion, it would be only complaisant in a bishop, who writes a book in which he finds room to discuss the propriety and morality of dancing, to indicate when that right may be asserted. The single point of interest in the *American Citizen* is the elaborate reiteration of the scriptural argument for slavery, which is easily enough refuted by the younger classes of Sunday-school girls, and which falls at this day, and in this country, with peculiar edification from the lips of a high dignitary in the church of Him who said, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." Bishop Hopkins anticipates a millennium when "the whole world shall behold the happy fruits of slavery in the regeneration of Africa from her long bondage of barbarism and idolatry." If it were not so tragical, this would be too ludicrous. Let this gentleman consider one question: Even if you knew that some of the Africans, who should survive the horrors of the slave-ship, and the long, dreadful, compulsory labor in swamps and fields, the gradual imbruting of human beings treated as cattle, with every natural right and affection outraged—even if you knew some could survive it all and attain a kind of fond and ignorant feeling that you would call Christianity, do you, as a man, not as a bishop, believe for one moment that the trader, who paid money for a single one of those victims, was doing anything but an accursed act? Do you think that any honest Christian man supposes for a solitary instant that trader to be any better than a devil—and a servant of God only as all criminals are? Of course God will bring good out of it. God brings good out of everything. Would that reflection reconcile Bishop Hopkins to having his house burnt down and all that was dearest to him in it? There was one who said, "It must needs be that offenses come; but woe to him by whom the offense cometh." With the usual inconsequence of the south-side of the slavery discussion, after having made slavery the instrument of the Christian regeneration of Africa, the bishop undertakes to show the inexpedi-

ency of slavery. But let the bishop take comfort. If the Lord has made slavery right, he will also, in view of its hold upon this country, make it expedient. And if it be the Christianizing process for Africa, what right has Bishop Hopkins or any other pious man to resist the due operation of that process? Excepting the portion of the volume we have indicated, which attracts attention solely by its subject and not at all by the ability with which it is treated, *The American Citizen* is like a series of a country clergyman's weekly lectures. We do not advise any American who wishes to improve himself as a man, a Christian, or a patriot, to leave his South, Tillotson, Hooker, Herbert, or Jeremy Taylor, and take to Hopkins.

—The new and famous preacher of England, the Reverend Mr. Spurgeon, has furnished us with a second series of his printed sermons (Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.). The first series came forth under the patronage of the Rev. Mr. Magoon, but this is from Mr. Spurgeon's own hand. Like the first, it is accompanied by a portrait of the man—a round-faced, self-complacent looking personage, but, unlike the first, it has an original preface—fully sustaining the character of the portrait. Mr. Spurgeon speaks of the "overwhelming and ever-increasing multitudes who listen to us"—says that his first volume reached a sale in America of fifteen thousand in a short time, and hopes that nobody will ascribe the great things he has done to himself, but to the Lord. The sermons themselves are plain, practical, and fervid, but swollen—not evincing the intellectual ability that we find in Hall or Chalmers, nor the varied culture of many other divines, but full of a certain earnestness and force, somewhat in the manner of Whitfield, but without the vivid imagination and startling effects of Whitfield. Mr. Spurgeon's illustrations are often homely, even to coarseness, and he has a trick of repeating words which is more effective in spoken, than it is elegant in written, discourse. As a specimen of his manner, here is one passage: "List, list, list! it is the last feast that Babel shall ever see! Even now the enemies are at her gate. They come! They come! O, Belshazzar, read that writing there! Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting. Oh! Belshazzar, stay thy feast-

ing—see the shaft of God. Lo, the death-shaft! it is whizzing in the air; it has pierced his heart: he falls, and falls, and with him Babel falls!" Other passages are in the same style, and they are somewhat characteristic, but he has much better ones—better in taste, and really more eloquent. His tendency to amplify is very strong. Everybody remembers the words of the Psalm, illustrative of the universality of the Divine Providence, than which nothing can be more touching and beautiful, and yet simple: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up to heaven, thou art there! if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there! If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me!" But Mr. Spurgeon states the truth in this wise: "You cannot banish me from my Lord. Send me to the snows of Siberia and Lapland, I shall have the eyes of God there; send me to Australia, and let me toil at the gold-diggings, there will he visit me. If you send me to the uttermost verge of the round globe, I shall still have the eye of God upon me. Put me in the desert, where, there is not a single blade of grass growing, and his presence shall cheer me. Or, let me go to sea, amid the howlings of the tempest and the shrieking wind, where the mad waves lift up their hands to the skies, as if they would pluck the stars from their cloudy thrones, and I shall have the eye of God there. Let me sink, and let my gurgling voice be heard among the waves"—and much more, which is not an improvement on the original, and is in no sense to be admired.

—The same editor, who was the first to collect the miscellaneous writings of Macaulay, has hit upon the happy thought of gathering out of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a work which from its size few can procure, the leading biographies under the name of *New Biographies* (Whittemore, Niles & Hall). As these are known to have been written by such men as Macaulay himself, Henry Rogers, Hepworth Dixon, and William Spalding, they are worthy to be read in a wider sphere than the original work, for which they were prepared, is likely to attain. Among the articles chosen by the editor, are Atter-

bury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, and Johnson, by Macaulay; Butler, Robert Hall, Gassendi, Gibbon, and Hume, by Rogers; Addison and Bacon, by Spalding; Howard, by Dixon; Sir John Franklin, by Sir John Richardson; Horace by Theodore Martin; Sir Humphrey Davy, by James David Forbes, and a few others, of less mark, either as to subject or author. They are most of them pleasingly written, in a style of vigor, yet simplicity, which adapts them to popular interest. Less brilliant than the celebrated characters of Lamartine, they are perhaps more authentic, and, at any rate, place within a brief compass the principal particulars of the lives and characters of the men to whom they relate. Prefixed to the collection is a sensible introduction by the editor, who, besides narrating the circumstances under which he was led to gather the early essays of Macaulay, gives us some information as to the writers with whom he is at present engaged. As the work is intended for general perusal, it would have been an improvement if the various passages in French or other languages, quoted in the text or notes, had been translated. Compact biographies, like these, cannot be designed for scholars, who will prefer to go to the more copious and original sources of knowledge, but the generality for whom they are designed are not always familiar with the Latin and French. In one place, for instance (p. 216), there is nearly a page in French, without any translation.

—Dr. Doran has become a regular book-maker; his earlier volumes, by their sprightliness and whim, had a certain fascination in them; but he has worked the vein till it runs thin. His last book, called *Monarchs Retired from Business* (Redfield), which is a misnomer, besides the faults of his previous books—flippancy and inaccuracy—has another fault, which they had not—a fatal one—it is dull. The doctor exhibits the same omnivorous eagerness for anecdote, and gathers his materials with the same industry from the four corners of the globe; but he does not interest us in his narrative. In fact, it is so stuffed with mere detail, having no vital thread to string them upon, that one reads with the listlessness with which he goes over an index or an auctioneer's catalogue. A multitude of names, and a multitude of dates, brought together with no other purpose apparently

than to say something about kings, are not relieved by the intervening pages of mere court gossip or twaddle. Nor has the author been very particular as to the sources from which he derives his statements. His historical knowledge may be exemplified by the fact, that he still talks of such fantastic personages as Pharamond, Clodion and Merowig, as among the actual founders of the old French dynasty. We wonder that he did not go back, as some of the chroniclers did, either to the Trojan heroes, who separated under the walls of Troy, or to the three sons of Noah. Now and then, we come to a page which is lively and readable; but the greater part of the work is quite destitute of either value or amusement.

—Emile Souvestre is a well-known name in French literature, and it is as worthily as it is well known. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he has not used his brilliant faculties to adorn vice, or to commend corruption. A high moral and religious tone, profound sympathy with all classes and particularly with those that suffer, and a disposition to exhibit humanity, not in its

selfish and odious aspects, but in its more simple and cheering phases, together with his pure and elevated style, have rendered his works among the most wholesome as they are among the most agreeable of the French school. Souvestre was, like Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Michelet, Lesage, Guingène, a Breton by birth, and while that fact has naturally drawn his attention to the peculiarities of tradition, custom, and scenery of Brittany, it has also infused into his mind something of the sterling earnestness and moral independence of its character. His *Last of the Bretons*, by which he became known to fame, was a beautiful production, and the work, just published by Dix, Edwards and Co., called *Britanny and la Vendée*, a series of tales in illustration of the romantic life of his countrymen, is a not unworthy sequel. The first tale in particular, called *The Bargeman of the Loire*, is full of originality, force, and fascination. Nor is the second, the *Lazaretto-keeper*, far behind it in merit. The translations, which are by an English lady, are made with great fidelity and skill.

#### PUTNAM'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

"A particular arrangement of reflecting surfaces."

A LEAF FROM THE CENTURY PAPERS.—By permission, we Kaleidoscope, this month, one of the entertaining manuscript-papers, read monthly before this famous literary society. The pleasant humor, the adroit turn of the versification, will, no doubt, be duly appreciated by our readers:

#### ARCADIA.

A MEDLEY.

My friend Antonio is an Auctioneer,  
Whose roots are struck in Wall street; but  
whose boughs  
Ascend to sunnier and serener airs.  
Thither come and rest, from shores of earth,  
Or fields of heaven, all birds of song and  
beauty;  
Warbling canaries, sad-voiced nightingales,  
Exulting orioles, and the mocking-bird,  
Whose humorous inspiration you shall hear.

One morn, Antonio, standing on his throne,  
(Where Jews and Gentiles, in a motley  
throng,  
Were waiting for the "going-going-gone.")  
Held by his side a canvas, framed in gold;

On which a poet's soul and artist's hand  
Had gathered, from all realms of art and nature

The protean shapes of beauty. Groves and  
rocks,  
Trees that Durand or nature might have owned;

Cloud-forms that Church might paint and  
Ruskin praise.

Wood-nymphs and shepherds; flocks and waterfalls;

Statues and fountains; lawns and palaces;  
While over all was spread, as Wordsworth  
says,

"The light that never was on sea or land—  
The consecration and the poet's dream."  
To this fair scene was given the name *Arcadia*.

Antonio waved his hammer in the air  
(His royal sceptre and his Prospero-wand),  
And, with a smile, preluding pleasant  
thoughts,  
And, pointing to the picture, thus began:

"This is Arcadia—this the land  
That weary souls have sighed for,  
This is Arcadia—this the land  
Heroic hearts have died for:  
Yet, strange to tell, this promised land  
Has never been applied for!

Oh, wondrous powers of chance, whose laws  
Our footsteps must obey!  
Oh, lucky gentlemen, whom fate  
Has guided here to-day!  
For ye who enter shall select,  
With speculating views,  
The corner lots of *Arcady*,  
The mill-sites of *Vaucluse*—  
Shall even see, to calm each doubt,  
Parnassus sold in 'fee,' without  
'Remainder,' to the muse.

First, mark yon sea of English turf,  
Whose undulating billows  
Are shaded by New-Haven elms,  
And Babylonian willows.  
There stands that tree, whose boughs con-  
cealed

The son of Charles the Martyr;  
And there the oak, whose hollow held  
The famed colonial charter.  
In that fair grove, walk up and down,  
*Plato* and *Kant*, whose mutual frown  
Suggests some mental grapple;  
While, stretched in 'far-niente' style,  
*Sir Isaac* watches with a smile,  
The gravitating apple.

Hard by, three ladies' eyes dispute—  
Contending for that longed-for fruit—  
That each would put her lip in;  
But no! the *Dardan Shepherd* stands,  
Still holding in his doubting hands  
The discord-breeding pippin.  
"The nymphs of *Arethusa*'s rills,  
Turn, with their hands melodious mills,  
In whose industrious strife,  
Ambrosial grain to flour is 'run,'  
Imagination's yarns are spun,  
And wove the web of life.  
There sit *Boccaccio*'s chosen few,  
And tell those tales forever new—  
Those tales of ten-day pleasure;  
While royal *Louis* lends his jigs  
Of rakes and virgins, wits and wigs  
To some fantastic measure.  
In that cool grot, behold the band  
Of gay Parnassian larkers—  
*Moore* and *Tibullus* hand-in-hand,  
While poor *Anacreon* scarce can stand,  
And *Horace* clutches 'neath his arm  
The cask, that at his Sabine farm  
He broached for *Taliarchus*.

And THERE the *Ettrick Shepherd* sings,  
His brows begirt with myrtle;  
And, 'faith, the nectar in the bowls  
Looks very much like 'turtle.'  
In yon dark wood, plies *Robin Hood*,  
His cross-bow never-failing;  
While *Isaac Walton* whips that stream  
For speckled trout and grayling.  
THERE, flocks 'upon a thousand hills,'  
Are grazing, each with mouth down;  
And *Melibæus* feeds his sheep  
Which are authentic *Southdown*.  
THERE miners seek *Golconda*'s jewel  
And dig of *Pennsylvania*'s fuel,  
The vein that never ends.  
While here surveyors trace the way  
Of heavenly rail-roads, that will pay  
Ethereal dividends.

And see on *Como*'s lake outrolled  
Where *Cleopatra*'s barge of gold  
Waits, with its sails' voluptuous fold,  
For Zephyr's breath to wake;  
And *Minnehaha*'s bark canoe  
Chases upon that mirrored blue

The Highland rose of Roderick Dhu,  
The *Lady* of the *Lake*.  
THERE comes to port a snow-winged ship,  
With *Californian* cargo;  
And there the yacht '*America*'  
Beats *Jason* in the '*Argo*.'  
The '*Resolute*' lies safely moored,  
Whose cables none shall sever.  
Oh, ship! withdrawn from fire and ice,  
Lie there, of friendship's sacrifice  
A memory forever —!

THERE canter cavaliers and dames,  
Where *Bayard*'s plume is dancing;  
While the *Master of Bucephalus*  
By *Mural*'s side is prancing.  
*Poor Rozinante*'s wearied limbs —  
Can scarce support her master;  
And fair *Di Vernon* lends the group,  
And calls them to come faster.  
THERE lies *Mt. Vernon*'s storied plain  
Which shall be national domain  
When e'er the people vote it.  
And in that grotto's shady hole  
There *Pope* and *St. John* share the bowl,  
And mix that famous 'flow of soul'  
That is so often quoted.

Here, darkly glow the purple slopes  
Of the Burgundian vine-land,  
While the 'castled crag of *Drachenfels*'  
O'erlooks the pleasant Rhine-land.  
HERE nestles Wordsworth's humble cot,  
And THERE the palace of *Claude Melnotte*  
Lies in its marble dream.  
Here flame the towers of *Ispahan*,  
While the pleasure-dome of *Kubla-Kahn*  
Stands on the sacred stream.  
Here rest the lovers of all time  
Whose hearts could never vary;  
There *Abelard* walks with *Heloise*,  
And *Burns* with *Highland Mary*.  
Fair *Laura* sits beside *Vaucluse*,  
With *Petrarch* bending o'er her;  
While *Tasso* tells his tale of love  
To listening *Leonora*.  
And near the horizon's furthest rim  
Where mountain ranges, blue and dim,  
Are braided o'er with fountains,  
You see a mass in dark array:  
'Tis *Bunyan*'s pilgrims on their way  
O'er the delectable mountains."

\* \* \* \* \*

Antonio paused, o'er-mastered by his theme,  
(Perhaps 'twas want of breath) and called,  
"who'll bid?"

The enchanted crowd had given prompt  
reply,  
Had not a tumult risen in the street  
A man-fight, or a dog fight, or a smash,  
A wandering organ, with gymnastic monkey,  
Or some rare sight—a griffin or policeman.  
Be it as it may, there rose a mighty roar;  
A sudden stampede shook the sounding floor,  
And Jews and Gentiles, rushing thro' the  
door,  
Forgot *Arcadia*—and were seen no more.

A MORNING IN THE STUDIOS.—Although  
fanciful titles have been adopted by nearly  
all the cities of the Union—as, for instance,  
the Forest City, the Queen City, the Gran-  
ite, the Monumental, the City of Magnif-  
icent Distances, and the City of Brotherly  
Love—yet the *Metropolis* as yet stands un-

recognized by any title but the very plain one of New York. We propose to name it the Artist City, or the City of Studios. Not all the sister Cybeles combined, can produce such profusion of easel and marble work; such sculptures, paintings, gravings, drawings; so much of etch and sketch, as we now have garnered in the midst of our busy streets. No less than three hundred pallets are set every morning by as many artists to begin with. And as Kaleidoscope is "a particular arrangement of reflecting surfaces," it shall at least show what these followers of Phidias are doing in the seasons.

—Mr. Church, Art Union Building, is busy with two landscapes—one a broad view of Niagara from the Canada side—which, to our sense, conveys a juster idea of the wild and vast sweep of the waters, than any picture of the falls we have yet seen. The other, a prelude to a larger composition, is a sketch of South American scenery, rich in variegated color—palms, cataracts, volcanoes, tropical vegetation, and flowers of all hues, tangled in luxurious pre-Raphaelite profusion.

—Elliott (same building) is engaged upon two full-lengths, and a number of other portraits. One of the full-lengths is a likeness of Governor Seymour, and a very striking likeness it is, too. This portrait is for the seldom-visited gallery in the City-Hall, yecept the "governors' room," in which the pictures of all the governors of the state of New York are safely locked up from the public gaze, except upon the fourth of July, when the dusty populace is admitted, and allowed to look out of the front windows upon the soldiers in the park below. One is apt to see many familiar faces at all times in this artist's studio. At present there are likenesses of Hon. J. S. Wadsworth, Mayor Wood, Henry S. Bacon (full-length), Geo. W. Pratt, W. Porter (*Spirit of the Times*), Col. McKenny, Asa H. Center, and several fine heads of ladies. Elliott's pencil mellowed by time. He has never painted better portraits than those which are yet wet from his easel.

—Mr. Hicks, whose fine studio in Astor-place, opposite the Mercantile Library, is in itself worth a visit, has just completed a full-length of Mr. Wolcott (of York Mills, Oneida co.). We commend this picture especially, for the great fidelity and

truthfulness of all its details. The books, table, carpet, bronze ink-stand, easy-chair, even the hat, cane, and cloak, are managed with true artistic skill. These things, in themselves commonplace enough—when brought in as accessories—have a value, not to be overlooked. The most common and familiar objects, when introduced in a picture, are more or less pleasing, as they are well or ill-painted. But, apart from this, they have an intrinsic value as vehicles of color, the harmonious distribution of which is the problem every artist has to solve anew with every fresh picture. The portrait itself is well-painted; it is carefully and judiciously handled, and stands out firmly from the canvas. The aerial perspective of the ante-room, beyond the figure, is happily managed. Besides the full-length, there are portraits of Henry L. Pierson and Henry Ward Beecher, and a pleasant idyllic sketch called "The Lost Children." We shall refer to Mr. Hicks's picture of *The Literati*, betimes.

—Mr. Kensett, cor. Broadway and Fourth st., is just putting the finishing touches to a large landscape, with such an air of "*dolce far niente*," that one is almost entranced with the sweet indolence—

"The very air seems sleepily to blow."

In the foreground, there are large masses of rocks, with one great jutting crag, finely contrasting with the clear, deep shadows in the quiet waters below, and a belt of woodland, skirting one side of the picture, is penetrated with rays and gleams of light, that do not seem less true to nature because they meet the eye unexpectedly. The middle-ground is finely and carefully painted, leading the vision further on, until it is carried to Mount Washington in the distance, which rises up in the transparent atmosphere, illuminated with broad sunlight. The whole picture is in Kensett's happiest style, and the repose and solitude of the scene are rather enhanced than lessened by a covey of wild-fowl skimming over the surface of the still water, in the foreground. We shall look with interest for the promised landscapes from this artist's easel—the results of his last summer's itinerary among the lakes of England, Ireland, and Scotland, the Windermere, Grassmere, Killarnie, and Loch Lomonds—many thoughtful

sketches of which are hidden in the nooks of his studio.

—Mr. Louis Lang, whose studio adjoins Mr. Kensett's, has just finished a large picture, representing a literary picnic at Lake Mahopac. It is the happy disposition of this artist, to give a sort of romantic character to even such commonplace things as portraits, and by skillful groupings, pleasing arrangements of colors, bits of landscape, touched in here and there, with the aid of sunlight effects, flowers, leaves, and air, to create out of very little material, images of a most fanciful and pleasing kind. Another picture in his studio represents a sewing party of ladies, seated on and around the porch of a villa; some of the faces are recognizable, and not the less pleasing, because you come upon them unexpectedly. Another group of children on the lake shore, engaged in a variety of games, some dancing under the looped-up fringes of a tent, some in the open-air, at blind man's buff and forfeits, some scattered about on the turf—

"Like tumbled fruit in grass"—

remind one of ancient holiday scenes and happy May-day games of earlier years. There are some smaller pictures, also, in this artist's studio—Night and Morning, Meditation on the Sea Shore, and others, which exhibit a delicate and graceful fancy, as novel as it is agreeable. In the next Kaleidoscope we shall have reflections of other studios in the city.

—There is no greater pest in good society than an habitual punster—a fellow without judgment enough to keep his wit in control, nor wit enough to excuse his want of judgment—without either modesty or politeness, who intrusively thrusts himself between speaker and listener, to the vexation of both—a word-catcher, pick-mouth, and trifier, who forgets the refinements and courtesies that should adorn a gentleman, the limits of good-breeding, the proprieties of social conversation, the respect due to age or sex, and lays an intolerable tax upon good-nature, for the sake of a wretched jest. This nuisance must be abated. Ladies, lend us your frowns!

"We are poor laggards on the trail of time,  
Born in the sundown of the dregs of rhyme."

Five Pounds Reward (the price of Para-

dise Lost), for a poem of a hundred lines, containing at least one new idea, and not a superfluous adjective.

MODEL CRITICISM.—The way to do it. —Lyrics of the Ventricles, by Caroline Hemans St. Clair. 12mo., pp. 589. Goblet & Garrotte. This is a volume of new poems by a lady who is destined to hew her way to the front ranks of American Literature. With the exception of a few small verses, the work before us is marked with constant volcanic gushes, and a grand lava-like flow of molten granitic thought, interspersed with tender strata of scoræ. The wild upheavings of passionate emotion in the lines, "to him I loved in early youth," are fearfully contrasted with the extinguished Popocatepetl of her despair in, "None but I have known thee truly." These demonstrations of an over-sensitive and delicate female heart, panting to throw itself upon the broad bosom of the public, will have a certain amount of influence upon the young and undeveloped daughters of this republic. The book should be upon every centre table.

#### SHORT ANSWERS TO LONG LETTERS

PHILOLOGIST.—"Whether either and neither should be pronounced *eyther* and *nyther*?"

The old English orthoëpy is "ayther" and "nayther," the corresponding sounds of their, heir, neigh, neighbor, heinous, etc. Modern usage has sanctioned *eyther* and *neither*—at least in this country. Young England says "eyther and nyther," which you may adopt if you please; but you must be careful not to say "thire and hier," and "nighbor" and "hignous," until you hear from us.

CHAUCER.—"And I would like to know the origin of these phrases: 'The ruling passion strong in death'; 'The divine right of kings'; 'In spite of one's teeth'; 'Hauling over the coals'; and, above all, what was 'the tune the old cow died of?'"

We leave Chaucer's queries open for answers.

MARY ANN.—"What is your opinion of the Boker case?"

We think no honorable man, or high-minded woman, can read the animadversions of the press in regard to this matter, without a blush of shame and indignation.

## THE WORLD OF NEW YORK.

Two themes have largely absorbed the attention of our world during the past winter, of which it is, perhaps, as well that we should now briefly discourse, since the new season is at hand, and other matters will, ere long, drive them from our memories and our minds. For, it is more true of us Americans than it ever was of any people, that we live

"One foot on sea and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never."

Our loves—our public loves, that is—are fed on straw, and flame out as quickly as they flame up. Impertinent oblivion overtakes our dearest idols almost before the last worshiper has turned away from the shrine. Yet, it should be said for us, that we are willing to return on our steps; for it is alternation and relief, rather than positive novelty, that we crave. We are glad that April should go and May come without thereby engaging ourselves either to abjure April or to enthrone May. And, in like manner, after a season of unusual delight in the drama, and of exalted interest in "spiritualisms, so-called," we shall go on to balls at the watering-places, and picnics in the rural districts, without one sad, backward thought of actresses, authors, or mysterious mediums.

Let the chronicler, then, seize the flying moment; for, sooner or later, the balls and the picnics, in their turn, must cease, and fall, and float away, into the "limbos, large and wide," of the dumb, desolate Past; and then, we shall begin again to seek the excitements of city life, and to ask what good thing, or what new, awaits us, and where we are to look for things good or new.

It would be a pleasant belief, could we cherish it, that the last winter had given us a good American play, and a good American actress; for a genius good in its kind is a priceless possession to any people; and one is so utterly weary of the everlasting expectation of incredible things in which we, Transatlantic leaders of mankind, have been trained, for now a full half-century, that really to have attained something simply credible and creditable would afford us just cause for such peans of self-thanking, self-admiring, as the passionate

lover of Lady Geraldine so fiercely denounces. Our intellectual ornithologists have so often cheated us with unfulfilled predictions of a genuine swan, "at last," that we are beginning to despair. And yet, why should we not hatch a swan, too, as well as our neighbors? It is intrinsically impossible for us to give ourselves a satisfactory answer to this question, and we shall, accordingly, continue to watch each new incubation of genius with an unconquerable interest, and a hope strong against hope, though we should be steadily disappointed through fifty more consecutive years.

Disappointed this winter we certainly were, and sadly.

In the first place, we were disappointed of our play.

No American tragedy was ever put upon the stage with such pomp and circumstance of state theatrical as Mrs. Howe's "Leonore." It had been announced, through the press and in private, for many weeks. It was known to have been composed with the greatest care—to be no hurried improvisation prompted by a moment of brilliant temptation, but the long result of months of serious and sedulous labor, lovingly bestowed by a lady who has, at least, given proof that she is fired by the "noble rage" of fame, and who was, by not a few competent persons, believed to be also inspired by the "fine frenzy" of genius. It had been accepted by a spirited manager, who had already shown himself as skillful as he was enterprising, and the chief *rôle* of the piece was to be filled by an actress whose popularity and vogue were unquestionable.

Here were all the elements of a very brilliant outside *prestige*. Add to these that the drama has not been so popular in our city for many years as during the past winter, and it will be plain that the most uneasy and anxious author could hardly ask a more favorable atmosphere for a *début* than was assured to Mrs. Howe at "Wallack's Theatre," for the production of her "Tragedy."

The spectacle presented by the house on the first night has been sufficiently commented on, long since, and everybody knows

that it was a showy incarnation of the sincerest interest, anticipation, and good-will. All who loved the drama, and wished well to our authorship, and could find room in a theatre which is by far too small for the audiences which are ready to throng it whenever sufficient provocation is offered, came—and sate and saw—and sorrowed and went away, and returned not again!

Then followed the dreary farce of made-up houses, and the desperate contest between managerial zeal and good feeling on the one hand, and popular indifference, dashed with disgust, on the other; and the issue was, of course, what we all are so sorry to know it was.

"Leonore" ceased to be played because it is not a play. You cannot carry on a drama—the essential quality of which, as the name itself indicates, is *action*—without beings capable of action. A drama of *declamations* is no drama—and here was just the fatal mistake made by Mrs. Howe. She constructed a great number of fine or fierce speeches, and put them into the mouths of the players, and the players spoke their speeches trippingly or tremblingly, as the case might be, but not a soul in the audience cared or could care what came of all this speaking, because not a soul in the audience had or could have a vital conviction that there was any human interest involved therein. Had the poetry of Mrs. Howe's play been of the very highest order, and had it been declaimed by a company of very exquisite rhetoricians, the charms of the language might have fixed the attention of the hearers, and satisfied them with an entertainment, not dramatic, indeed, but intellectual and agreeable enough. It is very largely in this way that such a play as Shakespeare's "As You Like It," for instance, contrives to keep the stage. There are no characters in "As You Like It" who interest us very particularly, and the action of the piece excites hardly a thrill of curiosity. The play of the passions which bring about the intrigue, and unfold it again to the *dénouement*, is singularly insignificant. Rosalind fascinates nobody into a concern for her ultimate welfare—the Duke is a shadowy creature of whom it does not matter to any of us, one whit, what disposal the writer may choose to make—Orlando, Celia, Olivia, Jaques, all have a certain individuality, to be sure,

because Shakespeare's genius was so intensely and unconsciously constructive that he could not help making a man or a woman of any name he took up and touched; but their individualities are neither very attractive nor very powerful. And yet we all delight not only to read "As You Like It," but to see it well put upon the stage—because the language of the play is so brilliant, and so beautiful; because its treasures of thought and fancy and feeling are so sparkling and so precious, that any effective display of them is irresistibly charming.

But if we were less familiar than we are with the text of "As You Like It," or if it were bunglingly delivered to us, it would not be likely to draw very full houses.

And the text of "Leonore" was not so brilliantly rendered, as that its excellence could atone for the unreality of the characters, the improbabilities of the action, and what we must frankly call the insufferable moral atmosphere of the piece.

We are by no means lovers of cant in any form, and of critical cant we profess to entertain an especial abhorrence. But there are certain canons of æsthetic law which rest on the "pillars of the Universe." And the most essential of these canons were not treated by Mrs. Howe, in her play of "Leonore," with the least respect.

In the composition of that play, the author undertook, we dare say, unconsciously enough, to combine the classic with the romantic principles of dramatic construction. A tragedy, as conceived by the classical school, is the development of a single passion, and the representation of a certain number of human beings, as entirely involved in the toils of that passion. In such a tragedy there is and can be no room for the presentation of human life as it actually runs its actual course. The very conditions of the work exclude the idea of painting a possible human experience in all its outward appearances, and as modified by actual life. If we take Corneille and Racine for our types of this school, we shall find that in their tragedies there is no relief of reality in the action of the piece. The object of the author is, to depict reality of *emotion*, and everything, even to the metrical form of the piece, is so contrived, as to throw the listener into an unusual mood of mind—to eman-

cipate him from the idea that he is observing "life," or a mirror of life, and to put him into a condition in which he will receive the lofty or fiery declamation of the piece, just as we receive the impressions of an opera. Of course, therefore, to criticise a play like the *Cid*, or *Les Horaces*, or *Phèdre*, as if it were, or pretended to be, a representation of the probable conduct of the Spanish hero, or the Roman maiden, or the Grecian queen, in certain given circumstances, is simply *absurd*. Just as absurd as it would be to criticise *Semiramide*, or the *Sonnambula*, or *Il Trovatore*, in the same way. The romantic drama, on the other hand, assumes to depict the course of events as well as the history of an emotion, its appeals to our attention are less intensely concentrated, and it continually offers us the relief which the classical tragedy denies, because the drama purports to reflect an image of possible human life, and human life everywhere, out of a mad-house, is chequered with continual relief. The condition of this relief, in a romantic drama, is its reality; and, therefore, while the subordinate personages of a classical tragedy never have, nor can have, any substantial value of their own at all, being simply "confidants" to listen, to echo, or suggest something essential to the development of the great passion which is personified in the leading characters, the subordinate personages of a drama must be human beings, just as they would certainly be in human life, and although the limitations of the stage, of course, will compel these people, apparently, into a much more absolute and intimate connection with each other, and with the action of the play, than they would have in similar circumstances of real life, they ought yet to be represented as human beings with interests of their own. Hence the necessity of secondary plots in the romantic drama; hence, too, the unapproached dramatic superiority of Shakespeare, whose characters live of themselves, and whenever they come upon the stage bring their own atmosphere with them.

But in Mrs. Howe's play, we had the intensity and sustained uniform intention of the tragedy united with the forms of the drama, and as a consequence of this most unnatural union, an utter absence of force, either tragic or dramatic. We were called

upon to accept the impressions of the French classical tragedy through the conditions of the English romantic drama, and we could not but refuse to do so.

In calling her work a "tragic play," Mrs. Howe seemed to indicate some vague perception of these truths—and it is infinitely to be regretted that she should not have followed out these perceptions, if she indeed possessed them, to their legitimate consequences. Give us the power of music to sustain us in an exceptional mood, and Grisi for our prima-donna, and we should not object to the plot of "*Leonore*." Or, throw the play into the form of *Phèdre* or *Bajazet*, and give us Rachel to impersonate the heroine, and we might have been terribly fascinated by her power in delineating a passion so remorseless and so fearful.

But ask us to witness what purports to be a picture of possible Italian life, delineated with circumstance, and we must exclaim against whatever is unnatural, unrelieved, diabolical.

For diabolical the heroine is made to appear, when you are forced to accept her whole life in the Satanic light in which Mrs. Howe presents it.

Upon the author, then, primarily and most positively, the failure of "*Leonore*" must rest. The actress could not have saved it, had she been twice herself. As it is, she has real force enough to save any character which she apprehends thoroughly, and has mastered carefully, and which is susceptible of salvation.

We have no fondness for the plays in which Miss Heron has won her greatest triumphs in New York. We do not see the particular good that can result to the community from such a long-continued, close, and passionate analysis of shame, and sorrow, and suffering, and sin, as is demanded by the drama of the *démimonde*, or even by tragedies of the stamp of *Medea*. If the age were an age remarkable for the sternness of its prejudices, or the severity of its moral feeling—if our community were a community intensely Puritanical and prudish, one could see that some possible good might be done by plays which would show us how often the root of sin is in suffering. Nor could we ever dispense with plays tending to such a moral; for it is one of the sweetest and deepest morals of Christianity, and it rises

up beautiful, grave, and full of pity, to rebuke the Pharisaic questioning of many generations, "Who hath sinned—this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

Miss Heron, uniting a thoroughly western audacity and *aplomb* to the closest study of the French dramatic *realists*, charmed New York at once by the combination of her native truth to herself with her acquired truth to actual life. It was equally amazing for us to see an actress who dared trust her own theories and her own capacity to the uttermost, and to witness the absolute reproduction of the looks, and tones, and gestures of actual life upon the boards of the theatre. It seemed at first to be as true of Miss Heron's acting as it is of the performances at the Parisian theatres, that, in looking at her, you were committing the indiscretion of watching a private person engaged in private matters, and so of playing the Asmodeus without a warrant.

As we grew familiar with the startling novelty, however, we began to discern in Miss Heron the imperfection of an unfinished dramatic education, and a partly undeveloped artistic nature. Her realisms, we began to see, were somewhat too real, her audacious bearing sometimes verged upon the slovenly and the careless. Of course it was necessary to make all due allowance for the circumstances in which we saw her. The performers by whom she was supported were unfamiliar with the school of acting to which she belongs, and, though by no means wanting in cleverness, they contrived to damage the effect of some of her best scenes by the introduction of the old conventionalities and impossibilities. A most remarkable instance of this was afforded in the play of Camille by the performance of the supper-scene. The stage in this scene is supposed to represent a supper-room, enlivened by the presence of a party of young Parisians, more gay, indeed, than respectable, but still *Parisians*, and Parisians of the *demi-monde*, which, of the two halves that go to make up the whole of the *monde*, preserves the hemisphere of manners while it throws away the hemisphere of decorum. As represented on the stage of "Wallack's," this Parisian *orgie* was vulgarized into a most preposterous spree—the poignant text

of the younger Dumas being cut away to make room for all sorts of antiquated and commonplace jokes, of the dismal kind well known upon our stage under the name of "gags." Such irresistible *facetia* as the drinking off of a celery glass full of champagne, and the eating up of six quails by an elderly lady, are substituted for the witty repartee and the sparkling jest of the original; and the whole tone of the performance is so lowered—to borrow the appropriate phrase of the painters—so "degraded," that the idea of the play immediately suffers in consequence, and the heroine begins to sink before us from the atmosphere of the "Dame aux Camélias" into that of the "Grisette de la Chaumière."

And we must, in frankness, say that Miss Heron did not repel with sufficient force this attempted subjugation of her rôle. From the beginning to the end of the play, she accepted a less refined conception of the character than the author had offered her, and wasted her intense verisimilitudes upon the execution of this unworthy conception. Had her ideal of this part been as high as her rendering was truthful, we could have found little fault with her for believing it her most brilliant triumph.

In fact, however, we preferred her "Bianca" to any of the rôles which we have seen her fill. For the character of Bianca, in Dean Milman's play of Fazio, is a possible and womanly character. It is a character compact of tenderness and of passion—a character unperverted by falsehood or by personal degradation. Miss Heron did not render this part as we could wish to see it rendered, nor as we believe that she is capable of rendering it, but she *did* render it with an occasional grace and delicacy of feeling which prove her capable of higher things than she has yet attained. She has gone now, but only to come back to us. And if she do not return to us, as she certainly did not leave us, the greatest actress of the age, let her understand, at least, that we recognize in her, very fine and very forcible qualities of dramatic genius, a remarkable capacity of *realization*, a subtle and appreciative apprehension, and, above all, an earnest and resolute ambition, and that we, consequently, expect from her a very brilliant future.